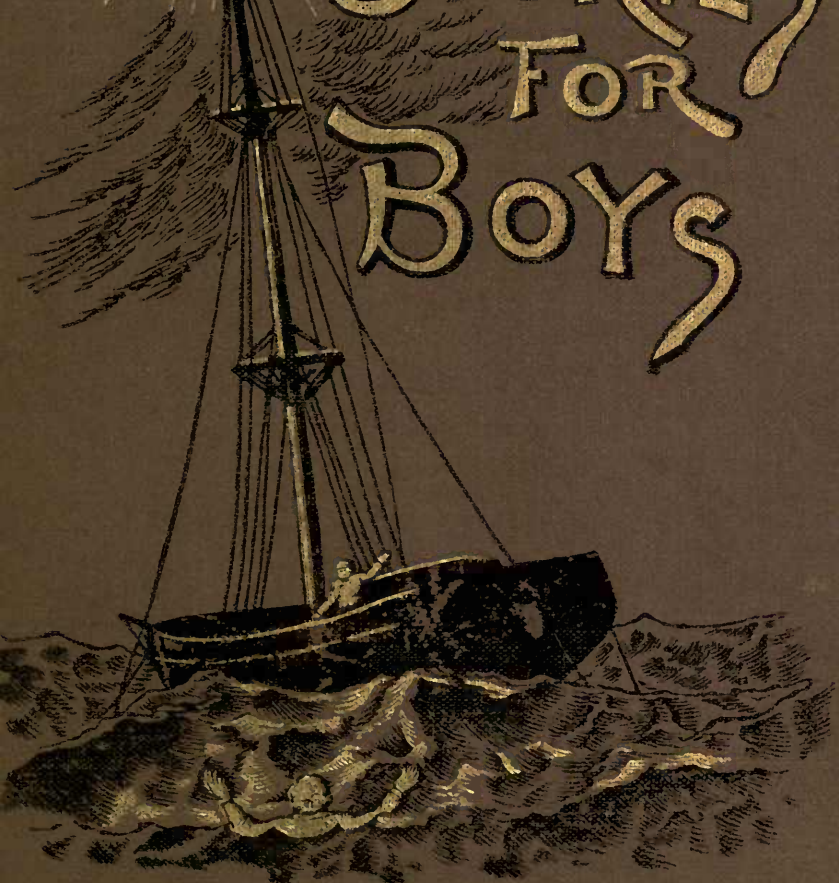


52

MORE

STORIES  
FOR  
BOYS



Alfred H. Miles





John Edward Ruppert  
with Mother's love

Christmas 1892



57-

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MY FRIEND THE TIGER (*p.* 263).

FIFTY-TWO  
MORE  
STORIES FOR BOYS.

BY

W. H. G. KINGSTON, G. MANVILLE FENN, CAPT. GROVES,  
GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N., EDWIN PAXTON HOOD,  
LIEUT.-COL. A. J. MACPHERSON, DAVID KER,  
HALL BYRNE, AND OTHER WRITERS.

EDITED BY

ALFRED H. MILES.

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## PREFACE.

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WHILE nature keeps up the supply of boys and girls, men and women must keep pace with their requirements, and it behoves us all, whether tailors or editors, to rise to our responsibilities in providing clothing for their bodies and food for their minds.

That our supplies should exceed the demand no one need fear: the modern boy has developed a prowess for the destruction of clothing, and a voracity in the assimilation of fiction, that his father never knew; and were it not that his own career is full of the life and incident from which stories may be made for the boy next door, the author and the editor might well fear the exhaustion of materials.

Some one has said that the story of any life must be of interest; and if this be true we have only to pass our life stories on from door to door, receiving from the neighbour on our left, and handing on to the neighbour on our right, in order to keep up a continual supply of stories so numerous as to be utterly exhaustless, for by the time our own story has circulated the world, and come back to the old home once more, the house will be empty and the tenant gone.

But while the modern boy's voracity has increased, his

taste has improved as well, and with powers of execution he has developed powers of discernment also. It behoves us, therefore,—tailors and editors,—to raise our standard and elevate our aims, if we would retain our influence over him. Shoddy on the one hand, and padding on the other, will be certain to disgust our masters of the rising generation. So taking the bundle as it comes from the lives and experiences of the boys on our left, we must turn, and sift, and test the contents before we hand them on to the big, hungry boys who will push their legs too far through their trousers, and who sit clammering on the garden wall to our right.

This simple duty the editor has endeavoured to fulfil, and in passing on the bundle he hopes that his efforts to sort, arrange, and classify some of the tales that have interested him, will add to the pleasure with which they are received from door to door.

A. H. M.

*November 1st, 1890.*

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# TALES OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

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## SAVED BY THE ENEMY.

BY G. MANVILLE FENN.

“NOT a sign of a native, and as grandly attractive a bit of coastline as ever I saw,” said the professor, screwing up his binocular, and thrusting it back in the case. “When may we have the boat, Captain?”

“When you like, but I’ll run in for a bit first.”

And there we all stood on the schooner’s deck, eagerly scanning the verdant shore of a perfectly unknown part of the north coast of New Guinea; our botanical professor examining the tall palms with their columnar trunks and lovely frond leaves; the doctor giving a rub to his double gun with his pocket-handkerchief, opening its breech, and thinking of new pittas and paradise birds; Frank Jervison and myself busy with glasses scanning the shore with its rocks and reefs where the blue sea brimmed over foaming and flashing in creamy white, and looking long where the tide left little rock pools which flashed in the tropic sunshine like silver shields, while we thought of our little nets and cans and specimen bottles, for we two were assistants with the expedition coasting round New Guinea, partly exploring and chart-making, partly collect-

ing all the natural history specimens to be found in this almost unknown land.

"Once more, gentlemen," said the Captain, as we stepped into the boat, "I do not want to take any of you back as specimens, 'tisn't in my line; so keep pretty well together, don't leave hold of your weapons, and if you see any natives get back to the boat at once."

"Do you allude to the oysters, Captain, or the black fellows?"

"That's about the oldest joke I know out of Joe Miller, Mr. Jervison," said the Captain, good-humouredly. "There, you know what I mean. I'll have a man at the masthead and the gun ready. A shot means come aboard at once."

"All right, Captain," was chorussed, and well provided with arms and the tools of our trade we pushed off, a party of six "scientific gents" as the mate called us—six without counting him, and the four sailors who made so light of the tough ash oars, and sent the gig easily over the calm swell.

We were all in the highest of spirits and the lightest of clothes; but our impedimenta of arms, ammunition, and scientific traps were heavy. For there were our jars and open-mouthed bottles; the professor's tin botanical candle-boxes; the doctor's flat wool-filled cases, in which gorgeously plumaged birds were to repose—when shot; and in addition his assistant had a great coarse canvas satchel strengthened with leather, out of which peered the handles of two heavy geological hammers and a stout iron chisel, giving him the appearance in his soiled canvas suit of some one about to do a little stone-breaking for the repair of a road.

The sun came down with fervid heat, but we were straw-hatted, and every man had his pugaree. The breeze too was delicious, and after a month of such work our sore, sun-burned noses had shed the loose scarf-skin, and became bronzed and shiny, while neck and cheek were of a good honest tan.

"Civilisation's all very well," said Frank to me, as we hung over the stern of the boat, one on each side to keep her in



trim, and gazed down through the limpid water at the shallow bottom below.

"Civilisation's all very well,—go on," I said, for he had stopped, and was gazing dreamily down below.

"There's a shark," he said,—“a baby one. I wonder how old a baby shark is when it cuts its teeth?”

"Sharks have nothing to do with civilisation," I said, "and don't cut their teeth, they cut with them,—go on."

"I say civilisation's all very well, Jack, but when I'm out here in these lovely places, where Nature spreads her richest stores before the gaze of admiring man, who alone of all creation is able to appreciate the——"

"Silence in the boat for Mr. Jervison's lecture," I said, in a low-pitched, intoned voice.

"Get out," he exclaimed, and there was a laugh.

But to a certain extent Frank Jervison was right; early morning in the soft glow of such a scene as that before us would bring up fancies of the delicious life that might be lived out there—untrammelled by cares, with man's few wants easily satisfied, hot days wherein the bounteous fruit ripened, cool mornings and evenings in which the fish could be caught with ease, balmy nights ablaze with star gems—where a slight shelter of palm branches was all that was necessary for the sleeper near the shore. The place seemed a perfect paradise, but it was not; and every now and then we woke up to the fact that civilisation was very pleasant after all, and men with brains could get on better upon wheaten bread and wearing clothes, than eating lotus and following the habits of the gorilla or gentle orang.

It was a long row, for the coast was low; but it was over, and amongst scenes that increased in interest moment by moment, as the water shallowed from ten to eight, to six, to four feet, and then became so shallow that we had to proceed with caution to save going aground upon some sharp coral bed or piercing the slight bottom of the gig with a pointed rock.

In front was the beautiful wood-shore alive with the chatter, whistle, and scream of birds; some of which flew into

sight from time to time, giving us a glimpse of the brilliancy of their plumage. Now and then the dense grove of trees along the shore opened to display the park-like beauties of the interior ; while, as we came near enough to distinguish individual form, we gazed with admiration at the wonderful variety of leaf and growth—our eyes being refreshed at times with the loveliness of some great trumpet blossom or a starry bloom.

We only looked up at the beauties of the shore when an eager expression of pleasure escaped some companion, for we were revelling in the beauties of the submarine miniature pictures over which we seemed to glide, our position in the forepart of the boat placing us beyond the disturbing influence of the oars, and as we looked down the fish alone were worth a study. We saw nothing very large, but shoal after shoal of the most lovely creatures, many of the perch family, whose silvery coats of mail were banded and patched with blue and scarlet and gold, with intermediate blendings of the loveliest hues. And these colours were no feeble touches of Nature's brush, but dazzlingly brilliant, as their wearers sailed through growths of seaweeds of tender browns, and olive, and pinks, and greens ; over beds of anemones, like flowers ; and in and out of shrubberies of coral—not the bare cold coral rock, but glowing with the soft, fleshy tints of the molluscous creatures that build the various erections for their homes.

"Here's a good place for landing, gentlemen," said the mate, "quite a channel ;" and he steered the gig right up between winding masses of rock till we were over sand, when at a word the four sailors threw their oars inboard, sprang lightly over the side with water little over their bare feet, waited for the swell, and then with the gig almost balanced on the apex of the wave they ran us lightly in, holding on as the wave retired, leaving us dry upon the shore.

We two sprang out, and the men ran the boat a little higher so as to be beyond reach of the next waves ; these being the soft echoes, as it were, of the large breakers that thundered upon the breakwater-like reef a mile beyond the schooner, where she lay the only thing to break the skyline out to sea.

As far as we could tell the foot of man never pressed the part of the shore where we were, and to lose no time we broke up into three little sections of naturalists, each bent upon his own particular study; two sailors were left with the boat to keep it right for launching at a moment's notice. One sailor went with the Professor to carry his tins, the other grinned with delight at his envious companions as he was told to throw the strap of the geologist's satchel over his shoulder, and carry the hammers; while the mate took the doctor's spare gun and ammunition to go off with him through the woods. Frank Jervison and I, John Hallows, were left to ourselves, and loading up with bottles and nets, after slinging our guns, tucking up our trousers above our knees, taking off our stockings and replacing our stout shoes to protect our feet from the sharp coral and shells, we two waded off; and in five minutes, in the intense interest of its pursuit, each little party had forgotten the others, though we had a reminder now and then that the doctor and mate were busy.

"There goes the doctor," said Frank, and we looked up; but he and his party were out of sight, though the shot sounded quite near, and a second followed.

These we kept hearing from time to time, growing fainter and fainter as we wandered on, and then they ceased, or we forgot to listen to them in the deep interest of our own pursuit, for our excitement knew no bounds, so endless were the objects of interest we came across as we tramped on over patches of sand and groves of coral, waded through broad pools alive with fish, peered down into chasms amid the rocks upon whose sides there were gardens, as it were, of sea anemones.

Then we had to go down on our knees and examine and break off specimens of corals covered with soft, jelly-like coatings of red, of orange, and of amethystine blue, which seen in the clear water, illumined by the sun, had effects almost indescribable in their beauty.

"Look here, Jack," cried Frank, in the midst of my ecstasies, as I was revelling in a natural aquarium formed in the rock,

where the water lay in a hugh irregular tank, through whose limpidity floated curious creatures of crystal clearness whose sides glistened with iridescent hues; beautifully tinted shells lay anchored at the bottom or were trailed up the sides by their owners, just as a snail at home creeps up a damp wall. Every here and there the sea anemones were clinging amid beds and clumps of lovely weed, and amidst these played shoals of tiny silvery and golden fish—hiding here, dashing out there, and every now and then brushing so closely over the tentacles of the anemones that they became all in motion as if agitated at missing their prey, which had narrowly escaped being drawn down to the central mouth.

“I am looking here,” I said.

“No, no; I mean look here mentally,” he cried. “This is all nonsense, you know.”

“No,” I said; “good sense.”

“I mean what we’re doing’s all nonsense. For the last three hours we’ve been filling up bottle and can, and then throwing away again to take in something better.”

“Three hours? Nonsense!” I said, looking up.

“Three hours, ten minutes, since we left the boat,” he said, closing his watch with a snap. “How’s it going to end?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” I said. “It has seemed to me like half an hour. “What a magnificent place, to be sure!”

“Half an hour? Why, we’ve tramped miles. Look how the sea has gone down.”

“Yes, wonderfully,” I said; “and look at the lovely pools; let’s go and wade out by that reef.”

“Ware sharks!” he said, with a shudder.

“Oh, we won’t go above our ankles,” I said. “There must be some lovely things out there.”

“But about what we’ve collected?” said Frank.

“We must leave them here,” I said, with a sigh. “Let’s fill our heads and memories as full as we can, old fellow. We may never have such an opportunity again.”

We wandered on over that grand shore, with fresh objects of interest at every step. Now we walked through water ankle



66 deep; now climbed over masses of madrepoire—huge loose blocks of tons' weight that had been polished and ground for ages by the boulders driven by the sea against their side. Reefs of this ran down every here and there like breakwaters to protect the coast; and low down at the edge of the water there were literally walls of coral rock, whose tops were just below the surface, while from the edges you looked sheer down into the deep water.

The hours had glided by—how I could not tell—in that wonderful feast of beautiful objects; and now to our astonishment we found it was four o'clock. So interested had we been that we had forgotten the biscuits and beef we had brought with us.

"But we'll make up for it now," said Frank, brushing the sand and salt from his hands, as he drew out his supply.

"We can eat as we walk," I said, "for we had better be working back now."

"Let's go a little more in shore," replied Frank; "the tide's coming in, and we might get cut off and have to swim. I say, I forgot all about the natives."

"I forgot everything but specimens," I said, laughing, as we began to thread our way amongst the pools and rocks, some of which lay piled up in ridges right across our way. How far we were from our friends we neither of us knew, for we had wandered on and on, farther and farther away; but that troubled us very little. The sea breeze was glorious, and the sea itself on our left one heavenly blue. On our right was a chaos of rocks that looked as if they had been thrown there by some earthquake wave. Beyond there was a band of soft golden sand; again, beyond that, the lovely tropic verdure; while about our feet was the coral all awash with the water left by the tide, and rippled now by the gentle breeze.

"Well," said Frank, suddenly, "I'm for getting ashore to the dry sand; it will be easier walking. Come along."

There was a ridge of piled up masses of rock rising from a patch of level sand just in front of us, and this we had to

climb to avoid a broad pond of sea water, through which we could see a shoal of large fish skurry as we approached.

Frank took a run over the level patch of sand, and I followed his example in a boyish fit of fun. He sprang four or five feet up on to a piece of rock, then to another, and another, and he was at the top.

"Take care," he shouted; "they are a bit loose. Here, I'll give you a hand."

He began to slip down as I sprang up, landed on the first piece of rock, and was reaching up to catch his hand when there was a rumbling, rushing noise, and before I could recover myself the stone to which I leaped seemed to tilt over and slipped, driven by an avalanche of boulders; and before I could realize the fact I was flat on my back upon the sand, with my legs under a great piece of rock, and several others upon and round me."

"My dear Jack!" cried Frank, who had also come down, but had saved himself by a bold leap, "are you hurt?"

"Hurt? No!" I said; "only caught as if in a trap;" and I burst out laughing at the absurdity of my position.

This tickled Frank, who put his hands to his sides and roared, stamping about in the exuberance of his mirth.

"What a game!" he cried.

"Game?" I said, rather testily, for my legs began to feel pinched. "Game for you. Perhaps when you've done laughing you'll come and pitch away some of these boulders;" and just then I tried to drag my legs out, but had to put my hands up to screen my face, for I loosened several stones which came rumbling down.

"All right, old fellow," he said; and on the instant throwing his gun on the sand he began to throw the great stones here and there, some being pretty heavy. "Why, one of them is a pretty good size," he said, as he went on.

"Yes, and begins to feel pretty heavy too," I said, as I made another effort; but only to hurt myself, for I could not stir the rock over my legs.

"Lie still, old chap; I'll soon have them away," he cried,

grunting as he moved one boulder and then another. "This small piece on the top here acts as a wedge between the lump on your legs and the one above; it's this little chap keeps you tight. Do I hurt you if I press on this piece?"

"No," I said, as he leaned on the block across my legs. "I can't feel any difference."

"All right then," he said; "your legs are in a bit of a hole. Sure I don't hurt?"

"Can't feel you," I said; and he climbed on to the mass, and as I saw him with his back to me I could see his arms and back working as he wriggled a piece of rock to and fro to loosen it, dragged it out with a cry of joy, and then uttered one full of dismay, as I heard a bit of a scraping sound and felt a bar over my legs.

"What's that?" I said, quickly.

"I got the wedge out, and it has let this big piece slip down on the other."

"Never mind," I said; "now come and put your hands under and heave. Just lift up a little, and I'll drag my legs out."

He leaped down, stooped to his task, and heaved and lifted, and then stood up with his face scarlet.

"It won't move, Jack," he panted.

"Nonsense, man!" I cried. "Lay hold again. I'll help."

He seized the stone and heaved, and I lent what aid I could, but in my awkward position it was as good as none, and at last he stopped with his face streaming with perspiration, and now ghastly white.

"It weighs a ton, at least," he panted. "The other wedges it, Jack, and holds it down. You must drag out your legs."

I set to work and tried, with a horrible feeling of fear coming over me, but only hurt myself.

"It's impossible," I said. "Here, try and scrape the sand from under me;" and I wrenched myself aside, when he reached under and tore at the sand for a few seconds, and then said,—

"There is no sand hardly; it's solid coral rock."

As he spoke I saw his hands were bleeding, and just then I uttered a cry of fear, for a peculiar low rushing noise reached my ears.

"What's that?" I cried, in a sharp voice that I did not know for my own. "Don't say the tide's coming, Frank."

He did not say it, but turned his ghastly face to mine, and I saw the agony he was suffering for my sake.

"Put three or four cartridges,—no, empty a dozen underneath," I said, hoarsely, with a great horror increasing upon me. "Fire, man, and blow the rock over."

"Impossible!" he said; "it would smash your legs. Here, I know."

He picked up his gun, that he had unslung and thrown on the sand, took a boulder, thrust it close in, and using his gun as a lever tried to raise the rock, when, *snap!* the stock broke off short, and though he tried again and again with the barrel, and then with my gun, he could not move the rock an inch, and at last mine broke off short at the stock too.

"Try again, Jack," he panted, as he thrust in both barrels and heaved.

I tried with all my might, but I could do nothing, and I fell back upon the sand wild-eyed and staring at the foam on the edge of a wave that was racing in over the level, rippling amongst coral, washing the seaweed, and uttering a low, hissing roar.

"Jack, old man," cried Frank, in an agonized voice that impressed me with a feeling that he was suffering more than I, for I was for the moment absolutely stunned and dull with my peril,—*"what shall I do?"*

This brought me to myself, and with a sudden access of energy I turned my fascinated gaze from the coming tide to the fringe of trees along the shore.

"Go and get a long branch or a sapling tree for a lever," I cried.

"Impossible, Jack," he said. "I have no axe. It would take me half an hour to go there and back, and while I am gone—Oh, Jack, I can't leave you so."



As he spoke he stared wildly at the coming tide, and then dashed frantically at the piece of rock, setting his back against it as if trying to imitate classic Atlas, and heaving with all his might.

Hiss, rush, rattle!

It was the sound of a wave upon the low shore, and I turned with a cry of horror that ended in a sigh of relief as I saw that the wave had spent its force fifty yards away and was running back.

"I can't move it, Jack," panted Frank, in despair, and he leaped now upon the block, and tugged at the mass which bore upon it and kept it down, but without avail.

"Go and fetch help," I cried. "Quick,—take my gun; keep on firing as you go. Run at once."

"The guns are broken," he groaned; "and I cannot leave you like this. It was all my fault."

"You must," I cried, as the tide came rushing in again; and as I dragged myself up to look I saw that it had filled a pool nearer than before. "Run, and shout with all your might."

"I can't—I can't, Jack," he cried, wildly. "What shall I do?"

"Do?" I cried, passionately, as I saw him growing more and more unnerved. "Go,—you shall go! Run! Do you hear!" I shrieked,—“run for help.”

He had thrown himself on his knees by me, and was clinging to my arm. Now he started to his feet.

"I won't leave you like this," he cried. And we remained gazing fixedly in each other's eyes.

"Have you your knife, Frank?" I said, hoarsely.

"Yes," he cried, drawing a great case-knife from his belt.

"There is one more chance then," I said, grimly; "you must do one of two things,—hack off my legs, or run for help."

"I'll do neither," he cried, fiercely; "I won't leave you to drown."

"What will you do then?"

"What a lad should at a time like this,—stand by you, Jack, and God help us both!"

I couldn't speak for the choking sensation in my throat as he knelt by me once again, holding firmly by my hand and his head bent down upon my breast.

I did not doubt him for a moment, for I felt that he would stay with me fighting the horrible death that threatened me, even to dying at my side.

But the fierce low roar of the coming tide roused me once more, and in a voice I hardly knew for my own I cried as I shook his arm,—

"Quick, Frank! Go,—you will yet get help in time. Run, if you would save my life."

Was my will stronger than his at this time of emergency? I don't know,—only that he leaped up to obey me, flushed and panting, and then catching my hand he cried,—

"And you, Jack? While I am gone what will you do?"

"Pray," I said, softly.

He sprang to the rocks and was off, but a cry from me stayed him.

"One word, Frank," I said, hoarsely, and with a strange chill creeping up to my breast,—“if I am drowned you'll tell them—at home.”

He waved his hand, leaped down from the ridge; I heard the rattle of the shingle for a few moments, then the dull *pad pad* of his feet on the sands, and I dragged myself up to gaze after him, but the rocks hid him from my sight, and I sank back with a moan as I heard the low hiss of the tide for a moment, and then a heavy thud as a wave curled over and broke with a fierce rush towards where I lay.

I could not help it. Perhaps I ought to have been more manly, but I was only eighteen then, and I had just realized that I was left alone face to face with a terrible death. Raising myself I caught at the rock, dragged myself up as far as I could, and shrieked out my companion's name.

"Frank, Frank, I cannot bear it. Don't leave me. Come back! Come back!"

The answer was a rush and roar from the tide which sounded horribly near; and then as I realized that Frank was

out of hearing—that I was indeed alone—that he would never be back in time—I think in the blind feeling of terror that overwhelmed me my reason was drowned, and for a few minutes, as I tore at the rock and heaved and struggled to save myself with frantic effort, I must have been mad.

The paroxysm was at its height when, as I clung there glaring at the glistening foam, golden now with the sinking sun, my reason seemed to return; the desire I had felt since I left home to prove myself a man came to me, and letting myself sink down upon the sand I said, softly,—

“I will,”—and then fiercely and aloud, “I *will*—God help me!—I WILL face it like a man.”

I lay back then perfectly passive, with my eyes closed; and as thoughts passed through my mind that I will not place on record here the calm increased, the rush and roar of the coming tide did not seem so horrible; recollections of home and those who loved me came back, and with them there was an access of strength and of that patient coolness I had read was to be seen amongst brave men face to face with death, but striving patiently to the very end.

“And I’m face to face with death,” I said, “and I will strive patiently to the last. For Frank may come back in time.”

As I said these words aloud the chill of despair seemed to be creeping over me again; but I fought it back by beginning to calculate how long I could hold out.

The tide kept racing up nearer and nearer, driving weeds and pebbles and shells before it, but only to glide back again; and as I lay gazing, fascinated by its beauty, and the lovely tints of the foam, and the jelly-fish it left upon the sand, it seemed almost catlike in its action, and as if it were playing with me before it made its final leap.

Just then I heard a low wailing cry, and a shadow crossed me, then another and another, and I saw the great soft-winged seabirds circling and gliding round and round, dipping down now and then to seize something from the edge of the rushing water, and gazing at me as if wondering to see me there. One

even settled upon the rock, I lay so still ; but as I raised my hand it leaped up, spread its wings, and joined its fellows to circle softly in the air.

Faintly from the distance came the shriek and chatter of the birds in the forest, and this killed a hope that I might be above high-water mark. It was a false, deluding hope, for I knew that the sea would sweep up hundreds of yards beyond where I lay ; and as I thought, as if to convince me, there was a fiercer rush, and instead of playing to and fro yards away the foam actually touched my shoulder, leaving the bubbles glistening and dying out as it glided back.

I made one or two more efforts to free myself, but I was in a vice, and how long those terrible moments lasted I cannot tell now, for, in spite of my struggles to be calm, there were times when the horror was greater than I could bear. It was as if Nature tried to dull my agonies, and hence it is that the recollection of much that I suffered was blunted.

But I can recall the catlike advance of the tide now to my shoulder, then wave after wave retiring, and then coming on with a fierce rush, sweeping right over me, and leaving me strangling as it beat me to and fro.

I was aware of it the next time, watching for the coming wave, and springing up I drew myself as far as I could on to the rock, and, though it seemed to seize me and try to tear me from where I clung, I escaped the strangling water, letting myself sink down as the tide swept back.

I did this again and again, the effort of watching, and the struggle with the dashing water helping to dull the horror. But soon I couldn't rest back, for where I had lain was covered with water, and having to cling and keep my body pressed to the rock became a wearisome effort.

The birds swept round and round uttering wailing cries, the roar of the sea grew louder in my ears, and then I was half strangled once more, as the spray broke over me ; but again I recovered, and clung with the energy of despair, getting my fingers into a couple of crevices in the rock and pressing my chest towards it too much stunned to think of the coming



of help, while seeming to hold my breath for the one supreme moment close at hand.

I can remember giving one wild look round at the glowing sky, and golden, orange sea with its foam-capped waves ; I can remember seeing a gull sweep very closely by me, and noting its keen eyes, and the soft pearly grey of its plumage. Then I think I closed my eyes, and, tightening my grasp, pressed my forehead hard against the shell-encrusted stone. One moment the water was at my breast, then at my lips ; then it seemed to swing right away ; and then I uttered a wild cry, a spasm shot through me, and I made one frantic strain to escape, for a heavy wave swept in, crested and dark, higher far than any yet,—there was a tremendous blow, darkness and a noise of thunder in my ears, and as the wave broke with a fierce rushing hiss and swept back I was free.

I have a faint recollection of being carried swiftly seaward and then striking out feebly to keep on the surface, feeling the choking water in my nostrils, and then turning over to float—my actions being instinctive, I suppose ; but all seemed to me, after the heavy blow of that wave, misty and confused, till I saw Frank bending over me as I lay in the bottom of the boat.

“Yes, my lad,” said the professor afterwards, “a very narrow escape, but bodies immovable in air may, immersed in water, be lifted with ease. As the square of the——”

“Oh, I say, Professor,” cried the doctor, “hold hard now. Jack, my lad, that wave did not come to drown you, but to save your life.”

## FOR DEAR LIFE.

THE truth flashed upon me quick as lightning. All the events of the evening, by the light of this sudden discovery, crowded in on me, forcing the terrible conviction that I was the victim of a stratagem, and likely before long to be a victim of the knives of those who had devised it. I now remembered clearly enough the large heavy purse, the gold pieces I had dropped from it, the strange wolfish expression in the eyes of the posadero and his sons, the sudden disappearance of the diligence, the warning half-spoken of the beautiful girl in pity of my fate, the efforts that had been made to ply me with wine. All this and much more coursed across my excited brain far more quickly than I can record it. Then I felt strong and cool again, and at once proceeded to action. I was without weapon, save a large knife in my sash, but the room was very long and narrow ; accordingly, I dragged the bed—a large wooden one—from its place, and across the heaps of yellow maize and green and scarlet pimentos that lay like cushions in heaps against the inner wall ; by repeated and desperate efforts I managed to wedge it between the door and the opposite wall of the room. Of course, I knew this defence could not avail for long, so I bethought me how I might escape while it kept the assailants at bay. I looked out through the rusty iron grating of the *reja*, and tried to take in the situation. My window opened on the back of the house, and, as is common in those parts, there were no other windows opening in that direction ; the ground below me was a grassy sward, now dewily glimmering in the moonbeams, and across part of it the heavy shadow of

the house fell slantingly. To drop from such a height, even if I could squeeze between the close bars of the reja, would be positive suicide, or, at the least, would disable me and leave me an easy prey. To remain meant sooner or later a violent death by the knife. My mind was on the rack for an expedient. I looked out in my agony through the bars of this my cage, along the sullen wall to the sullen shadowed ground, seeking for some waterpipe, some support by which it might be possible to descend. Vainly; a bare space of sad-coloured stone was all that met my despairing gaze. Then I thought of removing the bed and risking a crawl downstairs and out through the stable. But it was not likely that the exit would be unwatched, and the stairs, I knew, creaked cruelly. Still, I had a knife, and at the worst—this was the sole small chance left for even a possibility of escape. A chance of escape! I was a little too premature, or rather too tardy, in my decision; as I began to move the bed I heard a sound, and stopped to listen. First one, then two, then three. . . . I counted six stealthy pairs of feet ascending slowly, without shoes, the creaking, groaning stairs. My last hope was gone. I sat down in the strange calm that absence of all hope alone can give, and determined to sell my life dearly. Drawing the knife out of my sash, I laid it on the bed beside me. Suddenly there was silence, and then stifled breathing again so close that I started. It seemed as though it were already in the room—only an inch thickness of wood between me and death. A moment of suspense and the chill sweat of fear, and then the door was pressed silently, was silently and strongly pushed and bent inward; but the wooden bedstead supported it well, and there was no sign of its yielding. Another and yet another more violent push, and then I spoke out. I could not at first give utterance to a syllable. It was as if a lump had grown in my throat, and all my mouth was dry, and its power and the tongue's, as it were, paralysed. Even as one in a dream longs, strives, anguishes to cry out for aid, to escape some horrid crawling thing, and is powerless; and even as is the sudden awakening of him, and the terror and the cry, so hoarsely,

and sounding in my ears strangely as the voice of another, came my voice, "Quien es aqui?" There was no reply, save a furious and general rush at the door; but, alas! I knew only too well who was there. And now their murderous intentions were placed beyond all doubt, if doubt there could have been; for, hearing my voice so close to the door, they evidently imagined I was keeping it shut with shoulder and foot. Four sharp, distinct clicking sounds, like the cocking of rifle-hammers, were audible, as the navajas were opened, and rapidly, after another unavailing push, four sharp points came crashing through the woodwork of the door. But this attack had quite a contrary effect to what they had anticipated, as it at once suggested to me that two could play at that game. So, waiting till they began to push the door violently again, I let drive with my long knife, and all the force I could muster, at a fissure they had made, and where the panel was bending beneath a strong shoulder's stress; I felt the blade go deep with a satisfactory crunch into the yielding flesh. A fearful curse and deep groans, and a sudden cessation in the attack, told me that I had pinked one at least handsomely. But the attack, though repulsed, was not at an end. Listening intently, I soon made out that two of the rascals had gone to fetch axes to break in the door. And then, indeed, I felt that the end was near.

At this instant something struck me lightly but sharply on the shoulder. I jumped up from the bed and looked about me, but there was nothing visible; nothing but dark shadows from the farther part of the room, grimly stealing up, grimly encroaching on the limits of the moonlight; nothing but bare, discoloured walls, black in the inner shadow, in the full flood of the pale beams ghastly grey. But all around me I was, and had been, sensible of a certain life, not perceptible to the eye, not explicable to the reason, but cold, pitiless, unearthly. Mockingly did it seem to laugh into my ears, to press upon my heart, to stifle my labouring breath. Was it the presence of darkness felt, or of peril, or (as some enthusiast might say) of spiritual life? This, at least, was no phantom's touch, no



creation of the excited imagination, which had struck me just now ; for, by chance looking down, I noticed on the floor at my feet a small round pebble. I touched it. It was cold and wet, as with dew. It was at once clear to me that the pebble had been thrown from below and from without, and almost equally certain that it had been thrown by a friend. But what friend could I expect here, where I was wholly unknown, among the lonely mountains, at the dead hour of the night ? What ? Had I no thought, no memory of her whose pitying eyes, with warning within their eloquent gaze, I had too confidently disregarded—too carelessly put aside ? For now, indeed, craning out through the reja to examine the moony slope below, I saw the same slight, tall figure, the same regular contour, the same heavy-tressed head I had seen in the posada kitchen some hours ago ; saw, or seemed to see, the same large eyes, soft as a deer's, looking up to me imploringly ; seemed to hear—nay, heard—the same sweet voice whispering low, but intense with earnestness, “Quick ; you have only one chance. Come down as best you can through the window. I have taken out the fastest mule from the stable ; I have him here close by in the shadow. Quick, or it will be too late.”

At these words my hope revived. I was not long in deciding what to do. If for a moment the thought crossed my mind that it might be a stratagem to kill me, defenceless, while descending, it was involuntary, and as quickly banished as it had arisen. I felt I could trust the girl, and I did trust her unreservedly. Once my mind was made up I acted with promptitude. Dragging the strong unbleached sheets from the bed, I hastily knotted them together. These, with the addition of the light coverlet, made a species of rope of some length, the end of which was soon fastened to the heavy iron grating deeply sunk and leaded in the stone of the windowsill. This accomplished, I proceeded to squeeze out as best I might between the bars of the reja. It was not a moment too soon. My head had just forced its way through the grating, and I was struggling to get my shoulders through, when a heavy tramping on the stairs, and loud harsh voices outside the door,

told me the ruffians had returned. Nor was I long left doubtful of their success in the search for axes. A moment more, and the first heavy stroke drove the edge sheer through the door in the unsupported space near the bed-head, and so firmly wedged was the blade that it evidently needed a strong strain to withdraw it.

Meantime, I had crept out through the bars with some difficulty, and began to descend my improvised rope, which held together in a satisfactory fashion. I was soon at the end, and, looking down, I at once discovered, with a shock as of an electric flash, that I had miscalculated the distance, and it now appeared that I was at a perilous distance above the grassy slope. I had expected my rope to be eight or ten feet too short at the most; it now appeared that it was eighteen or twenty; but I had not remembered to allow for the knots, especially the strong close knot round the bottom of the grating. Not only was the distance in itself alarming, but I was afraid that I should break my leg if I dropped, and so lose all chance of escape; for if there were a stone in the sward I feared it would be sufficient, if I alighted on it, to put a stop to any further efforts on my part. While I deliberated, hanging at full length of my arms, I felt my hands grow numb and my arms grow weary. Overhead, the heavy smashing stroke of the axe upon the door was distinctly perceptible. I felt that I must soon let go my hold. So, seeing that delay of the inevitable merely entailed loss of time, I dropped to the ground; and though the passage through the air seemed long and the shock considerable, I did not feel for the moment at all the worse for it. Hardly, however, had I risen to my feet before I went down again at once, helplessly and in pain. My ankle was so sprained or dislocated as to render it quite useless even to limp ever so short a distance. In a moment the girl was beside me, in a moment was aware of my mishap. How could I hope now to mount a tall, restive mule, especially bare-backed, as this one was, and without anything to serve for a step. Already from above, from the window of my room, came the final crash, as door and barrier yielded to the stroke of the axe.

Then disappointed curses and exclamations of astonishment and the red glare of a torch, as the villains searched for their prize. We heard it all, and bitter indeed was the thought that I was helpless now and past all hope; most bitter, when I considered how nearly I had escaped, and how cruelly at the very last moment chance had snatched from my grasp the safety I already regarded as my own. All hope now left me, and nothing remained but a desire that the ruffians would descend rapidly, find me, and put an end to the agony of anticipation, for of suspense there could be none now. A minute, or a few minutes at most, and all would be over. The girl stood by me, as if longing to protect me in my helplessness, but knowing well how futile would be the attempt. Suddenly she darted away into the deep shadow, and I set my teeth and grasped my knife more tightly, and tried in vain to drag myself to the wall and get my back against it. I heard a yell of exultation from above, as one of my would-be murderers discovered the means of my escape, and almost at the same moment saw me also on the verge of the shadow, but plainly visible in the white moonlight. Fierce dark faces, seeming doubly grim in the smoky red torchlight, crowded upon the reja, looked out, and shouted threats at me. Then all was still, save a distant sound, indistinctly but surely perceptible to my keen, strong sense of hearing; a sound, I knew, of hasty feet descending the creaking staircase. At this instant steps near me, and a whisper—and there was the brave girl with the mule, holding with one hand the bridle, and with the other beckoning me to rest on her shoulder and mount from it; she knelt at the same time to enable me to do so more easily. It was no time for nice distinctions of courtesy or hesitation. Firmly grasping the strong mane of the mule, I placed my sound foot on her shoulder and my hand on her head. The girl rose to a half-standing posture at the same moment as I convulsively swung myself on to the mule's back and, though in great pain, succeeded in getting fixed in my seat. I gathered up the reins, and with a murmured but heartfelt word of thanks would have ridden off, but the girl still held the rein.

"I have saved you," she said, "at a great risk—how great you can hardly know. I ask not thanks or recompense; I ask one thing only—that you should spare my uncle and cousins." Then, imploringly, "Do not make me regret what I have done this night for you." "You may trust me," was all I could say, for my heart was too full for speech; and then, without spoken words of parting, we turned in different directions—she into the dark shadow of the inn, I into the road, intending to start off at full speed. But there was an unforeseen will yet to be consulted and conquered. The mule, a great strong brute, began to jib, and, instead of advancing, absolutely to back toward the door of the posada. In vain I tried coaxing—tried the traditional "*arré, arré*;" foot by foot I was carried back to the inn. At the same time, out of the door, out of the inner darkness, came rushing the whole gang. I heard their steps and curses; I saw their dark forms looming, and long knives gleaming coldly in the light as they emerged from the shadow. Then they in their turn saw me. A shout of savage glee, and they rushed on their half-rescued prey, and all was over apparently. I dropped the reins and drew out my knife, and opened it, half conscious all the while, as in a dream. Then, by what process of thought, by what chance I know not, instead of attempting resistance I leaned back and drove the keen blade some inches deep into the mule's firm flesh. The ruffians were upon me; two of the quickest of them were already snatching at the reins. The strong beast, pricked thus deeply by this unaccustomed spur, reared almost upright, nearly unseated me, and then, plunging forward, knocked over one of the assailants, and, passing his more cautious comrade, who leapt aside, like a whirlwind galloped furiously, and wincing and snorting with pain and fear, into the night.



## PICCOLO PAOLO.

### A TALE OF SAVOY.

BY W. G. KINGSTON.

#### CHAPTER I.

I WAS about to pay a visit to a sick acquaintance, who lived in one of those by-streets of the great metropolis in which Punch exhibits his comical tricks, organ-grinders, ballad-singers, and tumblers ply their trade with better chance of remuneration than they can obtain in more fashionable regions. I was just ascending the doorstep, when my ears were attracted by the sound of a young voice crying out,—

*“Da me qualche cosa, signore, sono povero ragazzo non ho mangiato niente per dieci ore.”* (“Give me something, sir. I am a poor boy. I have eaten nothing for ten hours.”)

The speaker, having uttered these words, commenced playing a wretched little hurdy-gurdy, which emitted the most melancholy cracked sound, while he turned round and round on his feet, making a pretence to dance, singing in a faint though sweet voice an air I had often heard amid the Southern Alps. The language he spoke, as well as his dress—which consisted of a high hat, braided jacket, with a coloured belt, knee breeches, ornamented with fringe—showed me from whence he came. The glance I caught of his swarthy, though regular features, and his dark, full eye, as he cast an imploring look at me, induced me to turn round to observe him more narrowly, while I felt in my pocket for a copper. I was much struck by the intelligence of his countenance, stealing over which, as soon

as he had ceased his performance, I remarked an unusually sad expression for one so young. Seeing that he had attracted my notice, he approached, holding out his hand again, repeating "Da me qualche cosa."

"Whence do you come, boy?" I asked, in his own tongue.

"From the far-off Alps," he answered, a gleam lighting up his features as he heard his native language. "Oh, signore, would that I were there again!"

"What is your name?" I inquired.

"I am called Piccolo Paolo," he replied, "but my father's name is Bellino; a good father, and my mother, too, is good. Would that I were with them!"

"Are you not happy, then, Paolo?" I asked.

"Oh no, no, signore. Some people are kind, and give me food and money when I go about the streets, but boys often jeer and laugh at me, and even throw stones, and when I return to the padrone, Marco Tadino, if I do not take him as much as he expects, he beats me cruelly, and tells me that I shall be worse treated the next time I come home with so little. He threatens to lock me up in a dreadful vault, among toads and creeping things, or to throw me at night into the dark river which flows under the bridges."

The more Paolo told me of his history, the more I became interested in him, for there was an air of truth in his manner which satisfied me that he was not attempting deception, but telling me a plain, unvarnished tale of suffering and injustice.

"Stay here," I said, giving him a shilling to show that I was in earnest; "when I come out we will have a further talk, and see what I can do for you."

The boy's countenance brightened. "Mille grazie," he exclaimed.

I spoke of the boy to my sick friend.

"I have remarked him," was the answer; "he has come through this street for the last six months once a fortnight. Other boys come also, one with white mice, another with a monkey, a third with only his voice to attract notice. Two or

three girls, generally selling brooms, make their appearance at stated times. They are evidently under some organized system, as they never interfere with each other, and probably belong to the same master. Judging from their forlorn appearance, a very hard master he must be."

This description agreed with little Paolo's account of himself, and I then and there resolved to rescue him from slavery, if he desired to be emancipated. On going out I found him waiting for me.

"I should like to pay your padrone, Marco Tadino, a visit," I said.

"Oh, signore, he would be so angry were I to bring him to you," exclaimed Paolo, with a look of terror on his face.

"I don't fear his anger," I answered, in a tone to give him confidence. "He can have no right to keep you if you desire to return to your parents; and as it is certain that they allowed you to leave them under the belief that you would be well treated and make your fortune, and as you have been ill-treated and every penny you receive has been taken from you, I am sure the law will not allow him to detain you."

"But, signore, where shall I go, what shall I do if I leave him? I know not the language of this country, and I could not find the way through the streets of this big city, except such as he has pointed out to me."

"I will take care of you, my boy," I answered; "I am on the point of visiting the Continent, and intend to pass through your native land, so that I shall be able to give you safe back to your mother's arms."

Tears started into Paolo's eyes. "Can such a happy fate be in store for me?" he exclaimed. "Sure such a thing is too good to be true."

"Not if God wills it, my boy," I answered. "At what time do you generally return to your padrone?"

"That depends on the money I have taken; sometimes, when I have received but little, I am afraid to go back until all the shops are closed, and I have no chance of receiving any more; I am then certain of having to go supperless to bed,

and think myself fortunate if I do not receive a beating besides."

"I will then wait until nightfall, and you shall take me to Marco's."

"And where shall I find you, signore?" he asked.

"Are you hungry?" I inquired.

"Si, signore, that I am, I have had nothing to eat since the morning; as I had received but little during the day, I could not venture to buy even a piece of bread."

There was a cook-shop not far off; I took Paolo to it, and by the way he devoured the food placed before him I was convinced that he was as hungry as he had said. Requesting the people of the shop to allow him to remain until my return, I spent the interval at my friend's house. Paolo looked out wistfully after me as I left him, fearing, I suspect, that I might not return. As I re-entered the shop, Paolo sprang towards me.

"Ah, signore, if I take you to the padrone you will not leave me?" he exclaimed; "he would kill me this very night if he thought I had told you how he treats me and the other poor children who belong to him."

"Do not fear; you must be prepared to brave his anger for a few minutes, and then I will come in and take you away. Don't let him have the shilling I gave you, but just hand him the three halfpennies you had before you received it; and if he begins to beat you, don't mind, I shall the better be able to help you afterwards."

Paolo at once saw my object, and promising to carry out my instructions led the way, while I followed close at his heels. On the way I met a policeman whom I knew, and I requested him to accompany me to render assistance if required.

At length we entered a low court, surrounded by dilapidated-looking buildings. Paolo stopped before a door, the entrance to a common stair.

"The padrone lives on the second story," he whispered.

"We must not let him know we are here, or he will bolt the door," said the policeman. "I know the man, a terrible



fellow ; he would not mind running his knife into any one who had offended him."

I patted Paolo on the back. "Be brave, go on," I said ; "no real harm shall come to you."

The boy was trembling all over, but mustering courage for the occasion he climbed the stairs, we creeping carefully behind him. We remained, however, on the landing below the floor inhabited by the padrone. On our way up several cries, uttered, I felt sure, by children, reached my ears. I doubted whether Paolo would have resolution to go on, but presently the door opened and a light streamed forth as he entered. Directly afterwards I heard a man's voice in angry tones, speaking in Italian, and then came the sound of blows and piercing cries. Now was the moment for action. I sprang up, followed by the policeman, and was just in time to force open the door before the person within could shoot the bolt.

Before me, his eyes flashing fire, stood a tall Italian, a heavy whip in one hand, resembling a cat-o'-nine tails, while with his other he held little Paolo by the hair.

"Who dares interfere with me ?" he exclaimed, letting go the boy, and drawing a knife from a sheath in his belt.

"Come, come, master, none of that nonsense," cried the policeman, who, holding his truncheon in his hand, made his appearance. "What have you been about with these children ?"

The man, who I conjectured was Marco, returned his knife to his sheath, and let drop the whip, on which the policeman put his foot.

"Are these your own children ?" I asked in Italian, pointing to the three or four little street musicians crouching in a corner, while Paolo, trembling with agitation, remained where the padrone had left him.

"Si, signore, they are all mine, and no person shall interfere with them. They have been stealing. They deserve punishment."

"And is that boy your son ?" I asked pointing to Paolo.



"Yes, and he dare not tell you to the contrary," answered the man.

"A magistrate shall decide that point," I said. "I have information that neither he nor the rest are your children, but that you live upon their gains. We are witnesses of the way you treat them. One desires, I know, to quit you immediately, and I intend to take him with me. Come along, Paolo; you may wish *Seniore Marco Tadino* good-bye. In regard to the other children, as I cannot take charge of them I will leave the matter in the hands of the police."

The *padrone* did not attempt to stop Paolo, who rushed towards me, but tore his hair, and stamped, and swore, and cried out that we were taking his children from him, speaking sometimes in tolerable English, and then vociferating in his native tongue.

"Come, master, you know me, and I know you. We have for long been on the look out to catch you, and I am not going to let you go," said my companion.

Fortunately a police station was near at hand. The officer, collaring Marco, led him unresistingly away, having told the tribe of young musicians to follow, while at his request I locked the door and delivered the key to him. I accompanied them to the station, and having given my name and address, promising to appear as a witness the next morning, I took Paolo by the hand, and conducted him to my own house. My family were greatly astonished at seeing me arrive, but having heard the account I gave, agreed that I had acted rightly, and all vied in treating Paolo kindly. He at first appeared to be overwhelmed with astonishment, especially at hearing himself spoken to by my sisters in his own language. Although his appearance was not so picturesque as before, he looked much cleaner after a liberal use of soap and water, in the new suit they at once procured for him, to make him fit to become my travelling companion. I, however, packed up his old dress, that he might assume it on his return home if he wished. I don't know if he was pleased with the change, but he was too grateful to say anything.

I appeared with him at the police court the next morning. Marco scowled fiercely as he saw us enter, having learned by whom, as he considered, he had been betrayed. The rest of the children were, by the orders of the magistrate, delivered to their consul, to be restored to their native land, as they all expressed their wish to go ; while several witnesses appearing against the padrone, he was committed to prison for three months' hard labour, and threatened with a more severe punishment should he resume his unlawful traffic.

"We shall meet again, and I will have my revenge," he muttered as I passed him, making at the same time a threatening gesture towards Paolo, who tightly clutched my hand on hearing him speak.

The following day I started with my young charge for the Continent. Paolo entreated that he might act as my servant, and a very useful little page he was ; for though the padrone had taken care that he should not learn English, he could make himself very well understood in French.

After spending some days at Lyons, and visiting the picturesque little towns of Aix and Chambery, we proceeded through Savoy, towards that mighty range of mountains which separates France from Northern Italy. Before us rose Mont Cenis, while further to the left Mont Blanc—which had been in sight for many a league—towered to the sky. Paolo could scarcely restrain his eagerness as he recognized the scenery of his native land.

"We shall soon be there, we shall soon be there, and I shall embrace once more my father and my mother. Oh, how they will thank you for having brought me back !" he exclaimed again and again.

I must own I was not without some apprehension that his parents might not be so pleased to see their son return without the fortune they expected he would make, as he would be to get back to them.

I cannot stop to describe the magnificent scenery through which we passed ; mountains piled upon mountains, their summits capped with snow, the foaming cascades, the roaring

torrents, green valleys, their sides clothed with the chestnut and beech, and, higher up, by fir and pine; the towering precipices, the deep gorges, down which it made one giddy to cast one's eyes. I had left my heavy luggage at Chambery, so that all the articles I required were stowed in a knapsack carried by a porter, who acted as our guide; for although Paolo thought he knew the way, I found that he was acquainted only with the mountain paths in the immediate neighbourhood of his home. Even our guide, Felippo, miscalculated the distance. He had assured me that we should reach the chalet inhabited by Paolo Bellino and his wife long before dark, but the sun set in a radiance of glory over the sea of mountains behind us, and he had to acknowledge that we were still some way off it. He was sure of the path, and as the sky was cloudless we could easily see our way. The stars came forth out of the blue vault of heaven, looking many times larger than their usual size, while the crescent moon lighted up the scenery with unexpected brilliancy. At length we stood at the edge of a cliff, down which a narrow path wound its way towards a mountain lake which slept at our feet. On the opposite side before us rose peak beyond peak, from the midst of a glacier which shone brightly in the moonlight, while a wall of dark rocks towered up from the lake. A cascade, issuing from the melting snow, fell down its side with a splash which could be plainly heard through the night air.

"There, signore, there—come on, there is my home," exclaimed Paolo, almost beside himself with joy, as he pointed to a little chalet, before which grazed on the turf sloping down to the water a small herd of cattle, attended by a man whose figure we could just distinguish in the shadow of the hut. A fire burning on the hearth within cast through the open door a bright light on the rocks in front of it, and assisted us in making our way down the narrow path. Paolo for some time restrained his eagerness, that he might guide my steps, but at length, unable longer to control himself, he dashed forward, shouting—

"Father, mother, your Piccolo Paolo has come back."

The person I had before observed started, and hurried towards the boy, while another—a female—issued from the châlet, and soon their arms were round the boy's neck, while the latter covered him with kisses, and I was satisfied that he would have no reason to complain of their want of affection. I stopped at a little distance to allow Paolo to explain how it happened that he had returned home. On making my appearance, I received a hearty welcome from the mountaineer and his wife, who expressed in warm terms their gratitude for the service I had rendered their son. They told me how their hearts had misgiven them after they had let him go, and they had longed for his return, but had no means of communicating with him. They were poor, and although not wanting intelligence, were perfectly ignorant of the world and its ways, their whole lives having been spent in their mountain home. They did their best to accommodate me in their humble abode. I cannot say much for its luxuries, but perhaps the satisfaction I felt at having accomplished a good act enabled me to sleep as soundly as I ever did in my life.

Paolo looked wistfully up in my face as I prepared the next morning to take my departure. His feelings, I suspected, were agitated between the desire to accompany me and to remain with his parents. I determined not to tempt him to quit them. Satisfied, however, that a small sum of money, which I had kept for the purpose, would assist in starting my young *protégé* in life, I put it into his father's hands.

"A thousand—ten thousand thanks!" he exclaimed; "it will be the making of him. We were praying that we might, by some means, obtain a few scudi, and you, seniore, have given us twice the sum we dared hope for."

Paolo's mother almost overwhelmed me by the exhibition of her feelings when I bade her farewell, while he and his father insisted on accompanying me for some distance over the mountains.

"Signore," said Paolo, as we were about to part, "I have not been happy about Marco Tadino; he is a man with a revengeful heart, and is sure to keep his word if he threatens to



do harm to any one. Pray avoid him when you return home, should he still be in England, and especially keep away from the Val Puiero, where he comes from, about six leagues from this. If driven from England he is sure to return there, for he is already very rich, and he would become a great man in the place."

I smiled at Paolo's warning, not having the slightest fear of Master Marco's vengeance.

Four or five years passed away after my return home, when I again started on another tour through Switzerland, making my way southward along the lines of the Cottian and Maritime Alps. I had not forgotten my friend Paolo, and fully intended before quitting the country to pay his father's chalet a visit, but was induced to accompany some friends to Turin and Milan, from which point I again struck westward towards the mountains.

## CHAPTER II.

ONCE more, knapsack on back and alpenstock in hand, I was wandering amid those mighty rocks which divide Piedmont from Savoy. Although inferior in elevation to the more northern part of the range, the Cottian Alps present scenery of equal grandeur and magnificence, with the advantage in the valleys and lower elevations of a more genial climate.

As I spoke the language fluently, and had provided myself with a good map, I was able to ascertain, in most instances, the best route to take, and thus generally dispensed with the services of a guide. Sometimes, I confess, when traversing some lonely pass amid the snow-capped heights, I ran risks which it would have been more prudent to have avoided. At last I found myself, as I supposed, not far from Bellino's chalet, and I believed that I should be able to reach it before the close of day.

"You will have some dangerous places to pass before you get there," observed the peasant from whom I was endeavouring

to obtain directions. "You English seem to take delight in running the chance of breaking your necks."

The weather, however, looked promising, and I thought that I could accomplish the feat. I had climbed one mountain and had again descended into a valley with the name of which I was unacquainted. So many rugged heights rose before me that I was undecided which was the right pass to take, but still, aided by a pocket compass, I fancied that I could not go wrong. I saw several cottages by the side of a torrent which flowed through it, but as they were at a considerable distance off, I did not consider it worth my while to go down to them to inquire my way. Crossing the valley, I was ascending the slope on the other side, when I saw a tall figure, with a long stick in his hand, coming down the mountain towards me by a path which, by deviating to the right, I could easily gain. I accordingly climbed up it, so that I might question the man as to the best route to follow. I soon reached him, and had begun to ask for the information I required, when it struck me that I had seen him before. I examined his countenance more narrowly, and endeavoured to recall to my memory where I had met him. He, however, encountered my gaze with an indifferent look, which at first made me suppose that I was mistaken, until it suddenly flashed across my mind that he was no other than Marco Tadino, from whom I had rescued Paolo. "If he is not the man I suppose, his countenance wears the same repulsive expression as that of the padrone; still, as he can have no object in misleading me, I need not mistrust the directions he may give," I thought to myself, and accordingly continued my questions.

"What place do you wish to gain before nightfall?" he asked.

I told him the *châlet* of Paolo Bellino.

For the first time a dark shade passed over his countenance, and I saw that he was eyeing me narrowly.

"Follow the course you were pursuing for about ten minutes, then pass through a gorge to the left, near which you will see a waterfall. You will then discover a path which will lead you

round the mountain, and the descent after that will be easy," he replied.

I thanked him for the directions he had given me, and turned back to pursue the way I had been following. "My imagination must have deceived me," I said to myself. "The chances are, after all, that he is not the man I supposed."

I had not gone on for more than five or six minutes when I heard footsteps behind me, and on looking round I saw, to my surprise, the man I had just before encountered.

"I am well acquainted with these mountains, amongst which I was born," he said, "and you may probably mistake my directions. I offer myself as your guide until I can see you safe, or place you on a path by which you can reach your destination."

The man spoke so fairly that I was convinced I was wrong in my conjectures regarding him; he was evidently superior in dress and manners to the ordinary peasantry of the mountains. I therefore thought it would be churlish not to accept his offer. We proceeded on together when the path would allow him to walk on beside me. At other times he dropped behind, observing, "I'll tell you, seniore, when necessary, which way to turn." On and on we went, the scenery gradually becoming wilder, and the path more rugged.

The sun had hitherto shone brightly down from a clear sky, but in a short time his rays were obscured by a dark cloud, and on looking up I observed that others were gathering thickly behind, until the whole heavens were covered by a dark canopy.

"What do you think of the weather?" I asked of my volunteer guide.

"We shall have a snowstorm before long," he answered, "and you will be wise to hasten your steps, so as to get under shelter before it commences."

I was already walking at a rapid pace, and was rather surprised that the stranger could keep up with such apparent ease. As I proceeded, I began to feel especially thankful that I had a guide, for no track could I distinguish, and I had to acknow-

ledge that, without his assistance, I should be unable to find my way. Soon after this we entered another cleft in the mountain, so tortuous that I often could not see more than a dozen yards ahead. My guide had not spoken for several minutes. Seeing a line of almost precipitous rocks rising up before me, I stopped and turned round to inquire how soon we should be out of the gorge, when what was my astonishment to discover that my companion had disappeared !

"Oh, seniore, who have guided me thus far, where are you ?" I shouted. "Pray reply to me."

No answer came. Supposing that he might have fallen, or met with some other mishap, I retraced my steps, but could nowhere discover him. Again I shouted at the top of my voice.

I fancied that I heard a peal of mocking laughter in the distance. "That must have been imagination," I said to myself; "still the man, after all, may be the rascally padrone, who has taken this opportunity of revenging himself. However, I must not stop here. As I shall be as likely to find my way out of the gorge through one end as the other, I will go on." I had not proceeded far when, on looking up, to my horror I saw a mass of rock tottering apparently just above my head. With an activity excited by the hope of saving my life I sprang forward over every impediment, when down came the mass, striking the very spot where an instant before I had stood. I rushed on, believing that others might follow. I could only hope to escape destruction by getting out of the horrible gorge without delay, for the man who was capable of such audacious treachery would, on finding that his plan had failed, undoubtedly devise some other means for taking my life. These thoughts darted through my mind as I rushed on.

Another rock came thundering down close behind me. On I went, endeavouring to overcome the sensation of terror, which might deprive me of the use of my judgment. I had some hours of daylight, and provided the threatened storm did not commence I might still get down the mountain. The gorge itself was free of snow, but I caught sight of white peaks at no great distance above me, and I found the only practicable



path rapidly ascending. It was with some relief that I emerged on the more open side of the mountain, although black rocks cropped out of it, preventing large masses of snow, apparently of a depth sufficient to bury me, from gliding downward. The air, too, was bitterly cold, and I could no longer run at the rate I had hitherto been moving, as it was necessary to be cautious, or I might rush over some precipice unseen until I was close upon it. I could make out, far in the distance below me, a valley, but many dangerous precipices might intervene, and I must endeavour to discover a path before I could venture to descend. On and on I went, often with difficulty saving myself from sliding down on the short, slippery turf which clothed the mountain side. To my dismay several flakes of snow fell, others rapidly followed, and the dreaded snowstorm commenced.

Not a break in the clouds gave me any hopes that it would soon cease; still, while I had life I resolved to struggle on. The snow fell thicker and thicker. I knew from the nature of the grass that I could be at no great elevation, but yet I was as likely to be overwhelmed as on the higher regions surrounding me. In a short time the whole ground was covered, and in some places became so deep that I sank in halfway up to my knees. It was difficult before to find the path, it was now almost impossible to do so. I fancied, at length, that the ground sloped more gradually downwards. In the expectation of reaching some point from whence I could look more directly down into the valley, I began the descent. I had not proceeded far, however, when what was my horror to find myself close to the brink of a precipice, which seemed to go sheer down to the depth of many hundred feet. I started back, with difficulty retracing my steps.

My hands were so benumbed with the cold that I could not take out my watch, but it seemed to me that the light was already waning. To attempt to pass the night on the mountain side would have been certain destruction. It would be better to fall down the precipice and to end my life at once. Should I once stop I might be incapable of again moving on. I

therefore continued along the side of the mountain, feeling the ground with my alpenstock, until I caught sight of several rocks, which appeared one below the other, on the same side as the precipice I had passed. They might be on the spur of the mountain, which would enable me to descend into the valley

Thicker and faster fell the snow, so that I could see scarcely a dozen yards ahead. I had not gone many paces when I found myself descending rapidly. I held fast to my alpenstock, endeavouring to stop my progress, but the next instant I plunged up to my neck in a mass of snow. In vain I endeavoured to extricate myself. Should I do so it might only be to fall over a precipice. I, for the first time, gave myself up for lost. Though it may have been folly to shout, I could not restrain myself from calling out for help. It was unlikely that any other human being would be on the side of the mountain. For a few minutes I lay quite overcome by my exertions, though I tried to resist the temptation to sleep, which I knew would be fatal. Digging down with my alpenstock, I touched the solid ground, and was able, by great exertion, to raise myself a foot or more from my former position. Again I instinctively shouted for help, when what was my joy to hear a reply, though I could see no one, and thought it must be the echo of my voice. By trampling down the snow, I raised my head a few inches higher, when, looking up, I discovered a person, a large basket at his back, feeling his way in the direction I had come with a long pole, a herd of cattle following along the mountain side, while an active dog was keeping them away from the precipice. The snow fell so thickly that it was scarcely possible for him to see his way, and I dreaded lest he should turn too soon and meet the fate I had so narrowly escaped. He and his dog, however, were evidently well acquainted with the dangers, and on he came towards me. He might, however, risk the loss of his cattle, who might stray out of the path and fall over the cliff, should he venture to assist me. He was so near that I could almost see his features. I implored his help.

"I am an Englishman," I said; "I will reward you handsomely."

"An Englishman!" he exclaimed; "I require no reward," and planting his feet firmly on the mountain side he extended his pole towards me. "Hold on by this," he said, "and I will draw you out, but take care not to lean backwards or you may go over the rock behind you, and drag me to destruction with yourself."

As may be supposed, I followed his directions, and the next instant, grasping me by the hand, he enabled me to reach his side.

"Praise Heaven it is you, seniore!" he exclaimed, looking eagerly in my face. "You do not know me? I am Piccolo Paolo. But there is no time to stop; we will continue the descent, and you shall then tell me how you got into this danger from which I have been so happy as to rescue you."

I certainly should not have known Paolo, who had grown into a fine, broad-shouldered youth, evidently as strong as he was active.

Paolo was right in regard to the preciousness of time. The snow, which had for a moment ceased, again came down thicker than ever. He supported me as we descended the steep path, for I was so benumbed that I could scarcely have proceeded by myself. The cattle, following in line, not attempting to pass each other, were kept in order by the sagacious dog. Even now I could not distinguish the way, and it seemed by instinct, rather than by sight, that Paolo followed the right path and avoided slipping over the fearful chasm which gaped on our left side.

Thus we proceeded, it appeared to me, for many a mile down the mountain side. At length we got below the region of snow, and descending further we reached a broad valley, already bathed in the gloom of evening. We now went on more leisurely, and, my strength returning, I was able to recount my fearful adventure to Paolo.

"There can be no doubt that the man was Marco Tadino," observed Paolo. "He is the terror of his neighbours, and

hated by all of them, although he is the most wealthy person in the district, his money gained by the suffering of the unhappy children he used to inveigle from their homes."

I thought he was leading me to his own abode. We at length stopped at a *châlet*, which, though roughly built, looked clean and tidy within.

"Honour me by entering, *seniore*. This is my temporary home, for, owing to your generosity, by which we were enabled to purchase more beasts, our herd has increased so much that my native valley will no longer afford them pasture, and I come here at this season of the year that they may feed on the side of the mountain above us. My father is now a wealthy man, and has built a large house in lieu of the *châlet* where you visited us."

Paolo did not say, as his father afterwards told me, that their prosperity was owing to his industry and perseverance.

The next day Paolo was relieved of his charge by one of the other herdsmen, and accompanied me to his father's house, which it took us several hours to reach. The old man was indignant on hearing of Marco's treachery and attempt to destroy me.

"I would advise you, *seniore*, to lay an information against him, but that he is too cunning to be caught. We must leave him to the justice of Heaven." I agreed with my host, having no wish to see the punishment inflicted which the man undoubtedly deserved.

I spent some days with the Bellino family, botanizing and geologizing, accompanied by Paolo, among the neighbouring mountains. One evening, on our return, we were told that a stranger had appeared in the valley and inquired at a *châlet* some distance off what direction we had taken. He was "a tall old man," they said, "with haggard features!" We had met no one, and could not surmise the stranger's object.

The following day we set off as usual early in the morning, as I wished to ascend to a greater height than we had yet reached. We had rested to take our noon-day meal in the shade of a cliff, for, although we were at so great an elevation,



the sun beat down with intense power on our heads. Having finished our repast, we were about to rise, when a dark object appeared in the air, and a mass of rock, accompanied by shrubs and earth and loose stones, with a thundering sound fell directly in front of us.

Paolo seized my arm, and dragged me a short distance to a more overhanging part of the cliff than that under which we had been seated.

"More may be coming," he said ; "that rock did not fall by chance. We are here safe. We shall, perchance, see the person who loosened it."

At some distance from us was a fearful precipice, above which was a ledge, and then the cliff again rose to the height of a hundred feet or so. By creeping along this ledge it was possible for a person with strong nerves to gain the higher peaks of the mountain, and we had intended, feeling confident of our powers, to make our way along it. We had remained some time standing in the hollow of the cliff, when I felt Paolo touch my arm, and turning to look in the direction he pointed, I saw a man appear at the further end of the ledge I have described ; he being in the sunshine, while we were in the shade, he did not observe us. He advanced rapidly, apparently ignorant of the dangers of the path. Nearer and nearer he came, eagerly gazing, it seemed to us, at the mass of rock which had just fallen from the summit of the cliffs. Nearer and nearer he came.

"It is Tadino," whispered Paolo ; "he believes that he has succeeded in destroying us. We can easily master him, seniore, if you wish to obtain justice, as it was evidently he who hurled over the rock."

"I would rather show him that we harbour no thoughts of revenge, and allow him to go free," I answered.

At that moment we saw Tadino lift up his arms and grasp at the rock above him, but in vain,—his feet had slipped, a fearful shriek rent the air, and he disappeared over the precipice.

Horror-struck, we hurried from our place of concealment, and hurried down the path by which we had ascended, and

which in time would conduct us to the bottom of the gorge through which a roaring torrent made its way, expecting to discover the mangled remains of the wretched man. The peculiar formation of the rock above marked the spot from which he had fallen. On reaching a lower point, from whence we could obtain a view down the torrent, we discovered that it ran close to the foot of that part of the cliff I have described. Tadino must have fallen into it, and his body, floating rapidly away, must have been carried down a foaming cataract, whose roar we could distinguish in the far-off distance.

Such was the terrible end of the cruel padrone. I remained a few days longer with the Bellino family, promising to pay them a visit the following year. Two years, however, elapsed before I was able to fulfil my intentions. They had removed to a beautiful valley opening towards the sunny south, where they could obtain abundance of pasturage for their increased herds. Piccolo Paolo had just become the happy husband of a dark-eyed, smiling damsel, and the old couple were as hale and hearty as ever.

## A FIGHT WITH DOG-FISH.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

A LITTLE before daybreak on a dewy June morning of 188— our small party of four set out to “drift for shad.” There was the rector, my cousin B—, and myself, who went to learn how this drifting was conducted, and the old fisherman, Chris, the owner of the shad-boat, who went for fish.

By the time the long fathoms of brown net were unwound from the great, creaking reel and coiled in the stern of the boat, the tide had turned, and a current had begun to set outward from the little creek in which our boat was moored. Our rusty mainsail was soon hoisted to catch the gentle cat’s-paws from the shore, and we were under way.

A word of explanation here. The shad-fishing of the Bay of Fundy is carried on, for the most part, by “drifting.” The boats employed are roomy, heavy single-masted craft, with a “cuddy,” or forward cabin, in which two men may sleep with comfort. These craft, when loaded, draw several feet of water, and are hard to float off when they chance to run aground. They carry a deep keel, and are staunch sea-boats—as all boats need to be that navigate the rude waters of Fundy.

When we had gained a few cable lengths from shore the breeze freshened slightly. It was a mere zephyr, but it drove the boat too fast for us to pay out the net. We furled the sail, and thrust the boat along slowly with our heavy sweeps, while Chris paid out the net over the stern.

These Fundy boats sometimes stay out several tides, making

a haul with each tide, but it was our intention merely to drift out with this ebb and return by the next flood.

It was slow work for a while. We ate, told stories, speculated as to how many fish were entangling themselves in our meshes, and at about nine o'clock appealed to Chris to haul in.

The tremendous Fundy tide had drifted us, in five hours, over twenty miles. We decided to run the boat into the mouth of a small river on our right to take a good swim before we started on the return trip. The plan was accepted by Chris, and we set ourselves to haul in the net.

In the centre of the boat stood two huge tubs, into which we threw the silvery shad as we took them from the meshes. When we found a stray skate, squib, or sculpin, we returned it to its native element; but a small salmon we welcomed as a special prize, and laid it away in a wrapping of sail-cloth.

The catch proved to be rather a light one, though Chris averred it was as good as any he had made that year.

"Why, what has become of the shad?" asked the rector. "It seems to me that in the former years one could sometimes fill these tubs in a single trip."

"Aye, aye," growled Chris, "that's true enough, sir! But the fishin' ain't now what it used to be, and it's all along o' them blamed dog-fish."

"What do the dog-fish have to do with it?" I asked.

"Do with it!" answered Chris. "Why, they eat 'em. They eat everything they kin clap their eye on to. They're thicker'n bees in these here waters the last year er two back."

"They are a kind of small shark, I believe?" put in the rector, in a tone of inquiry.

"Well, I reckon as how they be. An' they're worse nor any other kind as I've heern tell of, because they kinder hunt in packs like, an' nothin' ain't a-goin' to escape them, once they got on to it. I've caught 'em nigh on to five foot long, but mostly they run from three to four foot. They're spry, I tell you, an' with a mouth on-to 'em like a fox-trap. They're



the worst varmin that swims, an' good fer nothin but to make ile out of ther livers."

"I've seen them called 'the hounds of the sea,'" said B——. "Are they bold enough to attack a man?"

"They'd attack an elephant, if they could git him in the water. An' they'd eat him, too," said Chris.

"I hope they won't put in an appearance while we're taking our swim," remarked the rector. "I don't think we had better swim far out."

By this time we were near the mouth of the stream, a broad, shallow estuary three or four hundred yards wide. In the middle was a gravelly shoal which was barely uncovered at low water, and was then marked by a line of seaweed and small stones. We bore up the northern channel, and saw that the shores were stony and likely to afford us a firm landing; but the channel was unfamiliar to Chris, and suddenly, with a soft thud, we found ourselves aground in a mud-bank, a hundred yards from shore. The tide had yet a few inches to fall, and we knew that we were fast for an hour or so.

When we had got ourselves out of our clothes the surface of the shoal in mid-channel was bare. It was about fifty yards from the boat, and we decided to swim over to it, and look for anemones and star-fish. B——, who was an indifferent swimmer, took an oar along with him to rest on if he should get tired. We laughed at him for the precaution, as the distance was so short; but he retorted,—

"If any of those sea-dogs should turn up, you'll find that said oar will come in pretty handy."

The water was of a delicious temperature, and we swam, floated, and basked in a leisurely fashion. When we had reached the bar, the tide was about to turn. The Fundy tides may be said to have practically no slack; they have to travel so fast and so far that they waste no time in idleness. We hailed Chris, whom we had left in the boat, and told him the tide had turned.

Chris rose from his lounging attitude in the stern, and took a look at the water. The next moment he was on his

feet, yelling, "All aboard! all aboard! Here's the dog-fish a-comin'!"

B—— and I took the water at once, but the rector stopped us. "Back!" he commanded. "They're upon us already, and our only chance is here in the shoal water till Chris can get the boat over to us."

Even as he spoke we noted some small black fins cutting the water between the boat and our shoal. We turned back with alacrity.

The first thing Chris did was to empty both barrels of my fowling-piece among the advancing fins. At once a great turmoil ensued, caused by the struggles of two or three wounded dog-fish. The next moment their struggles were brought to an end. Their companions tore them to pieces in a twinkling.

The rector shouted to Chris to try to throw us the boat-hook. It was a long throw, but Chris's sinews rose to the emergency, and the boat-hook landed nearly at our feet. The boat-hook was followed by a broken gaff, which struck the sand at the farther side of the shoal.

Meanwhile, between us and the boat the water had become alive with dog-fish. Our shoal sloped so abruptly that already they could swim up to within two or three feet of us. We knew that the tide would soon bring them upon us, and we turned cold as we thought what our fate would be unless Chris could reach us in time. Then the battle began.

B—— and I, with our awkward weapons, managed to stun a couple of our assailants. The rector's boat-hook did more deadly execution; it tore the throat out of the first fish it struck. At once the pack scented their comrade's blood, darted on the wounded fish, devoured it, and crowded after us for more.

Our blows with the oar and gaff served temporarily to disable our assailants, but not to gash their tough skin. But the moment blood was started on one of our enemies his comrades finished the work for us. Almost every stroke of the boat-hook tore a fish, which straightway became food for its

fellows. The most I could do with my gaff was to tap a dog-fish on the head when I could, and stun him for a while.

During these exciting minutes the tide was rising with terrible speed. The water that now came washing over our toes was a lather of foam and blood, through which sharp, dark fins and long keen bodies darted and crowded and snapped.

Suddenly one fish, fiercer than the rest, made a dart at B——'s leg, and its sharp snout just grazed his shin, causing him to yell with horror. We tried to get our feet out of the water by standing on the highest stones we could find. Our arms were weary from wielding the oar and the gaff, but the rector's boat-hook kept up its deadly lunges.

Chris had been firing amongst our assailants ; he beheld our strait, threw down the gun, and strained furiously upon his one oar in the endeavour to shove off the boat. She would not budge.

"Boys, brace up ! brace up !" cried the rector. "She'll float in another minute or two. We can give these chaps all they want." As he spoke his boat-hook ripped another fish open. He had caught the knack of so using his weapon that he raked his opponents from underneath, without wasting an ounce of effort.

The fight was getting too hot to last. A big fish with a most appalling array of fangs snatched at my foot. Just in time I thrust the broken end of the gaff through his throat and turned him on his back. His neighbours took charge of him, and he vanished in bloody fragments.

As I watched this an idea struck me.

"Chris," I yelled, "the shad ! the shad ! Throw them overboard, a dozen at a time."

"Splendid !" cried the rector ; and B—— panted approvingly. "That's the talk ! That'll call 'em off."

Down came his oar with fresh vigour upon the head of a dog-fish which turned on its side. Then the shad began to go overboard.

At first the throwing of the shad produced no visible effect,

and the attack on us continued in unabated fury. Then the water began to foam and twist where the shad were dropping, and on a sudden we were left alone.

The whole forsook us to attack the shad. How they fought and lashed and sprang and tore, in one mad turmoil of foam and fish !

"Spread them a bit !" B—— cried. "Give them all a chance, or they'll come back at us."

"She's afloat ! she's afloat !" he yelled the next moment in frantic delight.

Chris threw out another dozen of fish. Then he thrust his oar over the stern, and the big boat moved slowly towards us. At intervals Chris stopped and threw out more shad. As we eagerly watched his approach the thought occurred to us that when the boat should reach us it would be with the whole pack surrounding it. The ravenous creatures seemed almost ready to leap aboard.

"We can use these oars and things as leaping-poles," suggested B——.

"That's what we'll have to do," agreed the rector. Then he cried to Chris, "Bring her side on to the shoal, so that we can all jump aboard at the same time."

As the boat drew nearer Chris paused again, and threw a score of shad far astern. Away darted the dog-fish ; and the boat rounded up close before us.

The agility with which we sprang aboard was remarkable, and Chris almost hugged us in his joy.

"Not another shad'll they git out er me !" he declared triumphantly.

"Well, I should rather think not," remarked the rector. "But they might as well have some more dog-fish."

With these words he put his foot upon the gunwale, and his unwearying boat-hook went back jubilantly into the battle.

Rapidly loading and firing my shot-gun, I picked off as many of our enemies as I comfortably could ; and B——, by lashing the boat's hatchet on the end of the gaff, made a weapon with which he played havoc among our foes.



But the fray lasted not much longer. Innumerable as were yet the survivors, their hunger was becoming appeased, and their ferocity diminished. In a little while they sheered off to a safer distance.

When we had time to think of our own condition, we found that our backs were painfully scorched by the blazing June sun. As with pain we struggled into our clothes Chris trimmed our course toward home.

"I reckon you know now 'bout all you'll wanter know 'bout the ways of dog-fish," he suggested.

"They are certainly very bloodthirsty," said the rector, "but, at the same time, they are interesting. That they gave us a noble contest, you can't deny"

## PRIVATE OR PRIVATEER.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

### I.—HALCYON DAYS.

“ I ’M a naturalist,” said Vansittart. “ I’m a naturalist, as I think I’ve told you before, and I’m also a Yankee. Few would think so? Perhaps not, for I don’t ‘guess’ much, and I don’t ‘kalkelate’ nor ‘reckon’ either. When I want a man to hold his tongue, I tell him so. I don’t advise him to ‘dry up.’ I don’t say ‘sirree!’ I spell traveller with two l’s instead of one, and I hope I don’t talk as if I had peas in my nose. Do I?”

“ No, no,” from several corners of the table.

“ Well, I’m glad to hear you say so ; it a sort of encourages me to go on, or ‘heave round,’ as sailors say. And I’m not much of a story-teller, I assure you, unless I fairly warm to my work.”

“ But, men,” continued the Yankee ; he drew himself straighter up in his chair as he spoke, his brows were knitted ; he looked bold, nay, even fierce, and the hand that rested on the table was clenched, till the bony knuckles seemed starting through the skin.

To call this Yankee a handsome man would have been going too far. No thin men are positively handsome, but he was pleasant to look on. His brow high, broad, and white, his nose well-formed, cheek-bones somewhat high, perhaps, and lips thin and mobile, though not cruel. He wore no goatee like the old-fashioned “ ’Merican man,” and his figure

was tall, graceful, and as lithe as a whip-snake's. He used to call himself an English American. Came from one of the best of old families there, and delighted to tell of his ancestral connection with the Trevans, of Pendinnon, Cornwall, England.

"Men," he said, "there are some things one sees in life one is never likely to forget, that burn themselves into the tablets of the memory and remain there fixed, photographed, indelible. Events like these it needs no orator to describe. They would make a very Moses speak."

He paused, and toyed silently for a moment with his glass. He did not look up again, but seemed, when he resumed speaking, to be addressing the wine, and watching the merry bubbles as they rose.

"Ay," he said, "those were happy days I spent at dear old Harvard College. The medical profession, I believe, I was meant for, but I was far too dreamy, far too idle. Books I cared little for, unless they breathed of poetry and romance, or bristled with hair-breadth 'scapes and wild adventure. I developed an early talent for gun and fishing-rod, however, and an early talent for tramping and travelling also. Love for Nature and everything that lived and grew in the wild and beautiful country where my summer home was came as a sequence.

"I took honours at my college in botany and kindred sciences. What did I care for these honours? to me the song of the wild birds in their native haunts, the glints of flowers among the forest trees, or silvery sparkle of gladsome trout was a far higher reward than anything my university could confer.

"When wandering one day by a lake side, rod in hand, as listless and unconcernedly happy as the butterflies around me, a vision of beauty crossed my path that held me for a moment spellbound. It was love at first sight with me; it crossed my heart as quick as lightning's flash. And no wonder, for she appeared part and parcel of the summer landscape, the lovely girl that now stood before me, with hat in hand, her long hair floating over her shapely shoulders. Not a whit abashed was she; as she looked into my face she seemed reading my very

soul through my eyes. She looked at me just as a child looks, and indeed she was but little more. She had lost her way; could I guide her to her father? Of course, I knew her father, she continued. Every one knew her father. *I* didn't. I was a stranger, a wanderer, but I would do my best to find him.

“‘Come, then,’ she said, ‘it is this way; I think it was this way he went.’

“I felt as if in a trance, or walking in a dream. If my feet touched the ground I knew it not; if birds sang on the boughs, or flowers bloomed around us, I heard not the former, saw not the latter: I had no eyes but for her. I followed her, and she sped on and on quickly, often turning or looking about to consult or interrogate me.

“Was I helping to find her father? I trow not. I didn't care then if there wasn't a father in all creation; but we found him at last, in a glade in the middle of the wood. He was lying beside a small luncheon-basket; he was smoking and holding a white umbrella over his head. In all my life I never saw a father look more cool or collected.

“‘Come and sit down,’ he said to me. ‘So you found Leila, my truant daughter, and fetched her along, did you?’

“‘I really think——’ I began, but Leila interrupted me.

“‘Oh, dear father!’ she said, blushing for the first time, ‘I don't think I could ever have found you, had it not been for this stranger.’

“‘Oh yes you would, dear,’ he said; ‘by-and-by I should have fired my pistols, and kept on firing them, but I didn't care——’

“‘You didn't care to waste powder over me, papa,’ she added, smiling.

“‘True,’ he said. ‘Why should I waste good ammunition over a saucy little baggage like you?’

“That was an enchanted forest for the next two hours; Mr. Rae was the ogre, such a good-natured one, Leila was the good fairy, and I was the Knight of the Bleeding Heart.

“The father folded up his white umbrella at last. Dread signal! They were about to go. My short spell of perfect



happiness was over. Fairyland was about to dissolve into thin air.

“‘Come, Leila,’ said the ogre.

“‘Good-bye now, sir, and if you happen to be passing this way, any time within a month, look us up, there’s a good fellow. We’ll take it as a favour. We’re all alone. This path leads to our house. Good-bye!’

“They were gone. The gloom of night began to descend upon the forest now fast enough, and I retraced my steps homeward, with my fishing rod at the trail, and looking disconsolate enough, I daresay.

“‘Any time within a month,’ I kept muttering to myself. ‘Look us up, there’s a good fellow.’ Heigho!”

## II.—WAR

“AUTUMN lingered long that year. It was an Indian summer in every sense of the word. For five weeks—short delicious weeks they were to me—there was hardly ever wind enough to carry away the thistle-downs that floated like snowflakes, or like little fairy gossamer balloons, on the balmy air. The leaves stayed long on the boughs, the bloom on the witch-hazel. Then, oh! the glorious beauty of the trees, lovely beyond expression by day under the golden sunlight, lovely, too, by night, beneath the silvery moon.

“Long before I proposed to Leila I knew she liked me, but I had my doubts if it were love. She was too sisterly in her manner, too open, too free from reserve. When I spoke at last, and poured out my very soul before her in words of burning passionate pleading, Leila could not have known how terribly cruel her half careless reply to me felt. ‘Oh no,’ she said; ‘to love you would mean to marry you; I could not leave my father.’

“I left her, I rushed away from her presence. I wished, almost prayed for strength to hate her. I hated everything around me; hills and dells, and trees and shrubs, for they all helped to remind me of her. I went back to town, and

plunged headlong and carelessly into all the pleasures of city life. I was the gayest of the gay—for a time. Then came the re-action, and I was laid low with fever.

“When I recovered war had broken out ’twixt North and South; and how I longed to be up and about again, that I might plunge into it, and, as I truly hoped, die fighting for my country. It was not to be. My medical man told me plainly that only a long sea voyage could save my life. I accepted a situation as naturalist to the college, to proceed to the east coast of Africa and collect specimens. Before I left my native land I wrote to Leila, bidding her farewell; just the usual style of letter a lover would write,—full of sighs, full of upbraiding, full of romance, and twaddle, and folly.”

The Yankee paused a moment here. He meditatively filled his glass, and drank a little.

“The scene of my tale,” he went on, “now changes to Zanzibar, and the islands in the Indian Ocean, and Mozambique. Soothed by the balmy but bracing sea air, and revived by the everlasting sunshine, my nerves soon regained all their former strength. I felt new life in every vein, energy and will in every pulse-beat; and I fain now would have thrown up my situation, and gone home to take part in the struggle of giants that was taking place in the great Republic, but I was bound in honour to remain and work for my college for two years, at least. There was no regular mail to Zanzibar then, so that news of the big battles being fought came but seldom: we were so far removed from the seat of action that we heard, as it were, only the distant mutterings of the dreadful storm that was raging in the far-off continent.

“But every now and again during the first twelve months long, dark, rakish-looking crafts, bristling with guns, used to drop anchor in the roadstead. They were confederate cruisers, more than one of them—I am sorry to say it in this room—manned with British seamen. Then we felt that the war was indeed a reality.

“There was one individual who used to take a special interest in these privateers, namely, Cecil Meredith, head clerk and

cashier to the firm of Lawrence and Co., exporters and general merchants. In the City of Zanzibar there was but little society, and it consisted chiefly of the different Consuls, with their wives and families, when they had any, English and foreign merchants, the latter including the wealthier Parsees, Hindoos, and even Arabs, and occasionally the officers of any ships that might be lying in the bay.

"Meredith was a Southern American, and naturally his sympathies were all with the confederates. He and I did not appear to disagree on the subject of the war, however. We wisely left it alone, for a time, at all events. We used to go out boating and fishing together, and in the smart dhow I had chartered to take me about he used often to accompany me in cruises along the coast, down even to the Comoro Islands.

"I made a friend of him. Intoxicated one lovely evening with the breath of the beautiful sea we were sailing over, and the charm of the scenery, I—fool that I was—confided to him the story of my love for sweet Leila Rae. I repented it next moment. He laughed half sneeringly, and I hated him from that hour.

"‘I didn’t think you were such a spoon, pardon me,’ he said.

"‘Now, do you know,’ he continued, ‘all pretty women are the same to me. But I’m going back to old America, in a month or two, and, he, he! anything I can do for you with your Leila,—why, just command me.’

"Meredith’s appearance and character may be summed up in a very few words. He was fair, young, and handsome, sarcastic, selfish, and utterly heartless.

"One night, after a good dinner at Rakjee Cursetjee’s house, we were seated smoking on the roof, with a few more of the *élite* of Zanzibar. Cursetjee’s dinners were excellent, his coffee charming.

"‘By the way, Vansittart,’ said Meredith, after a moment’s silence, ‘I have been thinking what an excellent cruiser a dhow like yours would make. With a few good guns now in it, something, I think, might be done. Egad! couldn’t I warm some of those beggarly Yankee merchant ships.’

You forget,' I said, rising, 'that I have the honour of belonging to the North.'

" 'I don't forget,' he answered, insolently, 'but——'

'What?'

" 'I don't care *that*,' he replied, pitching away the end of his cigar.

" 'Now,' I said, haughtily,— 'now, Cecil Meredith, we know each other.'

" 'Yes,' was the reply, 'we do. We are enemies. Been all along, only you couldn't see it. Ta, ta! old man!' As I left the company, I heard him sneer out once the word 'spoon!'

"How I regretted my fool's tongue then!

### III.—THE WHITE CHIEF.

"FOR many months after this I saw no more of Cecil Meredith. He disappeared suddenly. Took passage—a chance one—back to his own country it was supposed, without saying good-bye to any one.

"Then came rumours of the deeds done in the Indian Ocean by the confederate cruisers. Gallant deeds some called them. I called them cowardly in the extreme. Of merchant ships boarded and scuttled, or burned at sea; their crews insulted and threatened, and kept huddled together for weeks, as one might keep swine, anywhere on the coast or on islands, until some chance occurred to send them down to the Cape.

"To me, as a Northener, news of this kind was disturbing enough, but worse was to follow.

"Suliman Ben Kaleb, a burly Arab merchant, whom I had known for a long time, came to me one day. 'One of the cruisers,' he told me, 'is called the *White Chief*. She is commanded by your old friend the Sahib Meredith.'

" 'Indeed,' said I.

" 'Yes,' he went on, 'I have been on board her. She is a dhow, stronger than rocks of coral, fleetier than the northern winds, plenty spearmen, plenty riflemen, plenty big guns. She



is doing much mischief, but she is making money. Sahib Meredith will be wealthy before the war is over.'

"'What mean you, Suliman?' I said. 'If he flies the flag of the Confederate States, and bears a commission from them, he may fight and destroy American ships, but he must spare the crews, and he must not take from the vessels he captures even one dime's worth of property.'

"'He, he, he!' laughed the Arab. 'You do not know your friend. You do not know Sahib Meredith, the skipper of the *White Chief*. He takes everything from the ship, all the gold and jewellery, all the valuables; he starts the crew southwards, but he retains, now and then, a passenger or two.'

"'The fiend!' I cried. 'This is not war, it is piracy.'

"'In the jungle of Myotta,' continued the Arab, 'he and his cut-throat crew have a house, half castle and half prison. Oh! Sahib Meredith has fine times of it, I assure you. You see, not far off the island of Myotta, you are right in the line of traffic between India and the Cape.'

"'Can you prove this?' I asked.

"'Will the Sahib come to Myotta, and see for himself?' was the reply.

"'Good, Suliman,' I replied, 'I will. I will arm my dhow and sail for Myotta, and you shall be my pilot.'

"Suliman consented eagerly.

"I was greatly excited. I could think of nothing now but revenge on Meredith. My dhow was a brave one. For sailing powers and strength it could hardly be beaten; yet I spent a whole week in refitting it, and all my spare money in arming it. I had two capital little Armstrongs on the poop, besides a lordly Dalghren in the bows. I chose my crew in Zanzibar slave market. Not from among the slaves, make no mistake, but from among the 'gentlemen Arabs' who had come to purchase,—brave, dashing dare-devils, glorious savages, who loved fighting for fighting's sake, and would follow a plucky leader through blood and fire to the very world's end.

"What flag did I fly? Why, the brave old Stars and Stripes;

Lor, men, how I loved it, when I saw it flaunting out on the breeze on the day we set sail for the south.

"Fortune favoured us. The wind held. The good dhow flew like an albatross before it, cutting and cleaving her way through the water, that rose on each side of her bows like sheets of glass.

"We sailed straight for Myotta. I meant to meet the cowardly Meredith, I cared not where or when, to brand him for the brute he was, to insult, and to fight him.

"But Meredith's dhow was not to be seen at Myotta. He had gone cruising then, and I would go in search of him. But, first and foremost, I would see with my own eyes how much truth there was in Suliman's story of the castle.

"Leaving the dhow safely at anchor, I started with my pilot, and a chosen band of twelve well-armed men, for the interior of the island. It was a lovely night. We marched silently through the woods, and up the glens; the moonlight flooding all the valleys, and shedding a soft, golden radiance over the mountain peaks.

"We arrived at last, and almost suddenly, before a square, white building, without a visible window or door in it. Suliman divested himself of his upper garments, and crept silently through the grass to reconnoitre. In a few minutes he returned.

"'Hist!' he cried, 'they are gone. Only a few of Meredith's sailors are left to watch.'

"These we speedily overpowered, then entered Meredith's castle. I was hardly prepared for what I now beheld. East and west seemed to have loaned luxuries to adorn and beautify the principal apartment. The tables, the chairs, the ottomans, the pictures, the bijouterie, the soft, velvety carpet, the musical instruments and jewelled clocks, all might have graced the palace of a Persian king; while over the whole the silver lamps, with globes of carmine that depended from the roof, poured a rich and dreamy light.

"The remains of a banquet stood upon the table, with fruit and flowers and wine. It looked as though those who had partaken of it had but recently left.

"We stood in silence for a few moments, in mute surprise,—a silence that was broken by a long-drawn sigh, or rather a pained and weary moan, that proceeded from an adjoining apartment.

"Suliman nodded to me and smiled, then he quietly advanced and drew aside a curtain. I opened a door and entered. Hardly was I well inside, ere a tall and handsome young girl, who had been reclining on a couch, started to her feet, and rushed towards me brandishing a dagger. Lovely she was in all conscience, but her beauty at that moment was that of Bellona. Her teeth were set, her eyes gleamed in fine fury.

"'Back!' she shouted, 'we are your prisoners, but not your slaves. Come but one step farther, and I will plunge this knife into your brutal heart.'

"A few more words sufficed to explain who I really was, then she flung the knife away, caught my hand, and sobbed over it as a child might have done.

"'Oh! thank heaven, you are safe, dear Lottie, and I; but we have suffered much. Had you not come, death would soon have ended our sorrows.'

"Lottie—as she called her—now advanced from a distant corner, where she had been crouching. She was dressed all in white, with dark, dishevelled hair floating over her shoulders. Her face was as white as her dress, and one glance at her large, bewildered eyes told me she was *distracte*.

"'You are brother Arthur, are you not?' she said, with a smile that made my heart's blood curdle. 'You have come to take us to the play?'

"I turned to my men. 'Tie those scoundrel Arabs up to the trees outside,' I cried, 'they are not worth taking as prisoners; then set fire to this accursed place.'

"I was obeyed to the very letter. If at sea, and anywhere near Myotta, Meredith must have seen the 'lowe' of his own castle, the blazes floating upwards in great tongues of fire, the smoke obscuring the setting moon.

"Miss Harford and her sister Lottie we took on board the dhow with us. Their story may be told in a sentence. They

were the only survivors of the ill-fated brig *Vulcan*; every one else had been sunk with the ship, because they had dared to hoist the Stars and Stripes, and attempted to repel the attack of Meredith's dhow the *White Chief*.

"I made up my mind to cruise around the Comoro Islands. I unfurled no flag, so that from a distance we had only the appearance of an ordinary slave-trading dhow.

"Early on the morning of the fourth day a sail hove in sight, and we soon made her out to be a beautiful barque,—American, too, from the general cut of her sails.

"She was coming straight down towards us on a beam wind. We were then about five miles to the east of Johanna.

"Perhaps she did not like the look of us; whether or not she soon filled and bore away towards the open sea.

"'Look! look!' cried Suliman, pointing to an immense dhow that was coming swiftly round a point of the wooded island. 'Yonder goes the *White Chief*; she is in chase.'

"That was evident enough, and it was equally evident that the barque would never be able to get away from her.

"In two hours more the *White Chief* was within firing distance of the barque, and we were about a quarter of a mile astern of her.

"A puff of white smoke rolled up from her bows, a shot tore over the water, and up went the Confederate flag. Next minute the barque lay to, and a boat was lowered from the *White Chief*.

"'Shall we fire?' cried Suliman.

"'No, Suliman, no,' was my answer; 'get ready our broad-side. We'll give them just one touch of our teeth, then board her in the good old fashion.'

"Nearer and nearer to the captive barque swept the Confederate boat; Meredith himself held the tiller. My telescope told me that.

"Nearer and nearer swept my brave dhow to the hated enemy. I seized the steering gear.

"'Fire now!' I cried, 'fire, Suliman. Up with the Stars and Stripes! Hurrah!'



"We came on them like an avalanche. Before the smoke of our guns had quite cleared away we were on board. The fight was short and fierce. In five minutes it was all over.

"Thunderstruck, Meredith and the rest of his men must have witnessed the battle from the barque's deck.

"But the struggle was not quite over yet. We had to board and take the barque itself. I lowered my best boat, and filled it with my best men. I felt eager, nay, burning, to stand face to face with Meredith.

"To their credit, be it said, his fellows fought like very fiends. We boarded the barque, and the battle still raged. They were not yet defeated. Amid the bustle, the shouting, the clashing of spear and sword, in that dreadful *mêlée*, my wish was suddenly gratified. I found myself on the quarter-deck, face to face with my enemy.

"His eyes were blood-shot, his face pale, his teeth firmly set.

"'Come on,' he shouted. He spat the words at me,—  
'come on, curse you.'"

The Yankee stopped speaking, and remained silent for more than a minute. His face was calm and set, nay, almost sad. He gave a sort of a sigh as he resumed.

"Ah! gentlemen, let the curtain drop over that scene. Why should I dwell on it? Meredith fought wildly, fought as a fool fights, and—fell.

"The rest of his fellows, among whom were several Southern Americans, were now speedily overpowered, and the day was ours.

"But—and truth is stranger than fiction—just an hour after the battle was over, our prisoners down below in irons, and the decks washed and clear, bearing scarcely a trace of the fierce engagement, who think you appeared on the quarter-deck?"

"I know, I know," cried the ship's surgeon; "it was Leila."

"Yes," said the Yankee, "Colonel Rae and his lovely daughter Leila."

"All's well that ends well," said the surgeon.

"Stay a moment," put in the Yankee. "Colonel Rae was travelling for his daughter's health. I threw up my situation

and accompanied them to India. But before, sir, two short months were over, poor Leila had faded and died. I had the sweet satisfaction of knowing she loved me, and in another world, men, I hope to meet her once again."

There was a moment's silence.

"What became of the prisoners?" said the surgeon at length. "Were they privateers or were they pirates?"

"Well, now," replied the Yankee, with a quiet smile, "we couldn't quite make out which they were, but—*we hanged them all to make sure.*"

## THE SHARK AND I.

*A REMINISCENCE OF THE RED SEA.*

BY DAVID KER.

“**W**HAT a jolly place for a swim! I’ll have one as soon as my dinner’s digested.”

“Take my advice, and don’t do nothin’ of the sort; for if you do, as sure as eggs are eggs, there’ll be some-thin’ else digested besides your dinner.”

“How do you mean?”

“*Sharks!*”

And with this impressive conclusion, the worthy Captain turned on his heel and walked off.

We had run three parts of the way down the Red Sea, and were now anchored close to the Arabian shore, just off the Turkish fort of Koomfidah, the low massive wall of which stood out white and bare in the blistering sunshine, while beyond it stretched, far as the eye could reach, the dim immensity of the great central desert.

Our vessel lay fully a mile and a half from the shore although it seemed within a stone’s throw in the clearness of that wonderful atmosphere. But between us and the interminable waste of flat sandy beach the clear bright water was flecked with a broad band of white, very much like a streak of thick cream, marking the whereabouts of one of those treacherous coral reefs which make the Red Sea as dangerous a place as any in the world.

Outside the reef where we lay the sea was still heaving

restlessly from the effects of the gale that had blown overnight; but the broad shallow lagoon within was as calm as a mill-pond. Half-a-dozen gaunt, swarthy Arabs were splashing and wallowing in the smooth water with shouts of delight, which were very tantalizing to us as we "stood on the burning deck," with the very pitch melting between the planks under the intolerable heat. Others still were trooping down to the beach in their long white robes, like a train of ghosts, from the little group of tumbledown mud hovels which, clustering around the outer wall of the fort, represented the "town" of Koomfidah.

Their bathing-place was of course safe enough, for no shark could enter there; but as if on purpose to show us how little they cared for this, several of the nearest Arabs scrambled across the reef and began to swim towards us; and in a twinkling the water around our ship swarmed with dusky figures (including not a few round-faced "pickaninnies" who could not have been more than six or seven years old at the outside), plashing and paddling about as merrily as if no such thing as a shark had ever been heard of.

"Some o' them chaps 'll be gettin' picked up, if they don't look out," said a young sailor, looking down at them over the bows.

"Not they!" rejoined a veteran "salt," who had made the Red Sea voyage many a time before. "Sharks never touches a Harab."

"Nor a darky neither," added another. "I've seed the darkies in the West Injies, jist afore they dived, put tar on the palms o' their 'ands where they was rubbed white, so as to give the sharks nothin' to aim at, like."

"I take it them Harabs ain't good enough to suit Mr. Shark's taste, and mayhap it's the same way with the darkies," said No. 1, with a grin.

And the two old sea-dogs, perching themselves upon the bulwarks, watched with a look of quiet amusement the whirl of lean brown limbs that kept darting to and fro like shoals of fish through the cool, clear water.



"You see," remarked No. 1, "there ain't a sign o' *their* bein' touched, and yet there's lot's o' sharks close by, I'll be bound. But if you or me, Bill, was to jump in there, we wouldn't ha' touched the water afore there'd be 'arf a dozen o' them sea-lawyers at us all to once."

This conversation, following so closely upon the Captain's warning, certainly did not encourage me to try a swim in these perilous waters, and a little incident which occurred that very afternoon encouraged me still less.

I was standing near the binnacle, watching the bursting of the waves upon the reef, when one of them suddenly broke into a high jet of glittering spray, flinging off a shower of tiny rainbows in every direction. A second glance showed me that the rainbows were a shoal of flying-fish, which plunged again the next moment, and then leaped a second time into the air, flashing and sparkling till the whole sea appeared to be on fire.

All of a sudden, just as the graceful little sea-fairies were passing close to our stern, up through the bright, smooth water shot a huge shovel-like snout and sharp three-cornered back fin, seeming to come right from under the ship itself, and in the very midst of the fluttering column appeared a monstrous black shark, at least sixteen feet from snout to tail. One snap of his powerful jaws took in a round dozen of the terrified fish, which scattered in all directions, two or three of them leaping even clear over our bulwarks, and falling upon the deck, where the sailors inhospitably seized and cooked them for supper.

This last incident was more effectual in keeping me from risking a "dip" than either the Captain's warning or that of the sailors. But what was to be done? To be roasted as if by a slow fire for six or seven days together in a temperature of  $117^{\circ}$  in the shade, with this splendid cool sea always before me to invite me to a bath, was not to be thought of, while to escape this martyrdom by going down the throat of a shark would be a case of "out of the frying-pan into the fire."

At last a bright idea struck me. One of our quarter-boats, which was getting rather shaky, had been moored astern, and

allowed to fill with water, in order to keep it from being split by the heat of the sun. Here, then, was a first-rate bath ready made, which, if not exactly big enough for a swim, would serve admirably for every other purpose. The first experiment was a complete success, and from that time regularly every morning I slid down the mooring-rope, and had a "duck" in my floating tub, to the unbounded amusement of the Arab boys, who came splashing and chattering around me.

In this way things went on up to the very day of our departure from Koomfidah. That morning I rose earlier than usual from my "luxurious couch" (which consisted of a spare sail on the planks of the after-deck) to have just one more bath before leaving. But it is always that "just one more" which does all the mischief; and as a matter of course, after being prudent and cautious up to the very last moment, I ended by committing an imprudence which all but cost me my life.

The sea, as I well remember, seemed cooler and more tempting than ever that day, and since the appearance of that energetic gentleman who had such a good appetite for flying-fish, no sharks had been seen except at a great distance. In short, I got tired of wallowing from side to side of my boat-bath, like a hippopotamus in a tank, and decided to scramble out of it, and have a swim round the ship itself.

Twice, thrice, four times, I made the circuit of the vessel, and then, seeing no sign of danger, determined to strike farther out to sea. I was already about a hundred yards from the ship's bow, when I suddenly heard a shout that made me feel *creepy* all over.

"Look out! here's a shark!"

Instantly came a rush in the water beside me, and up started between me and the ship the big ungainly head, the grinning teeth, the small, narrow, cruel eye, the huge pointed fin, like some ugly vision in a nightmare.

Luckily the shark's overlapping snout forces him to turn on his side in order to bite, or all would have been over at the first rush. A sudden turn foiled the monster, but the next

moment he was round and at me again like an arrow. And so we went plunging to and fro, churning the smooth blue water into foam, while the shouts of the sailors (who had clustered like bees along the ship's side) seemed to rend the very sky.

But my enemy was too hungry to be scared by noise, and although we were gradually nearing the ship always kept himself between. My breath began to fail, and I felt that before the boat could be lowered I should be past help, for the shark had turned short round and met me front to front.

There was a loud halloo from above—something splashed heavily into the water—and then the sea all round me became a whirl of foam. A billet of wood, flung from the upper deck, had hit the shark on his tenderest point, the snout; and before he could rally from this stunning blow I had seized the anchor-chain and was safe on board.

"Captain," said I, as the worthy man came up just in time to witness my ascent, "I shall certainly take your advice after this."

"Daresay you will, when it's too late to be of any use!" growled the uncourteous skipper. "I always thought you was a fool, and now I'm sure of it."

This was certainly not complimentary, but on reflection I was much of the same opinion myself.

## A FIGHT WITH AN IBEX.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

**I**N the mountainous districts of North America and Continental Europe there exists a species of wild goat, known as the Ibex or Stambecco. Similar to, but more agile and robust than, the chamois, it clears at a bound great distances, and climbs by a series of leaps to the summits of the highest mountains; the northern slopes of which it inhabits in the summer-time, while in winter it takes a southerly direction, and descends into the valleys.

Nothing can be more elegant than the shape and movements of the American ibex, the long short hair of which has a variety of colours, black, brown, reddish, and white. The male animal is always larger than the female. Every evening large bands of ibexes emerge cautiously from their dens among the rocks, each animal following the other in single file, as they ascend the steep sides of the Rocky Mountains, in search of some spring where they may slake their thirst, at the same time putting to flight the racoons, cuguas, coyotes, quails, cranes, ducks, and other beasts and birds, whom the rapidity of their movements alarms.

Should the troop be menaced by the slightest danger, the ibex who marches at its head gives a loud cry, and all at once, making as rapid and as simultaneous a retrograde movement as a regiment in the best disciplined army of soldiers could have done, the whole band make their escape, with the exception of one at the head, who stands, as it were, in readiness



to meet the brunt of every assault of the hunters and any other enemy that might assail them.

Like the chamois, the ibex of America is an animal so timid and so suspicious that he never rests except on the edge of a precipice or on some summit commanding all the roads leading to the rocks occupied by itself and its tribe. It has so sharp a sight, and so keen a sense of smell, that it is extremely difficult to get within shooting distance of an ibex. Scarcely has it perceived the peril that menaces it, ere it rushes away beneath the very eyes of the hunter with greater rapidity than a bird could fly.

With regard to the structure of this species of quadruped, we may observe that the mechanism of its limbs is such as to facilitate prodigious leaps, the hind legs being longer than the others, and therefore capable of being so bent as to break the animal's fall. The eyes of the ibex are of remarkable beauty, round and brilliant as those of the gazelle; the horns rise from the forehead so low down as to be situated almost between the eyes. Being unable to endure the heat of the valleys, the ibex, like the chamois, directly the spring sun commences melting the snows and sending the avalanches into the valleys, begins to retire to the glaciers, and seeks a retreat among the depths of the cavernous rocks. It only issues thence morning and evening in search of pasture, resting and sleeping in the middle of the day. Its agility is such that it is never afraid of dogs. Its ascents and descents are in an oblique direction, and its eyes are always fixed upon the declivity.

We have already stated that whenever the flock passes along one acts as sentinel, and gives warning to the others to avoid the danger.

From all this it will be seen that hunting the ibex is a very toilsome and difficult amusement, to which may be added that it is sometimes a dangerous sport, particularly in the autumn.

All hunters who have pursued game know well that when the ibex finds itself pushed to extremity it assails its antagonist by fiercely butting its head like the ram, and often sends the

hunter rolling to the bottom of the nearest precipice. Its horns are so long as to seem out of proportion to the length of the animal,—they are sometimes three feet long.

The race appearing likely to die out, at least in the Alps, King Victor Emmanuel conceived the idea of collecting a flock of ibexes and sending them into the valley of Aosta.

This attempt at acclimatisation proved a great success, as far as increasing and multiplying the ibex in the valley of the Alps went; but the violent and aggressive disposition of these untamable creatures has caused them to become somewhat of a terror to the inhabitants of Coire, Langwies, and other places.

Some months ago, in the canton of the Grisons, a deadly combat took place between an enormous Alpine ibex and a traveller who was staying there with his wife and his little daughter, a child of about five years of age.

The traveller, a Swiss gentleman, Herr Krebs-Gygax, related in a letter to a Swiss paper his singular and startling adventure:—

“On the 28th of September, in company with my wife and daughter, I was returning from Coire by the hill of Strela; we were walking leisurely on, when suddenly, at a distance of only two steps to the left of us, there appeared an enormous ibex.

“Notwithstanding our astonishment, we were not at first alarmed, and, continuing our walk, we contemplated with admiration the magnificent animal, which evinced no more fear than we did, but continued to follow us at a short distance. But as after a time my wife began to be a little alarmed at the vicinity of a creature with such long horns, I hastened on, at the same time doing all I could to tranquillise her.

“Having reached the summit of the hill, we left the road to make a turn to the right in the direction of the Schinhorn; at the same instant the ibex, suspecting that I was endeavouring to escape from him, made a violent rush towards me head foremost. I drew back a few paces and placed myself before my wife and child, endeavouring at the same time to appease the excited animal by offering him a piece of bread on the metal part of my stick. The creature looked at me fixedly for

several moments, his eyes meanwhile flashing fire, and finally he raised himself upon his hind legs and bent his head down in order to gore me in the chest. I was able to ward off the blow and seize the animal by the horns, but so great was his strength that he was capable of throwing me down and trampling upon me. I held myself down under the animal, meanwhile with a tremendous effort gripping hold of his horns ; but he speedily loosened himself from me, and bounded to the side of my wife, and I took up stones to defend ourselves with, hoping to put him to flight, but hoping in vain. He was about to repeat his assault, when my wife reached me her knife. I allowed the ibex to turn round, and, while he was preparing for a fresh attack, seized him by the horns with one hand, went down to the ground with him, and endeavoured to make use of the other hand to plunge the knife into his heart ; but I failed in the attempt. I struck him several times, but the blade did not pierce him because the knife closed, and the blows I had struck irritated without hurting him, the animal hurling me at length to the bottom of the cliff.

“ My poor wife, more dead than alive, rushed as quickly as she could down the steep slopes of the Soliel, to obtain assistance from the chalet at Schatgalp. In the meantime I had succeeded in getting up, and was running as fast as my limbs would carry me. But I was almost exhausted, and saw in the middle of the pathway the ibex, apparently on his way to throw himself upon my daughter and kill her.

“ I felt a sense of terror absolutely indescribable. I went up to my child, and, taking her by the hand, held her behind the Soliel rock ; but the animal, clearing the masses of rock with marvellous agility, was speedily at our side. I awaited him with a firm step, having only my arms to defend myself with, and resolved to struggle with the creature till one of us had fallen in the combat.

“ This third and last assault was the most tremendous. The animal, in a paroxysm of rage, hissed loudly, and dragged me to the ground, where he knocked my head violently, but happily did not gore me with his horns ; at length, still lying

prone upon the ground, I rolled with him down the precipice. It was a frightful fall ; if I had struck my head against one of the masses of rock I must inevitably have been killed.

"Reaching the ground without any limbs broken, I had still sufficient strength left to hold my adversary by the horns ; the shrieks and weeping of my daughter, in the meantime, giving me the courage of despair. But the ibex pulled me along, and kept leaping from side to side to make me leave go of his horns, and I should without doubt have succumbed in the struggle, if a shepherd, who had been told of my danger by my wife, had not come to rescue me from my terrible peril. Armed with a long knife, he struck the ibex repeatedly in the neck, and the animal bounded away without having apparently felt the wound.

"As for myself, I was utterly exhausted, being a mass of bruises, and with my clothes in rags. Our host shortly after instituted a chase after the ibex, but at the moment when Herr Lyrist and some of the other mountaineers thought they had caught him, he bounded away behind a precipice ; he has since been seen, but not within range of shot. One of his horns became broken by the rock."



## IN MIXED COMPANY.

### *A ROAD ADVENTURE.*

WE were five passengers in all—two ladies on the back seat, a middle-aged gentleman and a Quaker on the middle, and myself on the one in front.

The two ladies might have been mother and daughter, aunt and niece, governess and charge, and might have sustained any other relationship which made it proper for two ladies to travel together unattended.

The middle-aged gentleman was sprightly and talkative. He soon got up an acquaintance with the ladies, toward whom, in his zeal to do, rather overdid, the agreeable—bowing, and smiling, and chatting over his shoulder in a way painfully suggestive, at his time of life, of a “crick” in the neck. He was evidently a gay Lothario.

The Quaker wore the uniform of his sect, and confined his speech, as many a parliamentarian would save his credit by doing, to simple “yeas” and “nays.” As for myself, I made it an invariable rule of the road to be merely a looker-on and listener.

Towards evening I was aroused from one of those reveries into which a man, without either being a poet or a lover, will occasionally fall, by the abrupt query from the talkative gentleman,—

“Are you armed, sir?”

“I am not,” I answered, astonished no doubt visibly at the question.

“I am sorry to hear it,” he replied; “for before reaching

our stopping-place it will be several hours in the night, and we must pass over a portion of the road on which more than one robbery has been committed."

The ladies turned pale, and the stranger did his best to reassure them.

"Not that I think there is the slightest danger at present," he resumed; "only when one is responsible for the safety of ladies, you know such a thing as a pistol in reach would materially add to one's confidence."

"Your principles, my friend," addressing the Quaker, "are as much opposed to carrying as to using carnal weapons?"

"Yea," was the response.

"Have the villains murdered any of their victims?" the elderly lady nervously inquired.

"Or have they contented themselves with—with plundering them?" added the younger, in a timorous voice.

"Decidedly the latter," the amiable gentleman hastened to give assurance; "and as we are none of us prepared to offer resistance in case of an attack, nothing worse than robbery can befall us."

Then, after having blamed himself for having unnecessarily introduced a disagreeable subject, the gentleman quite excelled himself in efforts to raise the spirits of the company, and succeeded so well by the time night set in that all had quite forgotten, or only remembered their fears to laugh at them.

Our genial gentleman fairly talked himself hoarse. Perceiving which he took from his pocket a package of newly invented cough candy, and after passing it to the ladies, he helped himself to the balance and threw the paper out of the window.

He was in the midst of high encomiums on the new nostrum, more than half the efficacy of which, he persisted, depended on its being taken by suction, when a shrill whistle was heard, and almost immediately the coach stopped, while two faces, hideously blackened, presented themselves at the coach window.

"Sorry to trouble you," said the man on the right, acknowledging, with a bow, two lady-like screams from the back seat;

"but business is business, and ours will soon be over if things go on smoothly."

"Of course, gentlemen, you will, as far as is consistent with your disagreeable duty, spare the feelings of these ladies," appealed the polite passenger, in his blandest manner.

"Oh, certainly, they shall be first attended to, and shall not be required to leave their places or submit to a search, unless their conduct renders it necessary."

"And now, ladies," continued the robber—the barrel of his pistol gleaming in the light of the coach lamp—"be so good as to pass out your purses, watches, and such other trinkets as may be accessible without too much trouble."

The ladies came down handsomely, and were no further molested.

One by one the rest of us were compelled to get out—the middle-aged gentleman's turn coming first. He submitted with a winning grace, and was robbed like a very Chesterfield.

My own affair, like the sum I lost, was scarcely worth mentioning. The Quaker's turn came next. He quietly handed over his pocket-book and also his watch, and when asked if he had any other valuables, said "Nay."

A Quaker's word is good, even with thieves; so, after a hasty good-night, the robber thrust his pistol into his pocket, and, with his two companions, one of whom held the reins of the leaders, was about taking his departure.

"Stop!" exclaimed the Quaker, in a tone more of command than request.

"Stop! what for?" returned the other in evident surprise.

"For at least two good reasons," was the reply, emphasised with a couple of Derringers cocked and presented.

"Help!" shouted the robber.

"Stop!" the Quaker again exclaimed; "and if one of thy sinful companions advance a step to thy relief, the Spirit will surely move me to blow thy brains out."

The robber at the opposite window and the one at the leaders' heads thought it a good time to leave.

"Now get in, friend," said the Quaker, still covering his man, "and take the middle seat; but first deliver up thy pistol."

The other hesitated.

"Thee had better not delay; I feel the Spirit beginning to move my right fore-finger."

The robber did as he was directed, and the Quaker took his seat by his side, giving the new-comer a seat in the middle.

The driver, who was frightened half out of his wits, now set forward at a rapid rate. The lively gentleman soon recovered his vivacity. He was especially facetious on the Quaker's prowess.

"You're a rum Quaker, you are. Why, you don't quake worth a cent."

"I'm not a shaking Quaker, if that's what thee means."

"Of the 'Hickory,' or rather of the 'Old Hickory' stripe, I should say," retorted the lively man. But the Quaker relapsed into his usual monosyllables, and the conversation flagged.

Time sped, and sooner than we expected the coach stopped where we were to have supper and a change of horses. We had deferred a redistribution of our effects until we had arrived at this place, as the dim light of the coach lamp would have rendered the process somewhat difficult before.

It was now necessary, however, that it should be attended to at once, as our jovial companion had previously announced his intention of leaving us at that point. He proposed a postponement till after supper, which he offered to go and order.

"Nay," urged the Quaker, with an approach of abruptness, and laying his hand on the other's arm: "business before pleasure, and for business there is no time like the present."

"Will thee be good enough to search the prisoner?" he said to me, still keeping his hand in a friendly way upon the passenger's arm.

I did so, but not one of the articles could be found.

"He must have got rid of them in the coach," the gay man suggested, and immediately offered to go and search.

"Stop!" thundered the Quaker, tightening his grasp.



The man turned pale, and struggled to release his arm. In an instant one of the Derringers was levelled at his heart.

"Stir a hand or a foot and you are a dead man!"

The Quaker must have been awfully excited so completely to have forgotten the language and the principles of his persuasion.

Placing the other pistol in my hand with directions to fire on the first of the two men that made a suspicious movement, he went to work on Lothario, from whose pockets, in less time than it takes to tell it, he produced every item of the missing property, to the utter amazement of the two ladies, who had begun in no measured terms to remonstrate against the shameful treatment the gentleman was receiving.

The Quaker, I scarcely need add, was no Quaker at all, but a shrewd detective who had been sent on the track of a band of desperadoes, of whom our middle-aged friend—who didn't look near so old when his wig was off—was the chief. The robbery was adroitly planned. The leader of the gang had taken passage in the coach, and after learning, as he supposed, our defenceless condition, had given the signal to his companions by throwing out the scrap of paper already mentioned. After the capture of the first robber, it was attempted to save the booty by secretly passing it to the accomplice, still believed to be unsuspected, who counted on being able to make off with it at the next stopping place.

The result was that both, for a season, "did the State some service"

## TOWED BY A WHALE.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

THE story which I am going to relate is true, and it has often been told to me by one of the lads with whom the recital deals.

Some years ago the whale was hunted by dwellers on the Newfoundland coast, and the weapon taken against the mighty beast was the harpoon, or the "slow-match." Upon the western part of Newfoundland several fishermen had banded together and provided themselves with a pair of sturdy whale-boats and all the necessary hunting gear.

Each boat carried twelve rowers, a helmsman, and a harpooner. When there was a favouring wind the broad sails were hoisted.

One Sunday morning, while the whaler fishermen lay sleeping in their tilts, two lads, aged seventeen and eighteen, got into one of the whale-boats, hoisted sail, and steered towards a cape that loomed vaguely six miles distant. Having passed the cape, and while "lying" alongside the shore, they espied three grampuses, or rorqual whales, spouting in a bight about a half-mile distance in their course. As they drew near they observed that the whales were fishing in the bight, for each beast rose within fifty or sixty fathoms of where he had gone down.

The boat was very close to the monster trio, and the opportunity was one that would have made the heart of a whaler thrill.

"Why, there would be no trouble in getting a throw at one of them," the eldest lad remarked. "Here, by Jove, I'll have a trial anyway. Steer for that piece of plank; the big fellow will rise not far from that."

"But suppose you strike him. What then?"

"Why, if he runs before the wind, I do not see why we can't hang on. If he doesn't, there is no harm done, for we can let him go."

Fixing himself in the bow, he seized his harpoon. To this weapon was fastened about three hundred fathoms of light rope, and this was so arranged that it might be let out or drawn in as the manœuvring of the grampus might require.

He was barely settled when the whale arose, not more than twenty feet distant, his great jaws wide open. The boys instantly saw that he was an old veteran, for his sides were patched with barnacles like the bottom of a soggy ship. As the beast balanced himself to descend again, the harpoon left Martin's hand with a whistling sound, and lodged with a faint quiver in the side of the whale.

Martin's shot surprised himself, and he held his hands out for many seconds in the posture which they had assumed when the harpoon left them.

"Where will he rise?" anxiously inquired the other boy.

"It is hard to say. The pain will make his movements irregular."

Meanwhile the cord went out so rapidly the cog sang, and the boys began to look anxiously at the diminishing coil. The whale soon arose, and not far from the boat; then, turning his head before the wind, he launched himself with a desperate lunge under the water. The line now began to move out more slowly, and while plenty of spare line remained, there was a chance of the monster's drowning. What, they both thought, if they should actually capture a whale! For three weeks all the fishermen had caught but two.

Then the whale arose, some distance ahead, and plunged again under water. But in going down this time he headed across the wind. This troubled the boys, for about three-

quarters of a mile beyond lay an ice-floe which had drifted hither with the southern tides. Once again the line in its outward-going began to sing, and before the rorqual rose again not more than a dozen fathoms remained.

"We shall have to cut it," the elder one said.

Then the whale arose, showing no sign of exhaustion. The sun was now disappearing below the sky-and-water line in the west, and ugly clouds brooded low. Night would speedily wrap the sea, and they were many a league from home in this open boat. Again the prey dived, and this time directly for the ice, which was now not a quarter of a mile distant.

There was only one course for the boys, and that to cut the rope. But there was no knife, or axe, or thing capable of severing it; and when Martin sought to untie it he found, as indeed he had known, that the end was fastened through an auger-hole in the keel three feet under water! The cord was now tight, and the whale was still heading vigorously toward the ice. To add to the terror of the situation the wind began to rise, and the adventurers saw that the cubes and pans of ice began to toss wildly with the rising sea.

"Merciful heaven! what is to become of us?"

These were the words that could be seen upon the mute, blanched lips. The suddenness of nightfall on this coast might be described by Coleridge's lines:—

"The sun dropped down, the stars rushed out,  
At one stride came the dark."

And before the whale rose again the hapless boys could only see the foaming water and the ghastly face of the ice-field spread before them. They did not speak, but sat there, unheeding tiller or sail, waiting for whatever *must* happen.

Presently they were in the midst of roaring water and rumbling ice, expecting each instant that the ribs and planks of their boat would be crushed; but she withstood the pounding—how they could not say—and each minute was forced farther into the ice. Martin caught the line with a gaff, and



found that it suddenly grew slack ; nay, in a little he drew fifty fathoms of it on board. Thereafter it sometimes became slack, and was again drawn out ; and while the fish was so moving the boys were working with all their might to get the boat farther into the floe, because here was little or no commotion. The wind roared, the ocean thundered against the ice, and the spray drove over them in a continuous shower.

But they were safe from the tempest, and, spreading several skins that they had brought away in the bottom of the boat, they coiled themselves up and went to sleep as if they were moored in the safest haven on the continent. When they awoke the sun was rising and the sea was calm. What was that which they saw floating, "long and large," at the edge of the floe ? It was the whale, dead, with the harpoon clinging remorselessly in his side.

The wind freshened from an opposite point, the ice opened, and the wanderers sailed home, wing and wing with their magnificent prize in tow. Judge the wonder and the joy of the fishermen, of their mothers and sisters, as they rounded Shell Drake Point, and luffed up at the tilts !

## AN ADVENTURE IN THE SUEZ CANAL.

BY DAVID KER.

“SO it seems a fellow called Arabi Bey, or some such name, is making a row in Cairo ; but of course it won't come to anything—these things never do.”

So spoke, after exchanging a few words with a pilot, who had just come down the Suez Canal from Port Said, the Captain of our homeward-bound steamer from India, little dreaming how world-famous the “row” of which he spoke so lightly was to become not many weeks later.

“If these Arab fellows should ever want to destroy the canal,” says a young English Lieutenant of Engineers going home from India on leave, “they wouldn't have much trouble with it. You see there's a regular hollow on each side here and there, and they need only dig through or blow up the embankment to run the channel bone-dry in no time.”

His words are confirmed a few minutes later when a group of native goat-herds, as black and shaggy and wild-looking as the goats which they tend, wade out to within a few yards of the steamer, clamorously offering to dive for *piastres* (five-cent copper pieces). In fact, the Suez Canal, throughout its whole length of eighty-six miles, is as shallow as any ditch except in the very centre of the channel, and even there it has a depth of only twenty-six and a quarter feet, with a mean breadth of seventy, widening to one hundred in the “sidings.”

Every now and then we pass a neat little landing-place,

surmounted by a painted station-house overlooking a tiny patch of stunted shrubs and straggling flowers, doing their best to grow upon a thin smear of soil brought from a distance, and plastered upon the barren, scorching sand. A little farther on we see, perched on a steep sand ridge just at the point where the canal enters the wide smooth expanse of the Timsah Lake, a primitive sentry-box, consisting merely of a screen of dried grass, supported by four tall canes, beneath which a drowsy Arab is supposed to look out for passing steamers when he has nothing better to do.

But just as we are two-thirds of the way across the Timsah Lake itself, one of the many shallow lagoons through which the canal runs for a full third of its length, we see the French steamer ahead of us halt suddenly, and the next moment comes a signal that a boat has run aground in the canal beyond the lake, and that we must wait until she gets off again.

There is no help for it, and we are just making up our minds to a halt of several hours, with nothing to do but stare at the trim bonbon-like houses, and dark green plantations of Ismailia\* along the farther shore, with the big white front of the Khedive's palace standing up in the midst like an overgrown hotel, when an unexpected interruption occurs.

"Look here, mates," shouts a sailor perched on the jib-boom, "here's one o' them darkies out for a swim. He'll be coming to challenge old Jack here to swim a match for the championship of the canal."

"Let him try it," retorts a tall, raw-boned, north-country man behind him. "If that 'ere nigger thinks he can beat *me*, he'll know better afore long, or my name ain't Jack Hawley."

So saying, Jack strips and plunges in, heading straight for the round black head which is bobbing about like a cork in the smooth water. But just as he reaches the Arab the latter vanishes, and a sharp pinch on his right calf warns Jack that

\* Named after its founder, Ismail Pasha, the late Khedive of Egypt. It is connected with Suez by a fresh-water canal, through which the little Egyptian steam-launches run in about twelve hours.

his enemy has taken him in the rear, amid a shout of laughter from the steamer.

Jack darts at his assailant, who dives again, and, coming up beyond him, splashes a perfect cataract of water in his face, and instantly the two are at it with might and main, filling the whole air with showers of glittering spray.

"Will you swim me to that buoy yonder, Johnny?" challenges Jack.

"You go, me go," grins the native, and off they start.

At first the Egyptian's short, snapping, hand-over-hand stroke carries him bravely on; but little by little the long, steady, powerful strokes of the Englishman begin to tell, and at length he forges slightly ahead. The crew cheer lustily, and fancy that Jack has certainly won the race; but the young Lieutenant, who knows Arab ways, shakes his head and tells them to "wait a bit."

Poor Jack! he has forgotten in his eagerness that his head is unprotected, and that he has not one of those cast-iron Eastern skulls that can defy a tropical sun. All at once his head is seen to sway dizzily back, he throws up his arms convulsively, and down he goes.

"Stand by to lower the boat!" roars the Captain. "Be alive now!"

As if moved by a single impulse, the men sprang at once to the davits; but, luckily for poor Jack, other and nearer help is at hand. The Arab, when he sees his rival's strength fail so suddenly, guesses in a moment what is the matter, and makes for him at once. Three powerful strokes bring him alongside of the sinking man, and twining his sinewy fingers in Jack's bushy hair, he holds the latter's head above water, paddling gently meanwhile to keep himself afloat.

"Stand by your tackle! let go!"

The tackles rattle sharply through the blocks, the boat splashes into the water, and the passengers spring upon the bulwarks to give her a cheer as she darts away toward the two imperilled men, as fast as eight sturdy rowers can propel her.



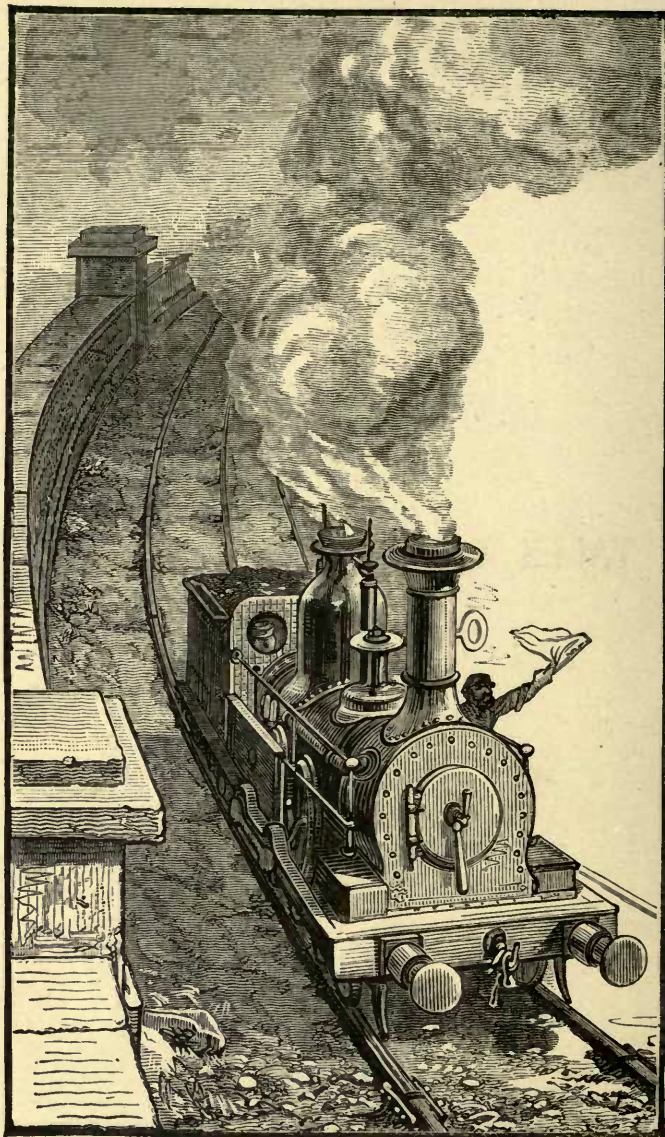
But in this race between life and death the chances are terribly in favour of the latter. True, the water of the lake, salter by far than the sea itself, is buoyant as indiarubber; but it is no easy matter for the Arab, already spent with his long swim, to support the huge bulk of the helpless sailor, and the boat seems still a fearfully long way off.

Once, twice, the Englishman's head dips below the surface, and the oarsmen almost leap from their seats as they see it. Pull, boys, pull! And now they are but three lengths off, and now but one, and now, with a deafening hurrah, the fainting man and his exhausted rescuer are dragged into the boat.

"Come, boys," cried Lieutenant H——, "that's a plucky fellow, Arab or no Arab. What do you say to sending round the hat for him? Here's a *rupee*" (fifty cents) "to begin with."

And half an hour later the Arab was on his way back to the shore, with more money tied up in the white cotton sash round his waist than he had ever had before in his life.

TALES OF HOME AND SCHOOL.



A DASH FOR LIFE (p. 103).



# TALES OF HOME AND SCHOOL.

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FELIX.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

**I**T is early morning in a cathedral town of Germany, and a boy is muffling his head in the bedclothes, trying to keep out the sound of bells and the sight of the bright sunbeams. His comrade, however, is doing all he can to arouse him.

"Go away, I say," is all the reply to these well-meant efforts. "What's the use of getting up to be knocked about and scolded? When mother was here, one was sure of a cup of hot milk and a kind word. I'm going to sleep again. Do hush! There, take that!" and he gave his friend a cuff on the ear.

The friend howled, which sent a pang through the boy's heart. He stretched out his hand with a gesture prompted by remorse.

"Come here, come here. I've given you just what I don't like for myself, poor fellow. I beg your pardon."

His face was well washed after that by a dog's warm tongue, which had also the effect of waking the boy very thoroughly. The conversation too went on.

"Turk, old dog, you're the best friend I have in the world, and if you didn't wake me up every day I'd never be in school,



Since mother's death father is so cross, and still, and dull ! he does nothing but work, work, work. But my rose-tree must be planted to-day, and if I don't do it now, I don't know when I will have the chance."

So saying, he dressed rapidly, tossed open his lattice, and took a small plant from the window-sill, ran down the outside flight of steps leading from the door of his father's shop, paused a moment to snatch up a roll and his bag of books, and then with his dog hurried down the village street.

He was soon past the houses and shops, and nearing the vast towers of the great church, which was but partly finished ; and as he looked up at the points and pinnacles of heaven-aspiring height a thought which had long been in his mind burst into bloom.

It was a simple thought, but a religious one, and it so absorbed him that for a while he forgot his errand, and stood gazing up into the pure sky, blue as forget-me-nots. He was startled, however, by the village bells and clocks, and a hurrying group of workmen approaching, so he quickly sought out a lonely grave, took his plant from its pot, and, digging a little hole, set the rose-bush in it.

Quick as he was, he was yet too late for school, and received frowning disapprobation from the master as he took his seat.

Unfortunately Felix was often late, often too his lessons were unprepared. But he was so ready to make amends, and was so quick in learning, that he could get on better than the duller pupils who laboured more systematically.

But to-day everything went wrong ; his head was full of fancies, and with his ready pencil he was sketching when he should have been studying, scrawling scrolls and rose-windows over his Latin, and sending flocks of pigeons up and down the margin of oceans and continents. He stumbled at his lessons, he bothered those who knew them and perplexed those who did not, until the master's patience was exhausted, and he gave him a sound thrashing.

After that there was silence, sullenness, and an appearance of work, but a sudden roar of laughter from the boys made the

master look up. Felix was bending over his book as if he were the only one undisturbed. The master was not, however, easily deceived.

"Come here, Felix."

"Yes, sir ;" and the lad slowly obeyed.

"Give me that book."

"I'd rather not, sir."

"Give it to me."

Now Felix had a real liking for his master, and was usually sorry for offending him ; but the whipping had not been beneficial, although his conscience told him that it was deserved. He presented the book. On its fly-leaf was a drawing of the master—a very clever caricature—as Cupid drawing his bow at a group of girls, who, with much disdain and derision, were pelting him with sticks and stones.

The master's face flushed at the disrespect ; but he quietly laid the book aside, and proceeded with his duties, Felix remaining standing.

The recitations went on, the hum of study, the drawl of the lazy ones, and the quick, eager replies of the ambitious. Felix was forgotten.

The boy began to think he had made a mistake. What had he gained by misconduct ? Where were the thoughts of the morning under the cathedral windows ? How was he fitting himself to work on the beautiful structure which was to be the medium of praise and prayer for multitudes in the long ages to come ? And yet he knew this had been his mother's hope and wish. Was he making good use of the talents God had given him ?

He was looking out of the window now, watching the lights and shadows on the carved stone of buttress and gable.

The boys were dismissed. He sat down to the extra tasks assigned him. He was hungry, he was miserable, but he plodded on and finished his work. The master bade him go, and he went, but not home.

He lingered about the cathedral, watching the workmen. Finally he became fascinated by their employment ; and, taking

up their tools, worked out a leaf pattern on a bit of refuse stone. The men left him there. Tired and faint, he sought his mother's resting-place. The rose was drooping for want of water.

"Come, it is time you were home," said a familiar voice.

Felix looked up astonished. It was the master.

"You must go with me to your father. I wish to speak to him."

Felix obeyed. The climax had come. His father was stern and hard, and the master, of course, would have a sorry tale to tell.

Fortunately the village people had gone in to their evening meal, and he would be spared the disgrace of being seen conducted like a culprit to his father. He did not speak a word, nor did the master, but shame and remorse were written on every feature. He felt as if he were a criminal about to receive sentence—a sentence, too, which was deserved, and which justice demanded.

"Well, what now, Herr Professor, is the matter?" asked the father, grimly surveying his son.

"Felix is in trouble again, Mr. Zimmerman."

"Hah! idle as usual—good for nothing—won't study?"

"Yes, a little of all, I am sorry to say. But I have a remedy to propose."

"A thrashing, of course."

"No, once a day is enough. We've tried that; it did not answer in this case as well as it does sometimes. May I have the pleasure of Master Felix's company to supper?"

"What, sir, you want the boy to be rewarded for bad behaviour?"

"Not at all—not at all. Run away, Felix; get your face washed and your jacket on, and you shall be my guest for this evening."

Felix was almost too much surprised to be able to move, but without daring to question his father he did as the master told him. While he was gone a conversation went on between Mr. Zimmerman and the teacher.

It is not necessary to repeat it; but Felix saw a different expression on his father's face when, neatly dressed, he came down the steps and followed the master home.

He was fearfully hungry, and yet almost ashamed to take the good broth and bread which were set before him in the master's quaint and quiet little parlour; they somehow choked him; and as he looked about at the book-covered shelves and old engravings, the detestable caricature he had drawn in the morning danced before his eyes.

At last he could stand it no longer. The teacher seemed to have disappeared, and only this kind, genial host sat opposite him, heaping up his plate and bowl.

"Herr Professor," he stammered, "I beg your pardon—indeed I do."

"I am very glad to hear that, my boy; but don't think any more about it just now," was the response, and, filling his pipe, wreaths of smoke began to play about the old man's head.

"It is a great pity that a lad of your talent should waste any time, Felix, and if you are willing I think your father will let me give you drawing lessons."

Felix could hardly believe his ears.

"To be sure, you will have to apply yourself more diligently, be prompt and industrious, or all the lessons in the world won't make a man of you."

"I'll try," said Felix, though a mist was in his eyes.

"That's right," said the Professor, and then he opened some great volumes full of pictures, and the boy gazed in delighted wonder at a world more beautiful than his dreams. Not an allusion did the Professor make again to anything that had happened during the day.

When evening was over, and he courteously bade him good-night, Felix was dazed, and went home with light steps to his little bed.

As soon as Turk woke him next morning he sprang up with alacrity, and would have been off with the dawn to water his rose-bush, but his father detained him.

"Felix," said he, somewhat sternly, "the master says there's



good stuff in you if you'll use it. Come here and eat your breakfast before you go, and let me hear what you have to say for yourself."

"I'll try," was the sum and substance of Felix's talk over his brown bread and milk.

Ten years after this there was a great celebration in the town, for the cathedral was finished. Cannon thundered, bells pealed, and a grand "Te Deum" was chanted to the rolling rhythm of the magnificent organ.

A group of visitors standing near a certain pillar of great beauty were applauding it, while they complimented a young architect and sculptor whose work it was. His head was modestly bent as he received the commendation, but in a moment he raised it, and turning to a very old man in a professor's gown, whose hair was white with the snows of many winters, he took him by the hand and presented him to the visitors.

"Gentlemen, this is the person you must thank for the pillar. Whatever beauty it possesses, whatever expression it is of truth and religion, is due to my master, whose kindness rescued me from idleness, whose skill directed my youthful efforts."

## A DASH FOR LIFE.

### *THE STORY OF A TERRIBLE RIDE.*

BY F. M. HOLMES.

**A**MIDST the happy quietness of the summer holidays of my boyhood, which now seem more like a vague dream of joy than the realities of my past life, one day stands out from all the rest, terrible as a black-browed cliff frowning amongst swelling and smiling grassy downs ! The memory of that day is burnt into my brain as with a hot iron, and will last for ever ; but now I can look back upon it with calmness, and thank God for His providential care.

At the time of which I speak, Arton—the town in which I then lived—was the terminus of a long branch of the main line of one of our principal railways. It was a dear old-fashioned country town, with many irregular streets branching off from the long and unevenly built main thoroughfare, which thoroughfare was, in fact, the London road leading down through the depths of the country to a good-sized seaport.

Through these long and sleepy summer holiday afternoons, nothing was so delightful to my brother and myself as to wander down to the terminus and watch the luggage vans being loaded and unloaded with the goods which had come to the station for, and from, the numerous villages round. Yes, it was a busy place, Arton station, that is, busy to us after the placid quietness of the peaceful country town.

How we loved those engines, so powerful and so grand, and yet so easily governed ! They were the emblems to us of that

stirring life we had heard of in London and large cities, emblems of that progress and excitement that was to be found beyond and along this wondrous railroad. How our pulses throbbed as we looked along the level rail to catch sight of the puff of white smoke which told us that the train would soon turn the corner and come down to us, steaming and panting in all its grandeur and strength. And more delighted still were we when in course of time we began to make friends with the engine-drivers and their mates, and from them learn details about their mighty machines. One of them was kind enough to beckon us to come to him when he saw us on the platform, and then, helter skelter, we would run across the rails and climb on to his engine, to remain there and watch his doings, and ask questions until his hour of rest was over, and he had to take the return train back to London.

And often it was necessary for the engine to perform certain duties, such as shunting or pumping water for its own consumption, and one little trip it always took was a short journey to the turn-table, where its head was slewed round again Londonwards, or rather towards Bingham, which was the place where the branch line, of which Arton was the terminus, joined the main road of rails. We usually were invited by our friendly driver to accompany him on these trips, and so often did we go, and so keen was the interest which we took in his doings, that we became perfectly familiar with the ordinary method of working that glorious machine, a locomotive engine.

Moreover, we made friends with the drivers of the other engines—those that drew the luggage trains—one or two of which were nearly always puffing about, for the goods traffic to the terminus was large. And so it came to pass that nearly every afternoon we wandered down to the terminus, potted about amongst the engines and trucks, and became almost perfect masters of their management.

Father raised no objection to this, for he soon perceived that we were interested in the machinery, and did not contract any of the bad habits that the men might practise, and so long

as we were in our places for the evening meal, clean and tidy, he did not mind. I say clean and tidy advisedly, for we used to get into a precious mess, I can tell you, poking about amongst those dear old engines.

Well, things went on in this way for some time, until one memorable day, the day of which I have spoken, when, on being beckoned by John Freeth (our most friendly passenger engine-driver), and gaily climbing upon his machine, we found to our dismay that he was the worse for liquor—so far gone, indeed, that it was his stoker who was entirely managing the locomotive, and at the same time preventing him from committing acts of drunken folly which would have been disastrous indeed in their results.

As soon as we saw the state he was in we drew back, and were about to jump off, but at that moment Freeth pulled the lever, which opened the valve to the cylinders, and the engine steamed off. Moreover, he saw our intention, and being anxious (like most people when in his lamentable state) to act as though he was not intoxicated, he began to question us as to why we wanted to run away, and to threaten us if we should attempt to do so. He had to go to Medlar's Siding, he said, which was a good five miles off, and that would be a fine run for us, so stop we must, unless we could give a good reason for going.

And the stoker found the opportunity to whisper to my brother, "Take no notice of his queerness, if you do he'll be mad. I'll take care of you; I can manage him." So, with hearts full of vague fear and foreboding, off we went.

At any other time we should have been delighted beyond measure. The ride to Medlar's Siding was a glorious one, and I cannot describe the sense of exhilaration which thrills your nerves as you rush through the air on an unattached engine, going so easily and so lightly, and yet so rapidly that you are obliged to hold on to the sides to preserve your balance, whilst the air whistles past, and you tingle with delight to the very finger tips.

This is what we should have felt but for the terrible state in



which our usually kind and sober friend was, and that took away all our pleasure.

We had to go first to the turn-table. This was only a run of a few minutes back on the main-line, then a shunt off to a siding which led to the engine house. We remained on the engine whilst Freeth and his mate descended, and worked the wheels which screwed the table round, on which "Jupiter," (this was the engine's name) was standing. We noticed as we waited that Freeth was too far gone to work properly, and that the burden of the labour was borne by Hinton, his stoker. Thereupon we jumped off and helped him to turn the handle, and I remember to this day how hard it turned, and that we made the remark that it wanted oil. It is singular that we take note of such little things when they happen, as it were, in the shadow of startling and momentous events.

Well, the engine was turned, and then Freeth, telling Hinton to "take her to the pump," walked, or rather reeled, off by himself towards the town, and as he did so we could see he took a black bottle from his pocket and applied it to his lips. A frown settled on Hinton's face as he noticed this—a frown and a look of apprehension—but he said nothing.

Two or three strokes of the piston brought us to the engine house, and another stroke placed us on the wheels of the pump. Then the valve to the cylinders was again slightly opened, and the engine left to its work, whilst Hinton cleaned and oiled the various joints and bearings.

But perhaps I had better just explain that the wheels referred to were let into the floor of the engine room, and that their tops formed part of the rails on which the engine stood; if, therefore, these wheels were unlocked so that they could revolve, and the driving wheel of the engine were so accurately placed as to rest solely upon them, it will easily be seen that although the valve to the cylinders was opened to its fullest extent the engine would not travel an inch—the driving wheel not gripping the line would only send the wheels on which they rested flying round in an opposite direction. This was what was done, and the lower wheels worked a force-pump

which filled the immense tank at the top of the engine house. The wants of the various engines which visited the terminus were large, and nearly every day the large tank was emptied by them.

I have described this rather minutely, as it will then be seen that this operation was rather a delicate one, everything depending on the two wheels exactly meeting, and it was a great dereliction of duty on Freeth's part to have left Hinton to manage it alone. However, we were able, I am glad to say, to help him.

How well I remember that old engine house, and its appearance on that evening ! The western sun streamed through the dingy windows, and filled the bare red-brick building with a strange weird light, whilst the distracting clank, clank, clank, of the wheels added to the unearthly feeling, and was so great as almost to drown the sound of the rushing water as it was forced up the pipes and fell splashing and foaming into the tank above.

We noticed that a new engine was standing in the shed and getting up steam. She was an immense and very powerful luggage engine, fitly named the "Giant," and had not been to Arton before, that is, we had not seen her, and we spent some time in examining her. She had two pairs of driving-wheels, and so could not pump as we were doing, or our engine would not have had to perform this duty on this occasion. Hinton was annoyed at this, for time was short and he had much to do. But the tank had been quite empty, and we could not get off to Medlar's Siding for the trucks until it was filled. Twice he quickened the rate of speed, until the wheels seemed to fly round, and it would be dangerous to go faster, but it appeared of little use. The din was now deafening ; it seemed almost to split one's head. In this way five-and-thirty minutes of precious time were spent, yet we had to go to the Siding five miles off and "mess about," as Hinton phrased it, with shunting a lot of trucks, and he would never be able to clean and oil all the machinery properly.

At last, however, the joyful news came that the tank was

full. I brought that information myself, for I had climbed the iron ladder to look in it several times. At the words Hinton uttered an exclamation of joy, threw his oil cans into their box, and, jumping on the engine, shut off steam, and stopped the driving wheels; my brother and I locked the pump-wheels, and quickly climbed up beside the stoker. Hinton opened the valve, and we were off for Medlar's Siding.

It was a splendid run! Hinton dashed along to make up for lost time, and the wind whistled gaily past us, whilst our spirits rose higher and our pulses beat exultantly.

But it was soon over. The Siding was reached, and in quick time Hinton jumped off and hooked on the trucks; the engine was reversed, and back we went to Arton, dragging after us a long line of empty waggons.

Of course we did not return so rapidly as we had come, still we went along pretty quickly until we arrived near the engine house, and came to the point at which the trucks were to be shunted off from the main line. Hinton looked out, but there was no porter to see to the points as there should have been; we heard loud voices in the engine house, and judged from the sounds that Freeth had returned, and was engaged in a hot altercation with the man who should have attended to the points for us.

Muttering angrily to himself, Hinton jumped off and pulled the lever, whilst we opened the valve (mightily proud at being allowed to do so) and slowly steamed along, dragging the trucks to their proper siding. When they had all cleared the points, Hinton shouted; we shut off steam, and screwed the brake down hard. We then uncoupled the engine, and slowly moved off, whilst he shunted us to another siding, whence we could reach the main line again.

This we did, and then waited for him to climb up. As he was running towards us we heard a loud cry, and the porter who should have helped us ran from the engine house and entreated Hinton to assist him in restraining Freeth.

Hinton stopped, undecided what to do. At that moment

my brother screamed, "Look out, Harry! here's that old 'Giant' coming!"

I looked, and never shall I forget the wild throb of terror which thrilled me, as I saw, scarce any distance off, that immense engine, blowing off full steam, and rushing towards us with Freeth, mad drunk, at the lever, and pulling it open wider still!

"Dash for it!" cried my brother; "open the 'throttle' (valve)," and whilst he sent the brake handle spinning round, leaving the wheels free, I gradually opened the valve so as to give the drivers grip, and we were off!

I shouted loudly to Hinton to open the points of another siding so that we could get off the main line, and my brother screamed to Giles, the porter, to switch off the "Giant," but to no purpose. She came on so fast that neither of the men could cross the line, and before we knew it we had passed the last points, and were travelling at a tremendous pace on the main line to Bingham, with that steaming, snorting, terrible "Giant" following us faster and still faster.

To stop was instant destruction! All our hope was to dash ahead so fast that if the "Giant" overtook us, the shock (especially as our buffers were remarkably strong) would be much reduced.

We saw this at once, and, without pausing to think, banked up the fires, opened the valve to its widest, and sped along at a frightful speed.

Excitement! I never knew what it was before, and I don't wish to experience it again. Look when we were behind us, there was that terrible "Giant," worked by that insane man, still following us closely.

Why did we not jump off when first we saw it coming? To have done so would have spoiled two of the finest engines that ever came into Arton Station, but we did not think we should have been forced into this terrible predicament. It was all done so suddenly. We were certain Hinton would have been able to switch us off, but he was half a minute too late. And, of course, when once we had commenced to move we could



not leap. Let me tell any one who is now saying, "I should have jumped off!" that it is no joke to risk a hasty leap from one of those high locomotives in a second. There was no time to take a deliberate leap. The hope was to keep moving, and to be switched off. Hinton and others said afterwards it was the wisest thing we could have done. Moreover, we expected that Freeth would stop at the first station, as he was accustomed to, and, discovering his mistake, would go back. But no such thing. We dashed through the station at a frightful pace, and then our hearts began to fail us indeed. What was to be done? There seemed to be no help for us! We must still dash for life before that steaming, snorting "Giant," driven by that madman Freeth.

"The road is open to Binghurst," said my brother, thoughtfully, "because they expect the train this engine ought to have behind it—so far we are safe, if we can but keep ahead. What's the pressure now, Harry? Can we keep up this rate much longer?"

We read off the figures on the gauge, and I well remember the pressure of steam in the boiler was 150 lbs., and rising. We piled on more coal, and again looked behind us. The "Giant" was coming on as fast as ever, but the distance between us, though small, had not lessened.

Happily it was a luggage engine; so far we had the advantage, for ours, being built for passenger traffic, was lighter, and capable of going at a higher rate of speed. The "Giant" was more powerful, and intended for dragging heavy weights rather than for rapidity of motion.

So we swept on! It was a terrible ride, the memory of which will never pass from me. Danger before us—terrible danger! Certain destruction if we stopped! No hope but to dash on, on, on, whither we dare not ask ourselves.

Again we heaped coal on the fire, and again we anxiously consulted the gauge. At present we were all right, we had a good head of steam—quite sufficient to keep up our present pace. This done, we opened the steam whistle and *tied it down*; and now, shrieking, we plunged on through the darkening twilight.

Our hope was that the official at Arton had telegraphed the news along the line, and that some help might be forthcoming. But we shuddered as we asked ourselves *what help could be rendered us?* To be switched off to a siding would be but to court the terrible death from which we were now flying, for how could they switch us off and not that terrible thing behind? Still vaguely hoping something might be done, we kept the whistle open and waited.

"It will, at least, serve to warn them we are coming, and tell them to clear the road," said my brother, grimly.

But now a new danger presented itself. We were rapidly approaching Binghurst, and, consulting our watches, to our dismay we found that an express train would be due at that station at the time that we, unless stopped, would dash through it! Could nothing be done to make that madman stop? We looked behind for the hundredth time! No, rapidly and pertinaciously as ever the engine was steaming on!

"We must get to Binghurst before that express," said my brother, decidedly. "We're going quicker than she will; then we shall have a hundred miles or more of clear line, for it'll be open expecting her. If we are behind it, and get there whilst it's waiting, there'll be a terrible smash. What's the time, Harry?"

I told him.

Then came a look on his features I had never seen before. No more was he a boy. He had suddenly become a man—in spirit, at least—and his brows were knit and his lips were firm, as though he contemplated a mighty purpose.

"We'll clear the junction before the express, and then, with an open hundred miles of line before us, I'll stop this madman somehow if I die for it."

He threw off his coat, piled more coal on the furnace, and took his watch in his hand. His face grew more anxious. We were perilously near the junction, and if we were not through in five minutes a frightful collision must ensue!

I eagerly looked to the next turn in the road. When round

that turning we could see the other line on which the express would run. Both lines joined at the junction.

It was a sharp curve, and terribly dangerous to round it at the frightful pace we were then going, but my brother would not slacken speed. Indeed, how could he, with that terrible engine still snorting close behind us?

With a perilous jerk, a rush, and a roar, we were round the point, and almost abreast of the express on the other line!

My brother clutched the safety valve, and jammed it down hard, and the pressure was increased. No engine could bear such a strain long. But if we could warn the express, it might be saved, and we still kept our whistle open.

My heart seemed to stand in my mouth as I watched her. Could she stop in time? She might for the "Giant," but not for us. We must get through first——

And, thank God, we did. With a scream we swept through the station like a whirlwind of fire, and in a moment were on the main line with a hundred and fifty clear miles before us.

The express, warned by us, strained every nerve to stop, and was enabled to do so within a yard of the "Giant;" and still that frightful madman was running behind us! But we breathed more freely now the express was safe, and we had time now to work. The first thing was to join the engines.

Pressing his teeth tightly together, and bending his brows, my brother began almost imperceptibly to slacken speed, whilst I climbed over the tender, and took up my position on the beam at the back, to which the coupling chains were attached. I found them hooked up in readiness.

It was a perilous adventure! Fast through the gathering gloom I saw the "Giant" approaching nearer and still more near!

"Let her go!" I cried, to my brother, "quicker, quicker—if you are too slow, it'll be too much of a shock!" And my brother slightly increased the speed again, but not so much as to gain on the "Giant." Nearer she came, nearer and still nearer; I clung tight to the chains; nearer yet, until at last she struck us.

It was a terrible blow, but did not damage us much, for the buffers were strong. Instantly I threw the chains over the hook of the "Giant," and commenced to screw them tight.

My brother had managed beautifully.

Thank God! the first part of our perilous enterprise was successfully accomplished.

Then we shut off steam, and screwed the brakes down hard, until they were all aflame. So far we were able to retard the speed of the "Giant," and our engine could be left. The whistle was still tied down, and screaming as a warning: the safety-valve was open.

Cautiously we began to make our way by means of the buffers to the other engine. This, though very difficult, was less so than if we had been going at the former rate of speed. Then we climbed along the engine, one on each side, until we could peep over and see what Freeth was doing.

Greatly to our relief we found that he was lying full length before the furnace, overcome by the heat of the fire, and in a profound and drunken slumber. We jumped down, and quickly tied his hands and feet with cord from the stoker's box; then fastened him securely with a rope to the side of the engine. But he never woke, his drunken stupor was too profound. The rest was comparatively child's play, and is soon told. We ran rapidly on to the next station, where we were quickly shunted, and the line cleared for the express. We told our tale to the station-master, who kept us in a sort of polite durance until next day, when a stern-faced and sprucely uniformed inspector came and cross-examined us severely.

Then we were allowed to return home, but of our rapturous though subdued and thankful feelings whilst journeying back over that terrible road, and the joy and tenderness awaiting us at home, I will say nothing here. Sufficient to tell that shortly afterwards we received an official reprimand for playing with the company's engines, accompanied by a notification that the directors would punish Freeth severely, but would take no further steps in the matter as regarded ourselves, in consequence of our bravery! Still, they wished to point out that the risks



had been great, and but for a merciful and over-ruling Providence there might have been a grave disaster. They would make us a present of our fares back !

That was all. We thought we knew more about the risks and consequences, and so forth, than the directors, but we did not say so, and as for any reward for saving the engines and preventing the accident—well, perhaps we did not deserve one. Who knows ? At all events, we did not do it for a reward, and the knowledge that we had prevented a grave disaster and saved ourselves was reward enough ; anyhow, I would not give much for that man's pluck or right-doing who only and solely exercises it for a reward, would you ?

## NED'S THEFT.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

NED had caught the postage-stamp mania, and it was going hard with him. Tom Walters had it, and so had George Towne and half-a-dozen other boys of his classes, and they were putting all their extra energy into their work of collecting stamps. I think I should be perfectly safe in saying that they devoted about three times as much energy to their stamps as they did to their books. I know that thoughts of a rare stamp which some one had told them about would come into their heads at all hours of the day, and help to make their recitations a good deal worse than usual, and keep their brains busy over schemes by which it might be obtained before any one else had a chance to secure it.

So far, the chief rivalry lay between Ned and his friends Tom and George, and their collections were about alike. Tom had the largest number, but George and Ned had the rarest specimens, and they had the satisfaction of knowing that Tom would be glad to give half-a-dozen of his for one of five or six kinds they had. But neither love nor stamps could buy them of them, and Tom knew it too well to make any offer for them.

One day George Towne came to school with a face beaming with conscious triumph. Tom and Ned felt sure from the way he looked at them when he came in that his high spirits had some connection with stamps, and began to feel uneasy at once. What if he had, by some remarkable good luck, taken a short cut across lots, and come out a long distance ahead?

It made them feel despondent to think of it. They felt something as their fathers probably did when some one got a "corner" on wheat, or some other article they were dealing in. To these boys, "quotations" in the stamp market were of quite as much interest as quotations in the wheat and other markets were to their fathers.

The minute George got a chance to convey the information to them, he let them know that a cousin of his in New York had sent him seven stamps, and all choice ones, too—something hard to get; and the fact that he had got them placed him in a very important position in the stamp world, as it was represented in Peytonville.

Tom and Ned felt that their rival had left them a long way behind by this sudden acquisition of wealth. They would never feel satisfied until they had got even with him, if they could not get ahead, and for the remainder of the day they were busy laying desperate plans by which they might redeem their lost position by climbing up to a higher one which would place them on an equality with George.

But a week went by, and neither of them secured a stamp of any kind, and they began to be discouraged. And George reigned supreme where they had formerly reigned with him.

One evening Ned's grandfather asked him to bring him something from the case of drawers where he kept his things, and, in getting it, Ned made a discovery which fairly took his breath away with its magnitude. In that drawer were *ten stamps*, and every one of them was of the rarest kind. One from China, one from Borneo, one from Egypt, and the others equally as hard to get by any Peytonville boy. Why! one of them was almost equal to George Towne's seven! and the possession of it would place him in a respectable position again.

He shut up the drawer, and he went away with his brain full of very busy thoughts. What did his grandfather want of them? Why couldn't he take one—that stamp from Borneo—and thus place himself at one bound on a level with George?

The probabilities were that his grandfather would never

know it. Such another chance he should never get. I think the possession of that stamp seemed more desirable to him than the possession of the Koh-i-noor diamond would have done.

He thought about it all night. He could not sleep for thinking of it. I don't know why he did not think of proposing to buy it of his grandfather, but I think such an idea did not once suggest itself to him.

Now Ned knew, just as well as you and I do, that it was wicked to steal, and he knew that taking that stamp in the way he *did* take it was stealing. But he took it! He crept into the room where it was as slyly as any burglar could have done, and all the time he was about it his face felt hot with shame. He pulled out the drawer, and selected the stamp, and then hastily shut the drawer to, and ran out of the room full of guilty fear. He was a thief, and I think a thief is always afraid of detection. But no one had seen him, and he breathed freer when he was outside the gate, with the stamp hidden safely in his pocket.

He couldn't get rid of a very disagreeable feeling of self-condemnation as he walked on to school. He had done a dishonest thing, and he had lost his own self-respect, and it is a bad thing for a man to lose that and a worse thing for a boy, for the child is father of the man; and if we begin to lose our respect for ourselves when we are children, unless something happens to prevent us going on in that way, when we are grown up there is nothing left about us worth respecting.

"But grandfather couldn't care much for it any way," he said, in a vain attempt to set his conscience at rest. "And he won't miss it."

Just as if that made the fact of his having stolen it any the less disgraceful! We get up such ridiculous arguments in trying to persuade ourselves that wrong is right, and we never succeed.

It made him forget his qualms of conscience somewhat when he exhibited the stamp to Tom and George, and saw how they envied him the possession of it. But after the consciousness



of triumph over his rivals had worn off a little, he began to think how he had resorted to dishonest means to obtain the triumph, and before noon he wished the stamp was back in his grandfather's drawer, or in Borneo, where it came from—anywhere except in his pocket. Every time he showed it to the boys, and of course all of them had to see it, it seemed to have "Thief!" written across it, and Ned felt that he must look guilty. He was tempted very much to tell a lie to conceal his theft, when the boys asked him where he got it. But he determined not to commit himself, and so kept up a dignified and mysterious silence regarding it when questioned on the subject, which excited the curiosity of the boys wonderfully.

When Ned went home from school that night he felt so miserable over the affair that he resolved to put the stamp back. But his grandfather had gone away on a visit, and had locked the drawer from which Ned had taken the stamp. So he was thwarted in his attempt to make good his theft by restoring it. He began to think that after a person had become a thief he must stay a thief. The thought wasn't a comfortable one. He dreamed about breaking into a bank, and finding great sheets of stamps, and getting caught at the burglary, and being sentenced to States Prison for life. He woke up in a shiver of terror, and wished he had never got the stamp fever. He lay awake and thought of what his father and mother would say if they knew what he had done, and the more he thought of it the more uncomfortable he got. He had heard his father talking about thieves not long before, and now *he* was one, and all that his father had said about them would apply to him. Then he tried to satisfy himself and excuse his wrong deed by telling himself that it was only a stamp, and didn't amount to enough to raise his theft to the dignity of a crime. But he couldn't make it out to be anything but a theft, argue as he might, for a great theft and a little one differ only in degree.

His grandfather did not come back next day, consequently he had no chance of putting back the stamp, which had become the one thing he thought of. It kept him from getting his lessons, and it took away his relish for play. He had

ceased to enjoy the brief honours which the possession of the stamp had invested him with. He only wanted to do one thing with it now, and that was, to get rid of it.

His grandfather came back that night after he had gone to bed. When he awoke in the morning he heard him stirring about in his room, which adjoined the one Ned occupied.

"Now I shall get a chance to put that hateful stamp back," he thought. You see he had got to calling the object of his theft "hateful," when that was not what he ought to have done. It was the theft itself which was "hateful."

He got up and dressed himself. When he went into the hall his grandfather opened his door and called out;—

"Good-morning, Mr. Twelve-year-old. How does it seem to be growing old?"

"Why, this *is* my birthday, isn't it?" cried Ned. "I had forgotten all about it."

"Of course it is," answered his grandfather. "Come in, I've got something for you that I think you'll be glad to get. I've been keeping it on purpose to give you to-day. I got it when I was in the city two weeks ago. It's a choice little collection of stamps. Ten of 'em, and every one rare. I knew you would prize the lot more than you would a dozen books, and I had a chance to get 'em of a boy who had duplicates, and so I closed a bargain with him."

Poor Ned! his face was as red as fire, and he felt more ashamed than he had ever done in his life before. He had stolen what had been intended for him all along.

While he had been talking, his grandfather had pulled out the drawer in which the stamps were, and began counting them out. "One, two, three, four," he said, taking them up one at a time. "Five, six, seven, eight, nine—why, there's one gone, if I counted correctly. Let me see: one, two, three," and he began to count them again. —

Ned felt as if he wanted to sink through the floor. He was conscious of a vague desire to run. Then—he determined *to do right*—one of the bravest things any man ever did, or that any man ever will do, and he cried —

"Grandfather, I stole the other stamp. Here it is! I don't deserve to have the stamps at all, for I've been a bad boy, and I'm sorry. I've wished I hadn't done it, and I tried to put it back, but the drawer was locked;" and then Ned turned and ran out of the room, for he couldn't bear to face his grandfather's surprised, grieved look. But he felt better than he had for two long days, for he had confessed his guilt and got rid of the "hateful stamp."

"I was sorry to know what you had done," his grandfather said, by-and-by, when they were alone, "but I was glad to know that you could confess an error. I trust it will be a lesson to you for life!"

## THE STATION-MASTER'S STORY.

**I**T was a hot afternoon—some of you may know how hot it can be on the prairie when there is no wind.

I was sitting in the little ticket-office of the railroad station at which I was agent. From the window I could see the hot air rising from the sun-burned buffalo grass, giving to the lonely ranch buildings, scattered here and there in the distance, an unstable, wavering appearance, as though they might at any moment blow away.

Presently out of the silence there came the footfalls of a horse's hoofs, stopping at the platform, and followed by a queer "pegging" sound over the planks and into the waiting-room. I looked up, and saw a boy of about fourteen standing in the doorway. His right leg was amputated above the knee, and he supported himself on a pair of light crutches, which had sling-straps like an army carbine.

He handed me an express order for a package to Colonel Reed, a prominent cattle-man, whose ranch buildings were about a mile south of the track.

"Are you the colonel's son?" I asked, as I handed out the package.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "Charles Reed is my name."

Then he turned and looked curiously in at the telegraphic instruments. He had such a bright, healthy, and wide-awake air that I invited him to walk in and examine them if he wished.

His eyes brightened immediately.

"I'd like to, if you don't mind. The other agent was cross, and I was afraid to ask him."



Seeing that he was interested in them, I explained briefly the working of the key and sounder, and tried to give him some idea how a message was sent and received. He listened attentively, and seemed to comprehend pretty well.

"Yes," he said, as I concluded, "I know something about it, though only through what I have read. Would you mind writing out the alphabet for me?"

I wrote out the characters on a slip of paper, which he tucked carefully away in his pocket-book; and then, finding I was a stranger to that part of the West, he volunteered some information about the country, including a remarkably accurate description of the game birds and their habits, which, as a sportsman, I found very interesting. Before he left he told me that he had lost his leg during an Indian raid about four years ago, before the railroad was built. His father's ranch had been attacked without any warning. He was only ten years old at the time, and, being out of doors, he had slipped away unobserved, and hidden in the corral, and while there was hit by a stray rifle ball in the knee.

I accompanied him to the door when he was ready to go, and was surprised to see how thoroughly at home he was on his pony. With his crutches slung behind him, he swung nimbly into the saddle, and started off toward home at a brisk gallop.

One afternoon, about a week later, he dropped in again, having meanwhile learned the telegraphic alphabet so that he could repeat all the characters easily, and next day the colonel himself stepped in on his way to town. He was a brisk, genial man, who had a habit of shaking hands with every one. He was a typical frontier ranchman.

"See here, Mr. Agent," he said, "that boy of mine has a hankering to learn your business. He's kind of lonesome, you see,—he can't play with the other boys on account of his leg; and now, if you don't mind havin' him around, and will teach him what you can,—he's pretty bright, and can learn most anything,—why, I'll make it worth your while. What's your charge?"

"Why, colonel," I replied, laughing at his business-like manner, "I shall be glad to have him around,—I am lonesome here,—so we won't draw up any contract."

Charley was an apt pupil. In about a month he could send and receive a message, though of course not very rapidly. His father was so delighted with his progress that he made me a present of a riding pony; and shortly after, when Charley got it into his head that it would be a fine thing to have a private line from the ranch to the station, the colonel had me order two instruments and a coil of wire from Chicago.

Under my direction the cowboys put it up, and though it wasn't stretched very tight, and the poles were only fence-posts spliced together, it worked as well as the main-line. The instrument on my end of the line I did not care to have in the office, for fear that officious gentleman the lineman would object, and so I set it up on one side of the big, empty freight-room.

The autumn was now well advanced, and I found that my duties, instead of increasing, grew lighter. There were but two freight-trains every other day, and the daily mail and express, east and west, went through between the hours of one and four in the morning, so that I had a great deal of time on my hands. I spent much of it shooting chickens with Charley,—he was an excellent shot from the saddle, though he told me he had a time of it training his pony to stand fire, and the rest of the time I either read or rode out over the trails in the delicious Indian summer weather.

One night, about the middle of October, we had a terrific thunder and wind storm, with a blinding fall of rain and hail. It came up after the west-bound train had left, and about an hour before the eastern train was due. I was awakened by the noise, and got up to look out. The rain was falling in torrents, and the wind shook the building, while the lightning flashed incessantly.

I was still looking out, watching the furious storm, when an unusually bright flash revealed for an instant the figures of a group of horsemen galloping across the prairie toward the

station. I stood still to catch another glimpse of them, if possible, but without success; they had probably turned off to the left.

Shortly afterwards I heard them at the other end of the building, where they stopped, I supposed, to seek shelter from the storm; or possibly they were going to take the train. It was not unusual for passengers to come around an hour before train-time, so I thought little of it at the time.

However, before I left the window, I heard them tramping around the platform to the door, and, drawing back to one side, I waited to see them pass. Between trains I always kept a lamp burning, but turned down low, and it shone out now through the window; and as the men stepped into the faint bar of light I got quite a distinct view of them.

They were all heavily built. Each one wore a yellow "slicker" coat, and had his slouch hat pulled down close to keep off the rain, and around each one's face, just below the eyes, was tied a red "harvester's" handkerchief. This struck me as unusual, and I was puzzled for a moment, until it occurred to me that perhaps they were worn as a protection against the hail.

A moment later they were pounding at the door for admittance. Now, as a rule, I did not like to admit any one so long before train-time. I sometimes had express money packages on hand, with no safe to put them in. I once carried a package of two thousand dollars in my pocket three days before the owner called for it, and so I was somewhat apprehensive at times for my safety.

That night, however, I had only a few dollars of my own and an almost empty mail-pouch, but before opening the door I sang out, "Who's there, and what do you want?"

"Passengers for the train," came the answer. "We're all wet, an' wanten get in out o' the rain."

I unlocked the door, and they crowded into the room. In the brighter light indoors the handkerchiefs that concealed their faces looked so much like an attempt at disguise—and a pretty good one at that—that for a moment I was startled,

and made a hasty step towards the ticket-office. Before I could take another, however, one of the men struck me with his fist, and though the blow was not a hard one, it was so unexpected that it knocked me completely off my feet. Then two of them seized me while I was down, turned me on my face, and held me, while the others bound my hands firmly behind me. They next bound my feet, and then rolled me over again on my back.

"Now, my chicken," said one, who appeared to be the leader, "we ain't got nothin' agin you, an' won't hurt you as long as you keep quiet; but sure as you yell or make a noise there'll be some shootin'."

They seemed to be familiar with the office and its surroundings, and probably had been there before. Two of them picked me up and carried me towards the freight-room, while another went ahead with the lamp and opened the door. Here they looked around for a moment, then laid me down against the side of the building with an old coat under my head for a pillow, and bidding me keep "mum" returned to the waiting-room.

Thus left alone in the dark, I began to think, and pretty fast, too, for I was thoroughly excited.

Their scheme was evident enough,—to waylay the train there and rob the express and mail-cars. The express messenger always had money in his safe on the east run, and not infrequently gold bullion from the mines further west, so in case they were successful they would secure a large sum. There had been several like attempts throughout the country lately, and I felt sure that this was their object.

By taking the train-men by surprise they might easily overpower them; then, separating the mail and express cars from the rest of the train, run them a mile or two further east with the engine and plunder them at their leisure. This plan had been successfully carried out on another road a short time before, and there was no reason why it should not be again successful—unless, in some manner, I could prevent it.

I tried to loosen my hands, but they were tied too securely



—so tightly that the cords almost cut the flesh. Then I reflected that even if I were loose I should be unable to get out and flag the train, for both freight-doors were padlocked, and the key was in the ticket-office drawer.

About this time the door leading to the waiting-room was opened, and one of the roughs looked in.

“Say, young feller, are you alive yet?” he asked.

“Yes,” I responded.

“Well, we wanter know if there’s anything you’ve got to do to this here telegraph machine so they won’t suspect nothin’—any report to make?”

This was pretty cool, and for a moment I thought I might still have an opportunity to warn the despatcher, and was on the point of saying “Yes” when another voice cut me short.

“You let him get his claws on that machine an’ he’ll have ’em stop the train. Don’t be a fool; come out an’ shut the door.”

The door slammed, and once more I was left in the dark.

I was now beginning to suffer from my constrained position and the cutting of the cords, so I began to cast about me for relief; and then suddenly I remembered a reaper-blade that had been left at the station a few days ago by the express. It was loose from the board, and I had placed it in a corner so that no one could be hurt by it accidentally. Accordingly I rolled over and over until my feet touched the opposite wall, and then, sitting up with my back toward the corner, I felt for the blade with my hands.

To my great satisfaction I found it, got the cord across one of the teeth, and carefully sawed it back and forth.

In a moment my hands were free, and then I loosened my feet. I then took off my shoes. This done, I was able to move about without making any noise.

Still I was unable to accomplish anything, for it was impossible to get out, and I was on the point of composing myself in my old position, to avoid another knock-down should the roughs look in, when a slight “spiz-z-z,” followed by a bright sparkle, attracted my attention to the south side of the room.

It was the instrument on the private line, affected by the lightning—a common occurrence in all offices during thunder-storms.

I stepped up to it quickly and tried the circuit. It was all right, though the rain made such a noise on the roof that I could hardly hear the sounder. It was not probable that I could get an answer from Charley at that time of night, but, as my only resource, it was worth trying. So I started it, making his call "Ch."

"C-h—c-h—c-h," I rattled ; and presently, to my surprise, the circuit was opened, and the response came—

"I-i—c-h."

Then I "talked" to him—in my excitement a great deal faster than he could take, and he interrupted me with "slower."

"I-i," I said, "call your father."

"Not home," came the answer ; "all hands gone out to round up a bunch of cattle stampeded by the storm."

"I-i—i-i—i-i," I answered, stopping to reflect. Then I went ahead again :

"Can you ride over to the west cut and signal the train to stop?"

"Yes ; what for?"

"Get a lantern, and put a piece of thin red flannel around it if you can. Swing it across the track when you see the headlight, and keep it up till they stop. Tell conductor there are eight men here, waiting to rob his train. Be quick about it."

"O. K. By George!" This last by way of expressing his surprise, I suppose, and then the ticking stopped.

I now began to feel that the roughs would be foiled, though of course it all depended on Charley. But it was something that just suited his nature. I could imagine him on his pony, lantern in hand, tearing across the prairie as though a band of Comanches was after him.

Meanwhile, I thought it best to take my old position against the wall, to avoid any suspicion should the robbers grow

inquisitive. So I lay there, and waited and waited—the time seemed fairly to drag along—until I felt certain that the train was due. But it did not come, though the movements of the roughs convinced me that I had guessed aright—it was probably a little overdue by this time, and they were getting restless. Presently one of them opened the door and looked in.

“Say, operator, is that train on time?” he asked.

“Yes,” I replied, “they were on time the last I heard them reported—about two o’clock.”

He retired again, and for about ten minutes all was still. Then above the noise of the storm a far-away whistle sounded faintly. Next there was a hurried movement in the outer room—the roughs were crowding out upon the platform.

I sprang to my feet and stood against the side of the building next the track, and by putting my ear against the boards I could hear the distant rumble of the train, now fast nearing the station. I tried to imagine where the roughs had placed themselves. Probably around the corner of the building, ready to rush, revolvers in hand.

The train was now quite near, and presently it drew up to the station with a rumble and roar and hissing of air-brakes. Almost instantly I heard the shouted command, “Hands up!” followed by the report of four or five revolvers and the sound of scuffling on the planks, which, however, was soon ended, and then a veritable Babel of voices and the noise of many feet on the platform.

I dashed out through the waiting-room to see how things had gone, and soon found the conductor.

“Hallo, Leith, is that you? We have prevented that robbery this time, thanks to your warning. I borrowed half-a-dozen revolvers from the passengers and called for volunteers, so when we pulled in there were twelve men on the platforms ready for business. We’ve got the robbers in the baggage-car—come along and see ’em.”

They were a hard-looking set of men. Two of them lay on the floor wounded, though not seriously.

About this time Charley made his appearance on his

crutches, clad only in a pair of trousers and a red flannel shirt, one sleeve of which he had torn off to draw over the lantern. He was wet through, his hat was gone, and altogether he looked so forlorn that the passengers, who were profuse in their sympathy and praise, began to make up a purse for him.

After the train had left I found him in the waiting-room, and here we discussed the affair, and tried to think how much we should charge the express company for the use of our private wire. A few days later, more as a joke than anything else, we sent in a bill for fifty dollars, which was paid at once, with many thanks for what they called our "prompt action."



## A STRANGE PET.

BY BENJAMIN KARR.

**T**HIRTY-FOUR years ago, boys who lived on the shores of Lake Champlain were very fond of catching the big sturgeons that abounded in its clear waters. Not more so, perhaps, than boys would be now if fine fish were as plentiful and as easily captured; but then other sports were not so common in that day, and fishing had much less competition. Often six or seven would go out together with long seines, and some famous catches they used to make.

One spring day several lads about eighteen years old hauled in a splendid sturgeon, whose good nature and intelligence won him quite a local fame, and whose story ought to have been written long ago.

He was such a fine handsome fellow that Harry Miller, a kind-hearted boy who was fond of pets, determined to take him home and try to tame him.

The rest of the party were all willing to give up their share in the prize, so the big captive's fate was settled then and there. Harry took him to his home at Cedar Point, near Port Henry, and put him in a box which he had sunk in the water, and fastened to a landing at the edge of the lake.

The box was about eight feet wide and thirteen feet long, so that a sturgeon could have plenty of room, even if he was over three and half feet long, and weighed about one hundred and fifteen pounds, as this one did. Harry was careful that there should be plenty of chance for the fresh lake water to flow all through this novel aquarium, so that it was always fresh and

pure. He also made a door which could be securely locked, so that he could take his pet out when he wished, and yet be sure that no one would steal him.

The next thing was a name, and commonplace Tom was chosen, just as it might be for a horse or a dog. It did not take Tom long to learn his name, and as he had all the worms, meat, and kitchen scraps he could eat, and was always treated kindly, he soon grew very tame and fat. He was ready whenever any one came to feed him, and when his master playfully patted his sides, he would roll over just as roguishly as a pet puss might.

A Frenchman who lived near Harry Miller's home was wonderfully skilful in training animals, and he persuaded Harry to let him see what he could do with Tom. He found a most docile pupil, and succeeded amazingly, to Harry's intense delight. After several weeks he considered his task accomplished, and returned his charge to his young owner.

Tom was now ready to do something practical in return for his master's kindness; in fact, he had become a real "sea-horse," well broken to harness, or rather to rope, for that is all he needed to pull a boat.

A heavy ring was fastened through the thick cartilage just behind the dorsal or back fin, and a stout rope was snapped into this ring when Tom was "hitched up," just as a rein often is into a bit.

The other end of the rope was held or made fast in the boat, so that all one had to do to have a fine ride was to attend to the steering. A long pole did duty for reins, and a slap on the water either side of Tom would turn him in the opposite direction.

If he grew lazy, as he sometimes did, a sharp splash just behind would quicken him up. There was never any trouble about getting home after a ride. Just as soon as Tom had a chance to turn around, he would start straight for his box, and swim with all his might until he was once more snugly housed.

While Tom was being trained he was allowed only about six feet of rope, but after Harry felt sure that he could trust

his pet he let him go twenty or thirty feet from the boat, and instead of short rides he used to stay out as long as three or four hours.

Just think, boys, of going fishing with a fish to do the sculling! Naturally Tom was kept quite busy towing fishing parties, and he worked all the better when he had plenty to do. A vacation of two or three days would make him behave like a colt the next time he went out.

At first he would rush off at a great rate, drawing two men in a good-sized boat nearly as fast as one could row, but he would soon cool down, until he hardly wanted to stir at all.

Work every day was what Tom needed to make him willing and steady, and if he had it he was a model of good behaviour.

Of course a great many other boys thought it would be fine to have a trained fish, and many sturgeons were caught and petted, but all in vain. None of them could be induced to work, and Harry Miller's Tom remained without a rival, the pride of his master, and the envy of other boys.

Most of the sturgeons which boys tried to train killed themselves by staying too long under water when they were taken out into the lake, and others pined away and died before any progress could be made.

For three years Tom did his young master good and faithful service, but at last he changed owners, and nothing is known of his history from the time he was sold. Harry was forced to part with his pet because the Millers moved away from the lake, but the twenty-five dollars he received was a poor recompense to him for the loss of such an accomplished fish.

But though he never heard of him again, he has always cherished his memory.

Mr. Harry Miller is now a middle-aged gentleman, living in the town of Warren, Pennsylvania, where he often entertains his young friends with the story of his wonderful sturgeon Tom, every word of which is strictly true.

## DICK'S HOLIDAY.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

MRS. WADSWORTH said she didn't think that she or the boys should go anywhere that summer. The house had been re-papered, and that was expensive, and Polly and Maudy had to have their Saratoga outfit, which was more expensive, and the twins were teething, and so cross they would annoy everybody, and oh, there were dozens of reasons!

There always were dozens of reasons, Dick said, why he couldn't have a holiday trip. Of course the girls must go, but it didn't matter if the boys never went anywhere; in fact, Dick heard his mother say that it made no difference where Dick was, he would be sure to find mischief enough, and that was all he wanted.

Dick went and sat on the end of one of the great wharves, with his legs dangling over the water, and decided that he was the most misunderstood and ill-used boy in Christendom. Every misfortune that befel him was called mischief, and not even his mother cared whether he had a good time or not. He was tempted to drop into the water and let the fishes eat him. Life was scarcely worth having if one had to be a boy and stay at home all summer; and growing up was discouragingly slow business. Dick was unusually small for his age, that was another of his trials. His brother Tommy, who was three years younger, was an inch and a half taller, and Dick was sure that he hadn't grown an atom in the last six months. It really seemed as if he did not quite come up to the mark on the wall that was made when he was last measured. Tommy



suggested that he was shrinking, and might be as small as Tom Thumb in a year or two. There might be some fun in that, Dick thought, although he was not pleased with Tommy for being continually on the watch to discover signs of the shrinking; but to be only an under-sized boy was very annoying.

But with all his trials Dick did not allow the fishes to eat him. As his dinner hour approached he began to feel like reversing that process, and wended his way homeward. The sight that he saw as he drew near his own door caused his heart to thrill with hope. It was a huge farm waggon, and from its white hood peered the rotund and rosy face of Absalom, Aunt Abigail Ann's hired man.

Aunt Abigail Ann was Dick's father's aunt, and she lived at Sugar Hill Farm, miles away in the country. Absalom came down to market with the big waggon full of farm produce two or three times in the course of the summer. One happy summer Dick had spent at Sugar Hill Farm, and had come to market with Absalom, and oh, what fun it was! What fun Sugar Hill Farm was, altogether, with trout to catch, squirrels to tame, hay-carts to ride on, brooks to wade in, the old grey mare to ride barebacked, and the new colt—there almost always was a new colt—to help break to harness.

"Your Aunt Abigail Ann wants you to come up to the farm, and stay all summer," said Absalom.

The sidewalk was very hard and very hot, but Dick did turn one somersault upon it, he couldn't help it.

But when he came right side up there was his mother standing in the doorway, with frowning brow.

"I don't see how you can possibly go, Dick, for your new suit hasn't come home from the tailor's, and your father's away, and the twins both have sneezing colds, and it would be just like you to get drowned in the mill-pond, and I don't know what your father will say, and you would be sure to worry Aunt Abigail Ann to death. I wish she had invited Tommy; he never gets into mischief."

"I won't get into a bit of mischief, now you see! I stayed at Sugar Hill Farm all summer once, and didn't—get into—

much," said Dick, sundry memories causing him to make his statement a little less strong than he had first intended.

Jake, and Jake's brother Hiram, who was with him in the waggon, and who lived on the next farm to Sugar Hill, promised to look after Dick, and keep him out of mischief, and the upshot of the matter was that his mother said he might go.

In a very few minutes he had packed his travelling bag, kissed his mother and the twins and Tommy, and was stowed into the back of the great waggon, among empty barrels and bags and boxes, and with a cage of white mice close beside him, and a stuffed owl staring at him with glittering glass eyes from a high perch up at the side of the waggon. The owl had been a pet of Aunt Abigail Ann, who was very fond of pets, and when he died she had sent him to the city to be stuffed. There was not room for Dick on the waggon-seat, because Jake and his brother were both very large and fat, and they had between them a parrot in a very large cage, which Aunt Abigail Ann had sent for. But it was very comfortable in the back of the waggon, and Dick would have found almost any way of going to Sugar Hill Farm delightful.

Jake told him of the unusual number of trout that were to be found in the brook, that the new colt was the finest one they had ever had, that there was a litter of guinea-pigs, the handsomest that anybody ever saw, and some fan-tailed pigeons, which his Aunt Abigail Ann was going to give to him. Dick found Absalom's conversation very agreeable. The parrot, too, was very conversational and entertaining, and the time slipped away very quickly. But it was a long way to Sugar Hill Farm. Up hill and down dale, on and on they went, and the sun set, and the twilight fell, and Dick began to feel very tired and sleepy. The parrot's voice sounded very far away, and the owl's glassy eyes seemed to wink and blink at him in the fading light.

There was an empty barrel lying beside him, with an old bag in it that looked as if it might make a soft pillow. Dick crept into the barrel, and was soon buried in balmy slumbers.

On and on went the great waggon, and Jake and Hiram and,

at length, even the parrot grew silent and drowsy—so drowsy that when, in going up a hill, the barrel in which Dick was lying rolled out of the waggon nobody knew it, unless it might be one of the bright-eyed little white mice, who could not tell of it. Even Dick himself was so sound asleep that he didn't know it. The barrel fell into a little hollow, so that it didn't roll to the bottom of the hill, and Dick's slumbers were only slightly disturbed. He did dream that he was riding on the back of the cow that jumped over the moon, and the motion was somewhat jerky, but he didn't wake.

After a time a waggon came creaking up the road. It was a belated tin-pedlar, with his wares dangling from his waggon on all sides. It was dark, and he did not see the barrel until he was passing it.

"Hullo, did we drop that?" he said, stopping his horse.

"It looks like one of our barrels," said his son, getting down sleepily and reluctantly from the waggon.

He put his hand into the barrel, and felt Dick's pantaloons and the old bag upon which he was lying.

"Yes, it is ours; there are rags in it," he said.

And he immediately raised the barrel to an upright position, thereby standing Dick upon his head. This of course immediately awakened Dick, and the strangeness of the situation caused his blood to congeal in his veins with terror.

He thought—as soon as he had sufficiently recovered from the shock of being so suddenly and violently awakened to think at all—that the farm waggon had been attacked by robbers, and he was about to be murdered. He remained perfectly quiet, being too frightened to scream.

"It must be the barrel that had the iron kettles in the bottom, it's so heavy," said the tin-pedlar's boy. "You'll have to help me lift it on to the team."

The pedlar got down from the waggon, complaining that accidents were sure to happen when a man was late, and together he and the boy lifted the barrel, with poor Dick inside, on to the team. Fortunately for Dick they did not leave it in an upright position, but tipped it over upon its side,

otherwise his situation would have been unendurable. He was very much accustomed to turning somersaults, but standing on one's head permanently he found was quite a different matter.

The tin-pedlar and his son did not seem in the least like the fierce and bloodthirsty bandits he had thought them, and, as he listened to their conversation, he began to guess what had happened. But he felt that if he were to make his presence known he would be very likely to be misunderstood; they might take him for a thief. He always was misunderstood and blamed when he was innocent, Dick reflected, and he decided that he had better take his chances of escaping unobserved.

But that he soon found was an impossibility; there were so many rattling tins about him that the least motion made a noise that seemed to him as loud as the crashing of thunder, and the tin-pedlar and his son both turned around, several times, when he merely thrust his feet out of the barrel sufficiently to relieve his cramped position.

His only hope now was that they would leave the waggon as it was after they reached home, at least while they ate their suppers. He heard the boy say that he was hungry, and his heart thrilled with hope.

But alas! when they reached home they drove into the barn which adjoined the house, and left the waggon there, locking the barn door securely behind them. They had not disturbed the waggon, and had not discovered him, but there seemed to be no way for him to escape from the barn. And in the morning of course they would find him.

He did not dare to creep out of the waggon for a long time lest they should return to the barn. But hours passed—they seemed to Dick like days—and everything was hushed in midnight stillness. At length he crept carefully out of the team, but—oh dear! in the darkness it was impossible to be careful enough; he dislodged a row of tin pans and kettles that hung at the back of the waggon, and with a rattling and clashing and banging loud enough to awaken the Seven Sleepers of Christendom, they came down to the barn floor. Roosters



began to crow and hens to cackle, the horse neighed, the cow lowed, even the pigs grunted and squealed. With his heart in his mouth Dick climbed the ladder that led to the hay-loft, and hid himself in the hay.

Not too soon! There was a sound of hurrying footsteps, and a key turning in the lock. The rays of a lantern flashed into the barn, and Dick heard the tin-pedlar and his son examining the waggon and conferring together. He peered cautiously out from his hiding-place, and saw that one was armed with a gun and the other with a poker from the kitchen stove. Dick's blood fairly ran cold.

"Somebody has been here," said the tin-pedlar confidently, and he grasped his gun more firmly.

"Some of the creatures might have got loose and done it, or maybe the hens," said the boy, who was still very sleepy.

The tin-pedlar went into every stall, but found the animals all fastened, and he scornfully rejected the idea that hens could have made such havoc.

"There's been a tramp or burglar here," he repeated, "and he must be here now, for he could not have got out; probably he's up in the hay-loft."

And he stepped up two or three rounds of the ladder, and, holding his lantern up above his head, peered around the loft. Then Dick thought his last hour had come. He began to say his prayers, and he wished—oh, how fervently!—that he had stayed at home and never wanted a holiday.

But the tin-pedlar either felt satisfied that there was nobody there, or he did not dare to brave the robber, for he came no farther. There was some conversation between him and his son, which Dick did not hear, and they went towards the door. Were they going to leave him? Was there some chance that he might not be shot by that terrible gun? Poor Dick strained his ears to listen. He still heard their voices. He peered cautiously over the edge of the loft. The man was stationed with his gun on one side of the door, the boy with his poker on the other side.

Once more Dick gave himself up for lost. He wished that

he had always minded his mother, and that he hadn't thrashed Tommy for losing his jackknife, and hadn't said he didn't like the twins. Just then he heard very heavy breathing from below—the boy was certainly asleep. Perhaps the father was too. They might be a sleepy family. Dick had heard of people who couldn't keep awake.

Near him was a square aperture made so that hay could be pitched into the horse's stall, which was directly beneath. The hole was large enough for a boy to pass through. Dick crawled softly over to the edge and looked down. The stall was a large corner one, and there was a window in it. By means of that window Dick thought he might escape.

He waited until he was sure both man and boy were asleep, and then summoning all his courage he let himself down, expecting to fall into the feed-box. Most unfortunately, the horse thrust his head into the box at the instant when Dick slipped through, and Dick fell astride his neck.

It would be hard to tell whether Dick or the horse was more frightened, but Dick kept quiet and the horse did not. He reared and plunged, broke the rope that fastened him, and backed out of the stall, and executed a sort of pirouette on the barn floor before the astonished eyes of the suddenly-awakened tin-pedlar and his son; then, before they had recovered sufficient presence of mind to stop him, he made a dash at the barn door which flung it open, and out he rushed, Dick clinging for dear life to his neck. Dick heard footsteps following, and the report of a gun, which terrified the horse still more, and made him rush on wildly. It was a John Gilpin race, but Dick was not so much afraid of a runaway horse as he was of the tin-pedlar and his gun, and, thanks to his Sugar Hill experience, he was used to riding a horse bare-backed, and knew how to cling.

The early summer morning was beginning to dawn, and people were stirring in some of the farmhouses, and rushed to the windows and doors to see the neck-or-nothing ride. But Dick did not call for help; he felt sure that the tin-pedlar with his gun was close behind, and he preferred to go on.

The horse gradually quieted down, finding that the creature who had descended so mysteriously was an easy rider, and hearing no more frightful noises. He went slowly, and Dick tried to urge him on. He was sure now that he heard some one in pursuit, but the horse was tired and would not go. Before long he stopped quietly to nibble some grass in a dooryard. Looking back Dick saw two or three men riding furiously. He slipped off the horse and tried to run away, but the men shouted, making a great uproar, and a man came out of a house and stopped him.

The tin-pedlar and several of his neighbours came up, and rejoiced greatly that they had caught Dick, who they said must be one of a gang of horse thieves that had been infesting the neighbourhood for several months. And in spite of his protestations of innocence they took him before a magistrate.

Dick told the magistrate the whole story, and the magistrate said he would send for Dick's aunt, since Sugar Hill Farm was only a few miles away.

Aunt Abigail Ann came, very tall and stiff, in a very high buggy, and she scolded the magistrate and the tin-pedlar and all the bystanders roundly because her nephew—who, if he was unfortunate and apt to get into mischief, never had been known to tell anything but the truth—had not been believed. And without anybody's leave she whisked Dick into the buggy and drove off with him. And she petted and comforted him, and promised to give him the new colt. Oh, what a comfort Aunt Abigail Ann was!

"A bad beginning makes a good ending, sometimes. You'll have a good holiday yet, Dick," she said cheerfully.

Jake and Hiram looked ashamed, and had a great many fish-lines and a great deal of bait all ready for Dick. They said they didn't see how it could have happened, for they were sure they didn't go to sleep.

That dreadful parrot wouldn't let anybody forget ; all summer she kept shouting—

"Boy overboard. Boy overboard."

## THROUGH THE TUNNEL.

BY EDWARD I. STEVENSON.

“**H**ALLOA, the house! Jedediah! Jedediah Petry! Mrs. Jedediah! Cadmus! *Are* you all deaf this morning? Come, come!”

Dr. Flaxman stood up in his old chaise before the door of the last white cottage in Wicketiquok village, and shouted until he was purple in the face. The nine-o'clock June sun shone bright upon the closed green blinds. A broom and a watering-pot rested in the open doorway; but the broom and the pot seemed to be the only members of the Petry family ready to receive an early morning call. No marvel that Dr. Flaxman grew impatient, said several things to himself, and was just making ready to get out of the chaise and tie his new horse, when all at once a boy came running around the house corner, calling, “Good-morning, Doctor. Did you call?”

“Did I call?” echoed the Doctor, cuttingly. “Well, Cadmus Petry, I should rather say that I did. Are you the only member of the family up at this time o’ day? Cadmus, I want your father.”

“Can’t have him, Doctor,” replied the lad. “Pap’s gone up to Lafayette by the early train.”

“There, now!” exclaimed the Doctor, appearing much disturbed by this answer. “So I’ve missed him, after all my trouble! Well, where’s your mother?”

“Gone with father. I’m keeping house for ’em. They



won't come back before evening. They were going to take dinner at Grandfather Fish's in the town, and then go to Lawyer Gable's on some important business, they said; something about buying some more land, I believe."

"That's just it, Cadmus," said Dr. Flaxman, looking still more vexed and perplexed. He ran his sharp eye all over the boy from head to foot, and then continued, "Look a-here, Cadmus. You're a pretty smart youngster, and I think you'll have to help me—eh?"

"Yes, sir," replied Cadmus, quietly.

"Your father is going to buy a part of a farm to-day up in Lafayette, and he's getting it a good deal on my advice. He asked me to go and look at it and make some inquiries, and I did. Now I've got a letter here, my boy, that just alters my whole judgment of the matter. I wouldn't have your father make that bargain without first seeing this letter for anything you can think of. It came this morning. Now couldn't you go right up to Lafayette, catch your father and mother before they go to the lawyer's office, and give him this letter—without fail? I can't go myself, because Judge Kenipe's so low since yesterday; but I'll send a telegram ahead of you to tell your father to wait until you come."

Cadmus's face was puckered as he stood thinking. "You see, there's no train from here now, Doctor, until afternoon, and that'll be too late. The express don't stop going through our village. Hello! I'll walk down to the Junction, and get on her there. She has to stop there always. That'll do it. Give me the letter, Doctor."

Dr. Flaxman looked greatly relieved. He laughed, and held it out of the chaise, with a regular battery of directions. "Now recollect, I depend on you, Cadmus," he added, switching his black horse, and moving away. "I'll send the dispatch. You've more than an hour to get down to the Junction. Got money enough for your fare? All right. Good-bye." And the chaise rattled off.

Cadmus darted into the house, and locked that up securely.

A moment later he was striding manfully down the road, bound for Rippler's Junction, a couple of miles below the village. Presently the daisy-bordered road crept alongside the level railway. A freight train, steaming and rumbling along, seemed to offer Cadmus a noisy hint, so he soon transferred himself to the track (a thing he had been soundly lectured for doing before this morning), and tramped along on the uneven ties, whistling as he rounded curves, like a locomotive itself—only locomotives don't, as a general thing, whistle "Captain Jinks." Soon Rippler's Mountain rose up in the distance before him. The railroad passed directly through this by a tunnel. At the other end of it lay Rippler's Junction, whither Cadmus was bound to catch that 10.15 express. A waggon-road ran smoothly over the top of the mountain, and came down into the town, and that was at his service. But Cadmus, hastening along toward the great black hole in the hill-side, and fancying himself to be in a much greater hurry than occasion at all required, began to ask himself why, if the railroad went through the mountain instead of over it, he, Cadmus Petry, shouldn't save time by doing the same thing?

Had not those dozen lectures as to walking on the railroad been given him? Hadn't Cadmus heard that even an old and experienced "hand" dislikes nothing worse than walking through a tunnel—had rather even do a regular job of repairing in it? Did not everybody know that the Rippler's Junction Tunnel was uncommonly narrow, close, and continually shot by freight, coal, or passenger trains? To meet such in quarters so dark and dangerous requires, indeed, a very cool head and steady nerves. There comes to every man or boy a time in his life when he does a foolish or a rash thing. This was such a moment for Cadmus Petry. The great hole loomed up before him in the hill's rocky side. He looked up. Over his head, nailed to the side of the brick facing, was a black signboard, on which, in white letters Cadmus read the following encouraging words:—

—DANGER !—

ALL PERSONS ARE POSITIVELY FORBIDDEN

TO WALK THROUGH THIS TUNNEL.

ALL PERSONS DISOBEYING THIS CAUTION

WILL RISK LIFE AND LIMB.

—DANGER !—

The lad hesitated, wavered, then gave his head a rather defiant toss, and exclaiming, half aloud, "Sorry ; but I'm in a hurry, and I can save ten minutes by you," walked forward into the smoky gloom before him, leaving sunlight and safety behind his back.

Cadmus was at first rather surprised to find his novel journey less odd and disagreeable than he had anticipated. There was very little smoke in the tunnel at so short a distance from one of its mouths. Daylight straggled in behind the boy's back, lighting up the road-bed with a grey distinctness. It brought out deep black shadows along the jagged walls of rock, and turned the rails before him to polished silver ribbons. Cadmus walked inward as fast as he could ; occasionally he ran. By-and-by he noticed a curious sight upon turning his head. Far behind him lay the entrance by which he had come in, now dwindled to a third of its size, and with the air and landscape outside of it become a bright orange—an effect sometimes noticeable if one is well within the interior of a tunnel and looks outward. But the light amounted to worse than none by this time. Cadmus could not see his footing after a few yards further. He began stumbling badly in another minute. Hark ! What was that low dull rattle that echoed to the boy's ears ? The sound increased to a roll, then to a booming roar. A train was on its way toward him from daylight. From which end was it approaching ? Cadmus dared not stop to think ; he leaped aside, put out his hand, and felt the rough rocky wall.

He pressed himself closely against this, his heart thumping until he could scarcely stand. Was there space enough for safety between himself and the train rushing down toward him ? He dared not try to determine now, for his ears were

stunned, his breath taken away, as, ringing, hissing, and thundering in the darkness, what must have been a heavy freight train roared past the boy. Half choked with smoke, shaking in every limb and nerve, the unlucky lad tottered from his terribly narrow station, and began running forward as well as he might. Never before had he imagined how terrible a thing was a train of cars at full speed. He shook with terror at the idea of meeting another. A quarter of a mile before him yet!

Another? Before he had thought the word again, his quick ear caught its shriek as it approached from the opening, which it seemed to Cadmus that he should never reach alive. He caught again the booming crash of its advent into the mountain's heart. Cadmus caught his breath, sick with nervousness and fear. This time the space between the rail and the rock seemed so dreadfully narrow—and it was, in truth, some inches less than a few yards back. Nevertheless, Cadmus staggered into it, stood as straight against the side wall as he could, his face toward it, and with his head thrown a little upward. His enemy sped toward him, and seemed to scorch and deafen and grind the boy with its whirling wheels as it shot behind his very shoulders. Cadmus's hat was blown off, and no more heard of, as no locomotive capped with a small brown chip astonished the natives on its way to Oswego. But a slight accident like the flying away of one's hat can be an important matter under such conditions. The sudden whizz of wind about him and the snap of his hat guard gave a start to the terrified boy. He lost his balance, and half crouched, half fell, not between those unseen wheels rolling so near, but sidelong.

The red flash of the lanterns on the platform of the last car fell on his bent figure as the train thundered away into the darkness beyond. Cadmus found his feet, doubtful if he were a hearing, breathing, and generally living boy or not. But the smoke rolled past. Gleams of light filtered through it. The worst was over, and Cadmus was safe—well scratched and bruised, and as close to being "frightened to death" as most persons ever have been.



A few moments later a hatless, grimy, almost unrecognizable boy emerged from the Junction end of the tunnel, and picked his way towards the dépôt, trembling, but quite bold enough to decline sharply to answer any questions that the interested switch-tenders and signalmen fired about his ears. There was a pump handy; so Cadmus contrived to make a very imperfect toilet before that 10.15 express came along, which spun him, bare-headed, back over the road he had come, toward Lafayette and his father.

Mr. and Mrs. Petry were sitting in the old dining-room at Grandfather Fish's, still in a state of mystification about the telegram they had received from the Doctor.

"What 'll Lawyer Gable an' that man think of me?" exclaimed Mr. Petry. "Here 'tis half an hour after time, and Cadmus not here yet. How was he to come up with any letter, I'd like to know? He couldn't get aboard a train that didn't stop at Wicketiquok."

At which moment the door opened, and Cadmus strode manfully into the room. "Good-afternoon, grandpa," he exclaimed, quite composedly, holding out a very dirty white envelope toward the other members of the group. "Hello, father! here's that letter Dr. Flaxman telegraphed you about, and—and I walked through the tunnel to get the express. I suppose I'll have to be whipped."

Although it cannot be said that Cadmus, in the course of the desired explanation which followed, succeeded in convincing Mr. and Mrs. Petry that his walking through the tunnel had been a very necessary part of his important errand, two things may be truthfully stated: first, that after reading Dr. Flaxman's letter, Mr. Petry at once decided not to buy "that farm"; and second, that Cadmus did not "have to be whipped," but went home with his parents on the afternoon train, quite subdued in spite of a brand-new straw hat. As they shot through the tunnel, his mother said, in a low voice, "What a mercy you weren't killed, Cadmus, you thoughtless fellow!"

That was about as true a thing as any one ever said about the affair.

## BROWN.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

THERE was not a more studious young fellow in the college than Andrew Brown. He devoted himself exclusively to the business of getting an education, "crammed" early and late, and felt, apparently, no interest in the sports and pastimes of his fellow-students. What exercise he took was taken very evidently with a view to preserving his health, not from an idea of any pleasure to be derived from it. He was extremely reserved, making no intimate friends, and yet he was by no means taciturn or morose. He was ever ready to do a favour, and always had a smile for any one who addressed him, taking very pleasantly the many jokes made at his expense, and never resenting the various nicknames bestowed upon him. It was generally conceded that he must be poor, for though he never made any allusion to his circumstances, and paid his bills promptly, his clothing was of the plainest description, and was worn until it could be worn no longer. And he never indulged in luxuries of any kind, belonged to no club, and spent no money in newspapers, magazines, or boat hire.

The college had been well endowed by a millionaire, who had conceived an attachment for it, and had chosen to remember it in his will; so the tuition was free, and the actual expenses of each student amounted to very little.

Andrew Brown had hired a small room on the third floor of Seaton Hall, which he occupied alone, not having been able to find any one willing to share such meagre comforts as it afforded.

But at meals he sat at one of the longest tables in the dining-hall, and his fellow-students had every opportunity to make him the butt of their wit, a privilege which they exercised to the fullest extent.

"I say, fellows," said Harry Annersley, coming in late to breakfast one morning, "do you know that there's a rumour that Briggs's Bank is going to suspend payment? Got in a tight place, it seems. Perhaps it's only talk, but all the same, I thought I'd mention it."

"Can't say I've anything in it to lose," said Ralph Wescott.

"Nor I," "Nor I," cried several others.

"I never did have much faith in that old Briggs," said Annersley. "I wouldn't trust him with a dime."

"Look at Brown!" cried Ralph Wescott. "I say, Brown you're not going to faint? Spare the dishes."

All eyes were of course turned at once upon Brown, who, pushing his plate away, rose hastily from the table.

"I am not well," he said, as he walked out, his face pale and wearing an expression of great anxiety.

"Perhaps he's got the whole of his large fortune in Briggs's hands," laughed Wescott. "Look here, have they stopped baking buckwheats just because Harry's come in?"

"They'd better not," said Annersley. "I'm good for two dozen anyhow."

A clamorous demand being made on one of the waiter-girls to have the buck-wheat cake platter replenished, Brown and his sudden illness were forgotten.

But Brown, meanwhile, was walking rapidly towards the town, which was situated a mile from the college.

His face had not lost its expression of anxiety, and he was apparently buried in a most painful reverie, for once something resembling a groan burst from his lips, and once he murmured softly, "Poor Louise! It would be an awful blow to her!"

He reached the town just as the big clock on the Baptist church chimed out the hour of nine, and he was one of the first to step into Briggs's Bank when its doors were thrown open half an hour later.

His face was as calm as ever as he walked back to the college, the expression of anxiety having entirely disappeared.

"Hello, Brown, don't you want to take a walk?" asked Ralph Wescott, after dinner that day, as, arm-in-arm with Harry Annersley, he met Brown in the college grounds. "We're going over to Farmer Dale's to get a glass of milk."

"And a glimpse of pretty Dolly Dale to sweeten it," said Harry Annersley, with a gay laugh.

"No, thank you," said Brown. "I've some extra work to do to-night. I couldn't well spare the time."

"Oh, you've always extra work to do," said Wescott. "Cut it for once, and come along."

But Brown shook his head, and walked away with a smile on his lips. Poor fellow! Could he have foreseen the events of the next few hours how gladly would he have joined his friends? But we are not given the power to look into the future, and he did not guess what an influence his decision was to have on his life.

"He's the oddest fellow I ever knew," said Annersley. "There's something mysterious about him."

"But I can't help liking him," said Ralph Wescott.

Farmer Dale's was soon reached, and the young men were gratified at being served with milk by the dimpled hands of rosy Miss Dolly herself.

As they left the dairy they noticed half-a-dozen large yellow pumpkins lying on the floor.

"I remember making a pumpkin head once, years ago," said Annersley, "and setting it on a fence post just outside the kitchen-door of our house. The cook went out after dark, and took it for a ghost. You could have heard her scream a mile off."

"Suppose we take one of these and have a lark," said Wescott.

"Take one and welcome," said Miss Dolly, picking out the biggest of the lot and bestowing it upon Wescott with a smile.

"What shall we do with it?" asked Annersley, as they bade Miss Dolly good-bye, and started college-ward.



Wescott suggested a dozen different ways by which their prize might be utilized, but Annersley voted them all "slow" and "stale."

"Suppose we make an effigy of Brown there?" said Wescott at last. "Set it up in his room and give him a grand surprise. He's sure to be in the library for an hour yet, and we'll have plenty of time to make a royal old figure-head."

"Agreed," said Annersley.

They hurried to Seaton Hall, and up the stairs to the door of Brown's room. Wescott knocked, but receiving no answer, pushed the door open and entered.

The pumpkin was soon robbed of its meat, and eyes, mouth, and a nose cut in it. Then Wescott pulled into the middle of the floor a small soap-box full of coal, and set upright in it Brown's well-worn broom, which was dressed in the first garments which came to hand in the closet; a pair of pantaloons and a coat of rough grey tweed, very much the worse for wear. A cane was slipped through the coat-sleeves to extend them like arms, and then the pumpkin-head, after some difficulty, was attached to the top of the broom, surmounted by one of Brown's old felt hats. Lastly, Annersley put on a little shelf he had made inside of the pumpkin a piece of lighted candle, which was stuck fast by means of a few drops of grease.

After a hearty laugh at the grotesque appearance of the figure, the two friends left the room, closing the door behind them.

They found Brown in the library as they had expected, poring over a Latin grammar; but he looked up and nodded pleasantly to them as they entered, returning at once to his book.

"That candle is good for an hour, anyhow," whispered Wescott to Annersley. "He's certain to go to his room before it gives out."

"Are you sure the thing won't topple over?" asked Annersley.

"Oh, it can't," replied Ralph. "It's as solid as Brown himself in that box of coal."

Half an hour passed, and Brown gave no symptoms of a movement to retire to the seclusion of that small apartment of his in Seaton Hall.

The "larkers" began to be anxious for their joke to come off.

"See here, Brown," said Wescott, at last ; "I saw some fellows going into your room a while ago. One of them looked a good deal like you—your brother, perhaps?"

"I have no brother," said Brown quietly, without looking up from his book.

"Well, your cousin, then ; and a face more the colour of an orange it was never my lot to see. He is going to wait in your room for you."

"I have no cousin," said Brown, putting down his book ; "but perhaps I had better go and see who it is."

Wescott and Annersley nearly choked with subdued laughter as they saw him rise and leave the room. They followed quietly, eager to see Brown greet his unknown relative ; and all prepared for a hearty laugh at his expense.

"He's desperately easy to hoax," said Wescott. "Believes everything told him."

"By George !" cried Annersley suddenly, "there's an awful smell of smoke here, Wescott."

"You don't mean——" began Wescott, but did not finish his sentence ; for Annersley dashed past him and up the stairway leading to the third storey.

He was just in time to see Brown throw open the door of his room, and to hear his exclamation of horror as he sprang forward toward a blazing object in the centre of it.

"Hold on, Brown !" shouted Wescott. "Dash water on it."

It was the work of only a moment to drench the burning mass, so that the fire was easily stamped out.

The effigy, however, was entirely consumed, and the flooring of the room considerably charred.

"There's not much harm done," said Wescott in a tone of relief. "Only that old grey suit of yours gone up, Brown. Why, what's the matter?"

Brown had suddenly staggered back, and his face, seen by

the dim light of the candle Annersley had lighted, had turned strangely white.

"My grey suit!" he repeated, in a hoarse, unnatural voice. "Did you take that?"

"Yes," answered Wescott. "All a lark, you know. Come, old fellow, you're not offended, are you?"

"No," said Brown, in a low voice. "You couldn't know, of course."

"We'll make it up to you," said Annersley. "Set your own price on it, Brown."

"You can't make it up to me," said Brown, turning away his head. "Never mind. It's all over now, and I'd rather be alone."

He was shaking as if with a nervous chill; and Wescott and Annersley, feeling rather ashamed of their lark, and yet half-angry at Brown for viewing it so seriously, could do nothing else but leave him to himself.

But, troubled vaguely, Wescott could not sleep after retiring for the night. He got up at last, and, going upstairs, paused at the door of Brown's room.

It was ajar, and, pushing it open, he looked within.

Brown was sitting on the edge of the bed, with his head bowed, and his face in his hands. He apparently did not hear the opening of the door.

"I say, Brown, we're out and out sorry. We only meant to have some fun, you know," said Wescott, approaching the bed rather hesitatingly.

"It's too late now to regret things," said Brown, lifting a white, wan face, strangely altered in the past few hours. "I know you didn't mean anything wrong, Wescott."

"We'd no idea the wretched figure'd go over," said Wescott, searching about in his mind for something apologetic to say, "and it wouldn't have burned as badly as it did, if it hadn't been for the coal-box getting on fire."

Brown made no reply, and after waiting in vain for him to speak, Wescott went out, confiding to Annersley, who shared his room, his private opinion that Brown was a "muff."

The next day was extremely cold, the wind blew like a hurricane, and late in the afternoon the air became grey and dense with snow. Wescott and Annersley, passing from the library building to Seaton Hall just before supper time, saw Brown standing by the fence which inclosed the college grounds. He was leaning upon it, gazing straight ahead of him, with a dull, vacant stare, seeing nothing apparently, and utterly unmindful of the fast-falling snow, which was covering him like a shroud.

"What in the name of common sense is the matter with the fellow?" said Wescott irritably.

"Oh, let him go," said Annersley, shrugging his shoulders. "I'm sure we've apologized enough for burning up his old suit, and I sha'n't trouble myself further about him. He can stare at these bare trees a century longer if he chooses."

Brown gave them little chance to trouble further about him, for he was missing from the college the following day, and the report spread about that on account of "financial difficulties," he had been obliged to cut short his college course.

"He must have had his money in Briggs's Bank, after all, Wescott," said Annersley, on hearing this report.

"Likely enough," said Wescott coolly. "Every one who had a penny in it may whistle for it now."

For Briggs's Bank had indeed suspended payment, and its massive doors were closed.

Time passed on. Brown and his financial difficulties were forgotten, and the episode of the pumpkin became a thing of the past, to which neither Annersley nor Wescott referred.

The two friends graduated from college with high honours, and went immediately into a law partnership in a thriving town, where they soon found plenty of clients, and became very popular.

One day business called Wescott to Scranton, a small village about eighty miles distant. He did not seek an hotel on his arrival, but accepted an old invitation to the house of a Mrs. Channing, a particular friend of his mother's.

Mrs. Channing lived about a mile from the village, and was



the owner of such a beautiful country place that Wescott was very glad he had decided to make her house his home during his stay.

At supper he was introduced by his hostess to a Miss Brown, a pale, gentle-looking girl of about twenty-five years of age, who came into the room very quietly and slipped into a seat by Mrs. Channing, apparently desirous of attracting as little attention as possible.

But Wescott could scarcely keep his eyes off her face, so sure was he that he had seen it before ; and yet he could not recollect where or when.

He did not wish to be rude, and was vexed with himself when, happening to look up, the young lady met his earnest gaze.

She coloured deeply, and dropped her eyes again immediately.

"I feel sure we have met before, Miss Brown," said Wescott. "Your face is very familiar to me."

"I think not," said Miss Brown quietly. "I am quite positive I never saw you until this evening, Mr. Wescott."

"Then perhaps it was your twin sister whom I met."

"I have no sister," said Miss Brown.

As she spoke the servant came in with a letter for her.

It was wonderful how her face changed as she glanced at the superscription. Such a glad, bright light flooded her eyes ! Such a tender little smile quivered on her sensitive lips !

She tore the envelope open and read the first few lines, and then dropped the letter with a faint cry, as if of pain. Rising hastily, she murmured some incoherent excuse, and left the room.

"Who is Miss Brown ?" asked Wescott of his hostess, as the door closed on the slight figure.

"She teaches the district school," answered Mrs. Channing, "and I board her. She's a dear, sweet girl, but very quiet and reserved. I have a fancy that she's seen plenty of trouble and hard work, for all she's so young."

Nothing more was seen of the little teacher that evening, but as Wescott sat smoking his last cigar by the window of the room Mrs. Channing had assigned to him, he heard the sound of sobbing close by in the darkness.

"Poor little soul!" he thought. "I wonder what the matter is. I wish I could help her."

He felt sure it could be no other than the teacher who was crying so bitterly; for he had just bidden Mrs. Channing good-night, and there was no one else to suspect.

Suddenly the door of the next room opened, and he heard the voice of his hostess say,—

"What, all alone here in the dark, and crying, too? My dear child, don't mind me; tell me what's the trouble."

"Oh, Mrs. Channing," was the sobbing response, "I've just had a letter from my brother, and he has met with such a terrible misfortune. The bank in which he placed his money has broken, and he has lost the earnings of three years."

"Why, that's too bad!" said kindly Mrs. Channing.

"It isn't the first misfortune of the kind he has been called upon to endure; that makes it so hard to bear," went on the little teacher. "Once before he lost every dollar he had in the world. You see, he and I were left alone when mother died, and he worked to give me an education. He worked at the blacksmith's trade; and then, when I was sixteen I went to teaching to help him. Between us we saved up nearly four hundred dollars, and oh, Mrs. Channing, I could never tell you all the self-denial and sacrifice of those long years! But he went to college. It was his dearest dream to be a lawyer, and to earn me a nice home. He studied hard, and was getting on so well when the blow fell. He had drawn his money out of the bank where he had put it, for there was a rumour of impending failure, and had sewed it into the lining of an old coat for safe keeping. Well, two of his college friends, wanting some fun, dressed up a broomstick in that very coat, and put on it a pumpkin head lighted by a candle. In some way the clothing caught fire, and the coat with the money was burned up."

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Mrs. Channing. "And didn't the young men make his loss good?"

"They never knew it," said Miss Brown. "Andrew never told them, for he knew that the father of one of the young men was a poor man, struggling along with ten children to support, and the other was wholly dependent upon a widowed mother, who kept a small millinery store. It would have been impossible for them to make up his loss without great trouble."

"Why didn't he have a subscription taken up?"

"Oh, you don't know my brother!" with a little pride in the tone. "He is not one to ask charity from any one. No; we both went to work again. He found a place to teach in Ridersville, at thirty dollars a month, and I came here. It has been such slow work saving up; but he was to have gone back to college in September, and now——"

Her voice broke suddenly, and sobs choked her utterance.

It suddenly occurred to Wescott that he was playing the ignoble part of a listener to a conversation assuredly not intended for his ears, and he sprang up, left his room and went out into the garden, where he sat down on an old wooden bench under an apple tree, and abandoned himself to a most painful reverie.

He was not sorry that he had listened, however, and he had heard enough to cause him to feel very wretched.

He knew now of whom Miss Brown reminded him both in face and manner, and he knew at last what that foolish college lark had cost.

By noon of the next day he was in Ridersville, and had sought out Andrew Brown, with whom he had a long and earnest talk.

"I am able and anxious to make atonement, Brown," said the young lawyer, as he parted with him at nightfall and took the return train to Scranton, "and I shall not feel happy until it *is* made. I shall be your banker, old fellow, for the next three years, whether you consent or not. And you can look upon it as settled that you go back to college in September, if I have to carry you there."

What Andrew Brown answered matters little. Sufficient be it that in the end Ralph Wescott had his own way, and Brown resumed the college course which had been so suddenly interrupted three years before. He graduated with distinguished honours, and entered at once into partnership with Wescott and Annersley, the latter now his brother-in-law.

Harry often said laughingly he had compensated Brown for his share in that college lark by marrying the quiet little teacher of Scranton.



## THE SCULLION WHO BECAME A SCULPTOR.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

**I**N the little Italian village of Possagno there lived a jolly stone-cutter named Pisano. He was poor, of course, or he would not have been a stone-cutter, but he was full of good humour, and everybody liked him.

There was one little boy especially who loved old Pisano, and whom old Pisano loved more than anybody else in the world. This was Antonio Canova, Pisano's grandson, who had come to live with him, because his father was dead, and his mother had married a harsh man, who treated the little Antonio roughly.

Antonio was a frail little fellow, and his grandfather liked to have him near him during his working hours.

While Pisano worked at stone-cutting, little Canova played at it, and at other things, such as modelling in clay, drawing, etc. The old grandfather, plain, uneducated man as he was, soon discovered that the pale-faced little fellow at his side had something more than an ordinary child's dexterity at such things.

The boy knew nothing of art or of its laws, but he fashioned his lumps of clay into forms of real beauty. His wise grandfather, seeing what this indicated, hired a teacher to give him some simple lessons in drawing, so that he might improve himself if he really had the artistic ability which the old man suspected. Pisano was much too poor, as he knew, ever to give the boy an art-education and make an artist of him, but

he thought that Antonio might at least learn to be a better stone-cutter than common.

As the boy grew older he began to help in the shop during the day, while in the evening his grandmother told him stories, or sang, or recited poetry to him. All these things were educating him, though without his knowing it, for they were awakening his taste and stimulating his imagination, which found expression in the clay models that he loved to make in his leisure hours.

It so happened that Signor Faliero, the head of a noble Venetian family, and a man of rare understanding in art, had a palace near Pisano's house, and at certain seasons the nobleman entertained many distinguished guests there. When the palace was very full of visitors, old Pisano was sometimes hired to help the servants with their tasks, and the boy Canova, when he was twelve years old, sometimes did scullion's work there also for a day when some great feast was given.

On one of these occasions, when the Signor Faliero was to entertain a very large company at dinner, young Canova was at work over the pots and pans in the kitchen. The head servant made his appearance, just before the dinner hour, in great distress.

The man who had been engaged to furnish the great central ornament for the table had, at the last moment, sent word that he had spoiled the piece. It was now too late to secure another, and there was nothing to take its place. The great vacant space in the centre of the table spoiled the effect of all that had been done to make the feast artistic in appearance, and it was certain that Signor Faliero would be sorely displeased.

But what was to be done? The poor fellow whose business it was to arrange the table was at his wits' end.

While every one stood dismayed and wondering, the begrimed scullion boy timidly approached the distressed head servant, and said,—

“If you will let me try, I think I can make something that will do.”

"You!" exclaimed the servant; "and who are you?"

"I am Antonio Canova, Pisano's grandson," answered the pale-faced little fellow.

"And what can you do, pray?" asked the man, in astonishment at the conceit of the lad.

"I can make you something that will do for the middle of the table," said the boy, "if you'll let me try."

The servant had little faith in the boy's ability, but not knowing what else to do, he at last consented that Canova should try.

Calling for a large quantity of butter, little Antonio quickly modelled a great crouching lion, which everybody in the kitchen pronounced beautiful, and which the now rejoicing head servant placed carefully upon the table.

The company that day consisted of the most cultivated men of Venice—merchants, princes, noblemen, artists, and lovers of art—and among them were many who, like Faliero himself, were skilled critics of art-work.

When these people were ushered in to dinner their eyes fell upon the butter lion, and they forgot for what purpose they had entered the dining-room. They saw there something of higher worth in their eyes than any dinner could be, namely, a work of genius.

They scanned the butter lion critically, and then broke forth in a torrent of praises, insisting that Faliero should tell them at once what great sculptor he had persuaded to waste his skill upon a work in butter that must quickly melt away. But Signor Faliero was as ignorant as they, and he had, in his turn, to make inquiry of the chief servant.

When the company learned that the lion was the work of a scullion, Faliero summoned the boy, and the banquet became a sort of celebration in his honour.

But it was not enough to praise a lad so gifted. These were men who knew that such genius as his belonged to the world, not to a village, and it was their pleasure to bring it to perfection by educating the boy in art. Signor Faliero himself claimed the right to provide for young Antonio, and at once

declared his purpose to defray the lad's expenses, and to place him under the tuition of the best masters.

The boy whose highest ambition had been to become a village stone-cutter, and whose home had been in his poor old grandfather's cottage, became at once a member of Signor Faliero's family, living in his palace, having everything that money could buy at his command, and daily receiving instruction from the best sculptors of Venice.

But he was not in the least spoiled by this change in his fortunes. He remained simple, earnest, and unaffected. He worked as hard to acquire knowledge and skill in art as he had worked to become a dexterous stone-cutter.

Antonio Canova's career from the day on which he moulded the butter into a lion was steadily upward ; and when he died, in 1822, he was not only one of the most celebrated sculptors of his time, but one of the greatest, indeed, of all time.



## STRIKING OUT FOR HIMSELF.

*A TRUE STORY,*

BY HELEN PEARSON.

SOMEBODY opened the door of a great countinghouse—a small boy with patched pants. He spoke to the cashier.

“Can I see Mr. Allen?”

Mr. Allen, the proprietor, was often too busy to be seen. But the cashier, won by the pleasant face and funny little air of business, pointed the little stranger to the inner office.

“Thank you, sir,” said the boy, and hastened to enter the door.

Mr. Allen sat before his desk reading a letter. He was so interested that he did not see the boy, who stood a moment at his elbow, and then said, almost in his ear—

“Good-morning, Mr. Allen.”

Mr. Allen started, turned his head, and, eyeing his caller from his smooth hair to the well-blackened but worn shoes, asked,—

“Do you wish to see me, youngster?”

“Yes, sir. I’m striking out for myself,” looking as tall as possible. “Mother’s sewed for both of us long enough. I’m going to earn my living now.”

“Ah,” said Mr. Allen, leaning back in his chair, and fixing his keen blue eyes on the brave young face, “can’t your father support you?”

“No, sir. He died when I was a baby. And before that mother had to sew for both. He never struck out, sir, except to drink.”

"You don't propose to strike out in that way?"

"No, sir!" He spoke with manly decision. "Have you anything for me to do? I like the look of things here."

"Thank you. I fear we have nothing for a small person like you. My clerks, you see, are all men."

The boy looked through the open door into the wide, elegant countinghouse. Yes, they were all men, some grey-haired and dignified.

"Don't you have any errands, sir?" he persisted. "I'll do them very quickly."

"Those two porters at the lower end of the room do all such work."

"I should think one was too fat to get along very fast, there are such crowds in the streets."

"Would you have him turned away on that account?"

"Oh no, sir! I wouldn't have nobody put out into the cold to get me in," shivering as if he had often felt the cold.

"I only thought I might slip about where he couldn't. Maybe I ought not to bother you; but I liked your store, and mother heard you say you was once a poor boy yourself!"

"So I was! So I was!" The fine blue eyes kindled. "That's why I talked with you, my little man. I like your spirit. I believe you will be successful. Keep trying; you'll find a place; apply at the large dry-goods stores who employ boys. Let me know how you succeed."

Two weeks later, somebody entered the office again, dressed in a rubber coat so long and large that he looked like a miniature tent; but the bright face was instantly recognized by the cashier. As before, he asked to see Mr. Allen, entered the private office, and again startled the absorbed gentleman with a cheerful—

"Good-morning, Mr. Allen."

"Well, how do you get on?"

"First-rate. I've just engaged at White's, sir, for two dollars and a half a week. I thought I'd drop in and let you know."

How his eyes shone!

"That is good news. Where do you live?"

"At Cambridge."

"Won't the car fare make quite a hole in your salary?"

"No, sir; I spend no money on railroads. I walk."

"You'll succeed!" Again the merchant's eye kindled.

"Well, call often; I'd like to hear from you."

The boy lingered.

"I don't go to work till to-morrow; loafing, sir, this afternoon. Haven't you something I can do? I'd like to give mother a lift to-day."

The gentleman's hand moved toward his pocket, but was withdrawn as the boy suddenly receded, with a hot flush on his wan and hungry cheek.

"I wanted to *earn* money, sir. Have those men done all of your errands? Or maybe you'd like some windows washed? My rubber coat would come in handy."

The idea of the little fellow cleaning the massive plate-glass! But Mr. Allen did not laugh at him.

"We have a regular window-cleaner," he said.

The boy sighed.

"I wouldn't want to spoil his job, especially if he had a family."

The merchant laid aside his pen and went into the counting-house.

"Can't you hunt up something for the little chap to do?" he asked the cashier, as anxiously as if he were pleading for himself. "He ought to be encouraged."

"Those three flights of stairs to the store-room need sweeping."

"Very well, set him at them."

So the cashier got the watering-pot and brushes, and led the way to the upper story, the atom in the tent rustling after, beaming and brisk.

"You may sweep the store-rooms, too. It requires judgment not to throw dust on all those bundles of paper."

"I'll be careful, sir; you can depend upon me."

"Well, take your time," said the cashier, on leaving. "If any one interferes, send them to me."

The boy fell to work with a will. By-and-by the janitor heard the queer scratching noise along the neglected stair.

"What are you doing? Who put you here?" he asked sharply.

"Mr. Allen," was the reply, without a pause in the brushing. "See here, mister, when I get through, can't you give me something to do, too? You see, I'm loafing this afternoon. I've got a steady job to-morrow."

"I don't hire nobody," said the crusty janitor, and went away.

When the sweep had finished, received his pay and gone, Mr. Allen came out of his office.

"Where's the little man?" he asked, and seemed disappointed when told he was gone. "I wanted him to carry these to my son."

The good man held two small parcels that had lain in his desk a long time. He hunted them up for the sake of employing the boy. The cashier says Mr. Allen will keep his eye on that lad. If he continues faithful, self-reliant, and eager to aid his mother, possibly there will yet be a place in the stately countinghouse for the boy who decided to "strike out" for himself.

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There is something of the old Roman spirit, about which Mr. John G. Saxe sang so well, in the man or boy who strikes out for himself and determines to prove the truth of the adage "Where there's a will, there's a way." Mr. Saxe's lines are well worth quoting and being borne in mind. So the writer quotes them, and leaves their meaning in the reader's charge.

It was a noble Roman,  
In Rome's imperial day,  
Who heard a coward croaker,  
Before the Castle, say:  
"They're safe in such a fortress;  
There is no way to shake it!"  
"On—on!" exclaimed the hero,  
"I'll find a way, or make it!"



Is Fame your aspiration ?  
Her path is steep and high ;  
In vain he seeks her temple,  
Content to gaze and sigh !  
The shining throne is waiting,  
But he alone can take it  
Who says, with Roman firmness,  
" I'll find a way, or make it ! "

Is Learning your ambition ?  
There is no royal road ;  
Alike the peer and peasant  
Must climb to her abode :  
Who feels the thirst of knowledge ?  
In Helicon may slake it,  
If he has still the Roman will  
" To find a way, or make it ! "

Are Riches worth the getting ?  
They must be bravely sought ;  
With wishing and with fretting  
The boon cannot be bought :  
To all the prize is open,  
But only he can take it  
Who says, with Roman courage,  
" I'll find a way, or make it ! "

In Love's impassioned warfare  
The tale has ever been,  
That victory crowns the valiant,—  
The brave are they who win :  
Though strong is Beauty's castle,  
A lover still may take it  
Who says, with Roman daring,  
" I'll find a way, or make it ! "

TALES OF THE SOLDIER  
AND SAILOR.



FAMOUS DRUMMER BOYS (p. 251)

# TALES OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

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## THE FLOATING BEACON.

ONE dark and stormy night, we were on a voyage from Bergen to Christiansand in a small sloop.

Our captain suspected that he had approached too near the Norwegian coast, though he could not discern any land, and the wind blew with such violence, that we were in momentary dread of being driven upon a lee-shore. We had endeavoured, for more than an hour, to keep our vessel away ; but our efforts proved unavailing, and we soon found that we could scarcely hold our own. A clouded sky, a hazy atmosphere, and irregular showers of sleety rain, combined to deepen the obscurity of night, and nothing whatever was visible, except the sparkling of the distant waves, when their tops happened to break into a wreath of foam. The sea ran very high, and sometimes broke over the deck so furiously, that the men were obliged to hold by the rigging, lest they should be carried away. Our captain was a person of timid and irresolute character, and the dangers that environed us made him gradually lose confidence in himself. He often gave orders, and countermanded them in the same moment, all the while taking small quantities of ardent spirits at intervals. Fear and intoxication soon stupefied him completely, and the crew ceased to consult him, or to pay any respect to his authority, in so far as regarded the management of the vessel.



About midnight our mainsail was split, and shortly after we found that the sloop had sprung a leak. We had before shipped a good deal of water through the hatches, and the quantity that now entered from below was so great, that we thought she would go down every moment. Our only chance of escape lay in our boat, which was immediately lowered. After we had all got on board of her, except the captain, who stood leaning against the mast, we called to him, requesting that he would follow us without delay.

The sea knocked the boat so violently and constantly against the side of the sloop, that we feared the former would be injured or upset, if we did not immediately row away: but, anxious as we were to preserve our lives, we could not reconcile ourselves to the idea of abandoning the captain, who grew more obstinate the more we attempted to persuade him to accompany us. At length, one of the crew leapt on board the sloop, and having seized hold of him, tried to drag him along by force; but he struggled resolutely, and soon freed himself from the grasp of the seaman, who immediately resumed his place among us, and urged that we should not any longer risk our lives for the sake of a madman. His manner was so violent, that no one seemed willing to attempt to constrain him to come on board the boat; and after vainly representing the absurdity of his conduct, and the danger of his situation, we bid him farewell, and rowed away.

The sea ran so high, and had such a terrific appearance, that I almost wished myself in the sloop again. The crew plied the oars in silence, and we heard nothing but the hissing of the enormous billows as they gently rose up, and slowly subsided again, without breaking. At intervals, our boat was elevated far above the surface of the ocean, and remained, for a few moments, trembling upon the pinnacle of a surge, from which it would quietly descend into a gulf, so deep and awful, that we often thought the dense black mass of waters which formed its sides were on the point of over-arching us, and bursting upon our heads. We glided with regular undulations from one billow to another; but every time we sunk into the

trough of the sea, my heart died within me, for I felt as if we were going lower down than we had ever done before, and clung instinctively to the board on which I sat.

Notwithstanding my terrors, I frequently looked towards the sloop. The fragments of her mainsail, which remained attached to the yard, and fluttered in the wind, enabled us to discern exactly where she lay, and showed, by their motion, that she pitched about in a terrible manner. We occasionally heard the voice of her unfortunate commander calling to us in tones of frantic derision, and by turns vociferating curses, and singing sea-songs with a wild and frightful energy.

After a little time the shivering canvas disappeared, and we heard a tumultuous roaring and bursting of billows, and saw an unusual sparkling of the sea about a quarter of a mile from us. The sloop was now on her beam ends, and the noise, to which we listened, was that of the waves breaking over her. At intervals, a shrill and agonized voice uttered some exclamations, but we could not distinguish what they were, and then a long-drawn shriek came across the ocean, which suddenly grew more furiously agitated near the spot where the sloop lay, and, in a few moments, she sunk down, and a black wave formed itself out of the waters that had engulfed her, and swelled gloomily into a magnitude greater than that of the surrounding billows.

The seamen dropped their oars, as if by one impulse, and looked expressively at each other, without speaking a word. Awful forebodings of a fate similar to that of the captain appeared to chill every heart, and to repress the energy that had hitherto excited us to make unremitting exertions for our common safety. While we were in this state of hopeless inaction, the man at the helm called out that he saw a light ahead. We all strained our eyes to discern it, but, at the moment, the boat was sinking down between two immense waves, one of which closed the prospect, and we remained in breathless anxiety till a rising surge elevated us above the level of the surrounding ocean. A light like a dazzling star then suddenly flashed upon our view, and joyful exclamations

burst from every mouth. "That," cried one of the crew, "must be the floating beacon which our captain was looking out for this afternoon. If we can but gain it, we'll be safe enough yet." This intelligence cheered us all, and the men began to ply the oars with redoubled vigour, while I employed myself in baling out the water that sometimes rushed over the gunnel of the boat when a sea happened to strike her.

An hour's hard rowing brought us so near the lighthouse that we almost ceased to apprehend any further danger; but it was suddenly obscured from our view, and, at the same time, a confused roaring and dashing commenced at a little distance, and rapidly increased in loudness. We soon perceived a tremendous billow rolling towards us. Its top, part of which had already broken, overhung the base, as if unwilling to burst until we were within the reach of its violence. The man who steered the boat brought her head to the sea, but all to no purpose, for the water rushed furiously over us, and we were completely immersed. I felt the boat swept from under me, and was left struggling and groping about in hopeless desperation, for something to catch hold of. When nearly exhausted, I received a severe blow on the side from a small cask of water which the sea had forced against me. I immediately twined my arms round it, and, after recovering myself a little, began to look for the boat, and to call to my companions; but I could not discover any vestige of them, or of their vessel. I continued to shout as loud as possible, for the sound of my own voice in some measure relieved me from the feeling of awful and heart-chilling loneliness which my situation inspired; but not even an echo responded to my cries, and, convinced that my comrades had all perished, I ceased looking for them, and pushed towards the beacon in the best manner I could. A long series of fatiguing exertions brought me close to the side of the vessel which contained it, and I called out loudly, in hopes that those on board might hear me and come to my assistance, but no one appearing, I waited patiently till a wave raised me on a level with the

chains, and then caught hold of them, and succeeded in getting on board.

As I did not see any person on deck, I went forwards to the skylight, and looked down. Two men were seated below at a table, and a lamp, which was suspended above them, being swung backwards and forwards by the rolling of the vessel, threw its light upon their faces alternately. One seemed agitated with passion, and the other surveyed him with a scornful look. They both talked very loudly, and used threatening gestures, but the sea made so much noise that I could not distinguish what was said. After a little time they started up, and seemed to be on the point of closing and wrestling together, when a woman rushed through a small door and prevented them. I beat upon deck with my feet at the same time, and the attention of the whole party was soon transferred to the noise. One of the men immediately came up the cabin stairs, but stopped short on seeing me, as if irresolute whether to advance or hasten below again. I approached him, and told my story in a few words, but instead of making any reply, he went down to the cabin, and began to relate to the others what he had seen. I soon followed him, and easily found my way into the apartment where they all were. They appeared to feel mingled sensations of fear and astonishment at my presence, and it was some time before any of them entered into conversation with me, or afforded those comforts which I stood so much in need of.

After I had refreshed myself with food, and been provided with a change of clothing, I went upon deck, and surveyed the singular asylum in which Providence had enabled me to take refuge from the fury of the storm. It did not exceed thirty feet long, and was very strongly built, and completely decked over, except at the entrance to the cabin. It had a thick mast at midships, with a large lantern, containing several burners and reflectors on the top of it; and this could be lowered and hoisted up again as often as required, by means of ropes and pulleys. The vessel was firmly moored upon an extensive sandbank, the beacon being intended to warn sea-



men to avoid a part of the ocean where many lives and vessels had been lost in consequence of the latter running aground. The accommodations below decks were narrow, and of an inferior description; however, I gladly retired to the berth that was allotted me by my entertainers, and fatigue and the rocking of billows combined to lull me into a quiet and dreamless sleep.

Next morning, one of the men, whose name was Angerstoff, came to my bedside, and called me to breakfast in a surly and imperious manner. The others looked coldly and distrustfully when I joined them, and I saw that they regarded me as an intruder and an unwelcome guest. The meal passed without almost any conversation, and I went upon deck when it was over. The tempest of the preceding night had in a great measure abated, but the sea still raged, and a black mist hovered over it, through which the Norway coast, lying at eleven miles distance, might be dimly seen. Not a bird enlivened the wide expanse of waters, and I turned pondering from the dreary scene, and asked Morvalden, the younger of the two men, when he thought there was a chance of getting ashore. "Not very soon, I'm afraid," returned he. "We are visited once a month by people from yonder land, who are appointed to bring us a supply of provisions and other necessities. They were here only six days ago, so you may count how long it will be before they return. Fishing boats sometimes pass us during fine weather, but we won't have much of that this moon at least."

No intelligence could have been more depressing to me than this. The idea of spending perhaps three weeks in such a place was almost insupportable, and the more so as I could not hasten my deliverance by any exertions of my own, but would be obliged to remain, in a state of inactive suspense, till good fortune, or the regular course of events, afforded me the means of getting ashore. Neither Angerstoff nor Morvalden seemed to sympathise with my distress, or even to care that I should have it in my power to leave the vessel, except in so far as my departure would free them from the expense

of supporting me. They returned indistinct and repulsive answers to all the questions I asked, and appeared anxious to avoid having the least communication with me. During the greater part of the forenoon, they employed themselves in trimming the lamps, and cleaning the reflectors, but never conversed any. I easily perceived that a mutual animosity existed between them, but was unable to discover the cause of it. Morvalden seemed to fear Angerstoff, and, at the same time, to feel a deep resentment towards him, which he did not dare to express. Angerstoff apparently was aware of this, for he behaved to his companion with the undisguised fierceness of determined hate, and openly thwarted him in everything.

Marietta, the female on board, was the wife of Morvalden. She remained chiefly below decks, and attended to the domestic concerns of the vessel. She was rather good-looking, but so sullen and forbidding in her manner that she formed no desirable accession to our party, already so heartless and unsociable in its character.

As night approached, after the long, wearisome, and monotonous day, I went on deck to see the beacon lighted, and continued walking backwards and forwards till a late hour. As the light of the lantern flashed along the sea, I fancied I saw men struggling among the billows, and at other times I imagined I could discern the white sail of an approaching vessel. Human voices seemed to mingle with the noise of the bursting waves, and I often listened intently, almost in the expectation of hearing articulate sounds. My mind grew sombre as the scene itself, and strange and fearful ideas obtruded themselves in rapid succession. It was dreadful to be chained in the middle of the deep—to be the continual sport of the quietless billows—to be shunned as a fatal thing by those who traversed the solitary ocean.

Angerstoff and Morvalden tended the beacon alternately during the night. The latter had the watch while I remained upon deck. His appearance and manner indicated much perturbation of mind, and he paced hurriedly from side to side, sometimes muttering to himself, and sometimes stopping

suddenly to look through the skylight, as if anxious to discover what was going on below. He would then gaze intently upon the heavens, and next moment take out his watch, and contemplate the motions of its hands. I did not offer to disturb these reveries, and thought myself altogether unobserved by him, till he suddenly advanced to the spot where I stood, and said, in a loud whisper,—“There’s a villain below—a desperate villain—this is true—he is capable of anything—and the woman is as bad as him.”

I asked what proof he had of all this.

“Oh, I know it,” returned he. “They both wish I were out of the way. Perhaps they are now planning my destruction. What can I do?”

“Why do you not leave the beacon,” inquired I, “and abandon them?”

“Ah, that is impossible,” answered Morvalden; “if I went on shore I would forfeit my liberty. I live here that I may escape the vengeance of the law, which I once outraged for the sake of her who has now withdrawn her love from me. What ingratitude! Mine is indeed a terrible fate, but I must bear it. And shall I never again wander through the green fields, and climb the rocks that encircle my native place? Are the weary dashings of the sea, and the moanings of the wind, to fill my ears continually, all the while telling me that I am an exile?—a hopeless despairing exile! But it won’t last long,” cried he, catching hold of my arm; “they will murder me!—I am sure of it—I never go to sleep without dreaming that Angerstoff has pushed me overboard.”

“Your lonely situation, and inactive life, dispose you to give way to these chimeras,” said I; “you must endeavour to resist them. Perhaps things aren’t so bad as you suppose.”

“This is not a lonely situation,” replied Morvalden, in a solemn tone. “Perhaps you will have proof of what I say before you leave us. Many vessels used to be lost here, and a few are wrecked still; and the skeletons and corpses of those who have perished lie all over the sandbank. Sometimes, at midnight, I have seen crowds of human figures moving back-

wards and forwards upon the surface of the ocean, almost as far as the eye could reach. I neither knew who they were, nor what they did there. When watching the lantern alone, I often hear a number of voices talking together, as it were, under the waves; and I twice caught the very words they uttered, but I cannot repeat them—they dwell incessantly in my memory, but my tongue refuses to pronounce them or to explain to others what they meant.”

“Do not let your senses be imposed upon by a distempered imagination,” said I; “there is no reality in the things you have told me.”

“Perhaps my mind occasionally wanders a little, for it has a heavy burden upon it,” returned Morvalden. “I have been guilty of a dreadful crime. Many that now lie in the deep below us, might start up, and accuse me of what I am just going to reveal to you. One stormy night, shortly after I began to take charge of this beacon, while watching on deck, I fell into a profound sleep; I know not how long it continued, but I was awakened by horrible shouts and cries—I started up, and instantly perceived that all the lamps in the lantern were extinguished. It was very dark, and the sea raged furiously; but notwithstanding all this, I observed a ship aground on the bank, a little way from me, her sails fluttering in the wind, and the waves breaking over her with violence. Half frantic with horror, I ran down to the cabin for a taper, and lighted the lamps as fast as possible. The lantern, when hoisted to the top of the mast, threw a vivid glare on the surrounding ocean, and showed me the vessel disappearing among the billows. Hundreds of people lay gasping in the water near her. Men, women, and children writhed together in agonising struggles, and uttered soul-harrowing cries; and their countenances, as they gradually stiffened under the hand of death, were all turned towards me with glassy stare, while the lurid expression of their glistening eyes upbraided me with having been the cause of their untimely end. Never shall I forget these looks. They haunt me wherever I am—asleep and awake—night and day. I



have kept this tale of horror secret till now, and do not know if I shall ever have courage to relate it again. The masts of the vessel projected above the surface of the sea for several months after she was lost, as if to keep me in recollection of the night on which so many human creatures perished, in consequence of my neglect and carelessness. Would to God I had no memory! I sometimes think I am getting mad. The past and present are equally dreadful to me; and I dare not anticipate the future."

I felt a sort of superstitious dread steal over me while Morvalden related his story, and we continued walking the deck in silence, till the period of his watch expired. I then went below, and took refuge in my berth, though I was but little inclined for sleep. The gloomy ideas, and dark forebodings, expressed by Morvalden, weighed heavily upon my mind, without my knowing why; and my situation, which had at first seemed only dreary and depressing, began to have something indefinitely terrible in its aspect.

Next day, when Morvalden proceeded as usual to put the beacon in order, he called upon Angerstoff to come and assist him, which the latter peremptorily refused. Morvalden then went down to the cabin, where his companion was, and requested to know why his orders were not obeyed.

"Because I hate trouble," replied Angerstoff.

"I am master here," said Morvalden, "and have been entrusted with the direction of everything. Do not attempt to trifle with me."

"Trifle with you!" exclaimed Angerstoff, looking contemptuously. "No, no; I am no trifler; and I advise you to walk upstairs again, lest I prove this to your cost."

Neither of the two men seemed at all disposed for a reconciliation, and they had no intercourse during the whole day, except angry and revengeful looks. Morvalden did not make his appearance at meals, but spent all his time upon deck. Whenever Angerstoff accidentally passed him, he shrunk back with an expression of dread, and intuitively, as it were, caught hold of a rope, or any other object to which he could cling.

The day proved a wretched and fearful one to me, for I momentarily expected that some terrible affray would occur on board, and that I should be implicated in it. I gazed upon the surrounding sea almost without intermission, ardently hoping that some boat might approach near enough to afford me an opportunity of quitting the horrid and dangerous abode in which I was imprisoned.

It was Angerstoff's watch on deck till midnight; and as I did not wish to have any communication with him, I remained below. At twelve o'clock Morvalden got up and relieved him, and he came down to the cabin, and soon after retired to his berth. Believing, from this arrangement, that they had no hostile intentions, I lay down in bed with composure, and fell asleep. It was not long before a noise overhead awakened me. I started up, and listened intently. The sound appeared to be that of two persons scuffling together, for a succession of irregular footsteps beat the deck, and I could hear violent blows given at intervals. I got out of my berth, and entered the cabin, where I found Marietta standing alone, with a lamp in her hand.

"Do you hear that?" cried I.

"Hear what?" returned she; "I have had a dreadful dream—I am all trembling."

"Is Angerstoff below?" demanded I.

"No—yes, I mean," said Marietta. "Why do you ask that? He went upstairs."

"Your husband and he are fighting. We must part them instantly."

"How can that be?" answered Marietta; "Angerstoff is asleep."

"Asleep! Didn't you say he went upstairs?"

"I don't know," returned she; "I am hardly awake yet—let us listen a moment."

Everything was still for a few seconds; then a voice shrieked out, "Ah! that knife! You are murdering me! Draw it out! No help! Are you done? Now—now—now!"—A heavy body fell suddenly along the deck, and some words were

spoken in a faint tone, but the roaring of the sea prevented me from hearing what they were.

I rushed up the cabin stairs, and tried to push open the folding doors at the head of them, but they resisted my utmost efforts. I knocked violently and repeatedly, to no purpose.

"Some one is killed," cried I. "The person who barred these doors on the outside is guilty."

"I know nothing of it," returned Marietta. "We can't be of any use now. Come down again! How dreadfully quiet it is. My God! A drop of blood has fallen through the skylight. What faces are yon looking down upon us? But this lamp is going out. We must be going through the water at a terrible rate. How it rushes past us! I am getting dizzy. Do you hear bells ringing? and strange voices ——"

The cabin doors were suddenly burst open, and Angerstoff next moment appeared before us, crying out, "Morvalden has fallen overboard. Throw a rope to him! He will be drowned." His hands and dress were marked with blood, and he had a frightful look of horror and confusion.

"You are a murderer!" exclaimed I, almost involuntarily.

"How do you know that?" said he, staggering back; "I'm sure you never saw ——"

"Hush, hush," cried Marietta to him; "are you mad? Speak again! What frightens you? Why don't you run and help Morvalden?"

"Has anything happened to him?" inquired Angerstoff, with a gaze of consternation.

"You told us he had fallen overboard," returned Marietta. "Must my husband perish?"

"Give me some water to wash my hands," said Angerstoff, growing deadly pale, and catching hold of the table for support.

I now hastened upon deck, but Morvalden was not there. I then went to the side of the vessel, and put my hands on the gunwale, while I leaned over, and looked downwards. On taking them off, I found them marked with blood. I grew sick at heart, and began to identify myself with Angerstoff the murderer. The sea, the beacon, and the sky appeared of a

sanguinary hue ; and I thought I heard the dying exclamations of Morvalden sounding a hundred fathoms below me, and echoing through the caverns of the deep. I advanced to the cabin door, intending to descend the stairs, but found that some one had fastened it firmly on the inside. I felt convinced that I was intentionally shut out, and a cold shuddering pervaded my frame. I covered my face with my hands, not daring to look around ; for it seemed as if I was excluded from the company of the living, and doomed to be the associate of the spirits of drowned and murdered men. After a little time I began to walk hastily backwards and forwards ; but the light of the lantern happened to flash on a stream of blood that ran along the deck, and I could not summon up resolution to pass the spot where it was a second time. The sky looked black and threatening—the sea had a fierceness in its sound and motions—and the wind swept over its bosom with melancholy sighs. Everything was sombre and ominous ; and I looked in vain for some object that would, by its soothing aspect, remove the dark impressions which crowded upon my mind.

While standing near the bows of the vessel, I saw a hand and arm rise slowly behind the stern, and wave from side to side. I started back as far as I could go in horrible affright, and looked again, expecting to behold the entire spectral figure of which I supposed they formed a part. But nothing more was visible. I struck my eyes till the light flashed from them, in hopes that my senses had been imposed upon by distempered vision—however it was in vain, for the hand still motioned me to advance, and I rushed forwards with wild desperation, and caught hold of it. I was pulled along a little way notwithstanding the resistance I made, and soon discovered a man stretched along the stern-cable, and clinging to it in a convulsive manner. It was Morvalden. He raised his head feebly, and said something, but I could only distinguish the words “murdered—overboard—reached the rope—terrible death.” I stretched out my arms to support him, but at that moment the vessel plunged violently, and he was shaken off



the cable, and dropped among the waves. He floated for an instant, and then disappeared under the keel.

I seized the first rope I could find, and threw one end of it over the stern, and likewise flung some planks into the sea, thinking that the unfortunate Morvalden might still retain strength enough to catch hold of them if they came within his reach. I continued on the watch for a considerable time, but at last abandoned all hopes of saving him, and made another attempt to get down to the cabin—the doors were now unfastened, and I opened them without any difficulty. The first thing I saw, on going below, was Angerstoff stretched along the floor, and fast asleep. His torpid look, flushed countenance, and uneasy respiration, convinced me that he had taken a large quantity of ardent spirits. Marietta was in her own apartment. Even the presence of a murderer appeared less terrible than the frightful solitariness of the deck, and I lay down upon a bench, determining to spend the remainder of the night there. The lamp that hung from the roof soon went out, and left me in total darkness. Imagination began to conjure up a thousand appalling forms, and the voice of Angerstoff, speaking in his sleep, filled my ears at intervals—“Hoist up the beacon!—the lamps won’t burn—horrible!—they contain blood instead of oil.—Is that a boat coming?—Yes, yes, I hear the oars—why is that corpse so long of sinking?—If it doesn’t go down soon, they’ll find me out—How terribly the wind blows!—We are driving ashore—See! see Morvalden is swimming after us—How he writhes in the water!”

Marietta now rushed from her room, with a light in her hand, and seizing Angerstoff by the arm, tried to awake him. He soon rose up with chattering teeth and shivering limbs, and was on the point of speaking, but she prevented him, and he staggered away to his berth, and lay down in it.

Next morning, when I went upon deck, after a short and perturbed sleep, I found Marietta dashing water over it, that she might efface all vestige of the transactions of the preceding night. Angerstoff did not make his appearance till noon, and his looks were ghastly and agonised. He seemed stupefied

with horror, and sometimes entirely lost all perception of the things around him for a considerable time. He suddenly came close up to me, and demanded, with a bold air, but quivering voice, what I had meant by calling him a murderer?

"Why, that you are one," replied I, after a pause.

"Beware what you say," returned he fiercely, "you cannot escape my power now; I tell you, sir, Morvalden fell overboard."

"Whence, then, came that blood that covered the deck?" inquired I.

He grew pale, and then cried, "You lie—you lie—there was none!"

"I saw it," said I; "I saw Morvalden himself—long after midnight. He was clinging to the stern-cable, and said ——"

"Ha, ha, ha—curses!" exclaimed Angerstoff, "did you hear me dreaming? I was mad last night. Come, come, come!—We shall tend the beacon together. Let us make friends, and don't be afraid, for you'll find me a good fellow in the end." He now forcibly shook hands with me, and then hurried down to the cabin.

In the afternoon, while sitting on deck, I discerned a boat far off, but I determined to conceal this from Angerstoff and Marietta, lest they should use some means to prevent its approach. I walked carelessly about, casting a glance upon the sea occasionally, and meditating how I could best take advantage of the means of deliverance which I had in prospect. After the lapse of an hour, the boat was not more than half a mile distant from us, but she suddenly changed her course, and bore away towards the shore. I immediately shouted, and waved a handkerchief over my head, as signals for her to return. Angerstoff rushed from the cabin, and seized my arm, threatening at the same time to push me overboard if I attempted to hail her again. I disengaged myself from his grasp, and dashed him violently from me. The noise brought Marietta upon deck, who immediately perceived the cause of the affray, and cried, "Does the wretch mean to make his escape? For heaven's sake, prevent the possibility of that!"

"Yes, yes," returned Angerstoff; "he never shall leave the vessel. He had as well take care lest I do to him what I did to ——"

"To Morvalden, I suppose you mean," said I.

"Well, well, speak it out," replied he ferociously; "there is no one to listen to your falsehoods, and I'll not be fool enough to give you an opportunity of uttering them elsewhere. I'll strangle you the next time you tell these lies about ——"

"Come," interrupted Marietta, "don't be uneasy—the boat will soon be far enough away—if he wants to give you the slip, he must leap overboard."

I was irritated and disappointed beyond measure at the failure of the plan of escape I had formed, but thought it most prudent to conceal my feelings. I now perceived the rashness and bad consequences of my bold assertions respecting the murder of Morvalden; for Angerstoff evidently thought that his personal safety, and even his life, would be endangered, if I ever found an opportunity of accusing and giving evidence against him. All my motions were now watched with double vigilance. He often muttered threats as he walked past me, and, more than once, seemed waiting for an opportunity to push me overboard.

Shortly after midnight I lay down in my berth, almost exhausted by the harrowing emotions that had careered through my mind during the past day. I felt a strong desire to sleep, yet dared not indulge myself; soul and body seemed at war. Every noise excited my imagination, and scarcely a minute passed, in the course of which I did not start up and look around. Angerstoff paced the deck overhead, and when the sound of his footsteps accidentally ceased at any time, I grew deadly sick at heart, expecting that he was silently coming to murder me. At length I thought I heard some one near my bed—I sprung from it, and, having seized a bar of iron that lay on the floor, rushed into the cabin. I found Angerstoff there, who started back when he saw me, and said, "What is the matter? Did you think that—I want you to watch the beacon, that I may have some rest. Follow me upon deck,

and I will give you directions about it." I hesitated a moment, and then went up the gangway stairs behind him. We walked forward to the mast together, and he showed how I was to lower the lantern when any of the lamps happened to go out, and bidding me beware of sleep, returned to the cabin. Most of my fears forsook me the moment he disappeared. I felt nearly as happy as if I had been set at liberty, and, for a time, forgot that my situation had anything painful or alarming connected with it. Angerstoff resumed his station in about three hours, and I again took refuge in my berth, where I enjoyed a short but undisturbed slumber.

Next day while I was walking the deck, and anxiously surveying the expanse of ocean around, Angerstoff requested me to come down to the cabin. I obeyed his summons, and found him there. He gave me a book, saying it was very entertaining, and would serve to amuse me during my idle hours; and then went above, shutting the doors carefully behind him. I was struck with his behaviour, but felt no alarm, for Marietta sat at work near me, apparently unconscious of what had passed. I began to peruse the volume I held in my hand, and found it so interesting that I paid little attention to anything else, till the dashing of oars struck my ear. I sprung from my chair, with the intention of hastening upon deck, but Marietta stopped me, saying, "It is of no use. The gangway doors are fastened." Notwithstanding this information, I made an attempt to open them, but could not succeed. I was now convinced, by the percussion against the vessel, that a boat lay alongside, and I heard a strange voice addressing Angerstoff. Fired with the idea of deliverance, I leaped upon a table which stood in the middle of the cabin, and tried to push off the skylight, but was suddenly stunned by a violent blow on the back of my head. I staggered back and looked round. Marietta stood close behind me, brandishing an axe, as if in the act of repeating the stroke. Her face was flushed with rage, and, having seized my arm, she cried, "Come down instantly, accursed villain! I know you want to betray us, but may we all go to the bottom if you find a chance



of doing so." I struggled to free myself from her grasp, but, being in a state of dizziness and confusion, I was unable to effect this, and she soon pulled me to the ground. At that moment, Angerstoff hurriedly entered the cabin, exclaiming, "What noise is this? Oh, just as I expected! Has that spy—been trying to get above boards? Why haven't I the heart to despatch him at once? But there's no time now. The people are waiting—Marietta, come and lend a hand." They now forced me down upon the floor, and bound me to an iron ring that was fixed in it. This being done, Angerstoff directed his female accomplice to prevent me from speaking, and went upon deck again.

While in this state of bondage, I heard distinctly all that passed without. Some one asked Angerstoff how Morvalden did. "Well, quite well," replied the former; "but he's below, and so sick that he can't see any person."

"Strange enough," said the first speaker, laughing. "Is he ill and in good health at the same time? He had as well be overboard as in that condition."

"Overboard!" repeated Angerstoff, "what!—how do you mean?—all false! but listen to me. Is there any news stirring ashore?"

"Why," said the stranger, "the chief talk there just now is about a curious thing that happened this morning. A dead man has been found upon the beach, and they suspect, from the wounds on his body, that he hasn't got fair play. They are making a great noise about it, and Government means to send out a boat, with an officer on board, who is to visit all the shipping round this, that he may ascertain if any of them has lost a man lately. 'Tis a dark business; but they'll get to the bottom of it, I warrant ye. Why, you look as pale as if you knew more about this matter than you choose to tell."

"No, no, no," returned Angerstoff; "I never heard of a murder, but I think of a friend of mine who—but I won't detain you, for the sea is getting up. We'll have a blowy night, I'm afraid."

"So you don't want any fish to-day?" cried the stranger.

"Then I'll be off—good-morning, good-morning. I suppose you'll have the Government boat alongside by-and-by."

I now heard the sound of oars, and supposed, from the conversation having ceased, that the fishermen had departed. Angerstoff came down to the cabin soon after, and released me without speaking a word.

Marietta then approached him, and taking hold of his arm, said, "Do you believe what that man has told you?"

"Yes," cried he vehemently; "I suspect I will find the truth of it soon enough."

"What is to become of us?" said Marietta. "How dreadful! We are chained here, and cannot escape."

"Escape what?" interrupted Angerstoff; "girl, you have lost your senses. Why should we fear the officers of justice? Keep a guard over your tongue."

"Oh," returned Marietta, "I talk without thinking, or understanding my own words; but come upon deck, and let me speak with you there."

They now went up the gangway stairs together, and continued in deep conversation for some time.

Angerstoff gradually became more agitated as the day advanced. He watched upon deck almost without intermission, and seemed irresolute what to do, sometimes sitting down composedly, and at other times hurrying backwards and forwards, with clenched hands and bloodless cheeks. The wind blew pretty fresh from the shore, and there was a heavy swell; and I supposed, from the anxious looks with which he contemplated the sky, that he hoped the threatening aspect of the weather would prevent the Government boat from putting out to sea. He kept his glass constantly in his hand, and surveyed the ocean through it in all directions.

At length he suddenly dashed the instrument away, and exclaimed, "Heaven help us! they are coming now!" Marietta, on hearing this, ran wildly towards him, and put her hands in his, but he pushed her to one side, and began to pace the deck, apparently in deep thought. After a little time he started, and cried, "I have it now!—It's the only plan—I'll

manage the business—yes, yes—I'll cut the cables, and off we'll go—that's settled!" He then seized an axe, and first divided the hawser at the bows, and afterwards the one attached to the stern.

The vessel immediately began to drift away, and having no sails or helm to steady her, rolled with such violence, that I was dashed from side to side several times. She often swung over so much, that I thought she would not regain the upright position, and Angerstoff all the while unconsciously strengthened this belief, by exclaiming, "She will capsize, shift the ballast, or we must go to the bottom!" In the midst of this I kept my station upon deck, intently watching the boat, which was still several miles distant. I waited in fearful expectation, thinking that every new wave against which we were impelled would burst upon our vessel, and overwhelm us, while our pursuers were too far off to afford any assistance. The idea of perishing when on the point of being saved was inexpressibly agonising.

As the day advanced, the hopes I had entertained of the boat making up with us gradually diminished. The wind blew violently, and we drifted along at a rapid rate, and the weather grew so hazy that our pursuers soon became quite undistinguishable. Marietta and Angerstoff appeared to be stupefied with terror. They stood motionless, holding firmly by the bulwarks of the vessel; and though the waves frequently broke over the deck, and rushed down the gangway, they did not offer to shut the companion door, which would have remained open, had not I closed it. The tempest, gloom, and danger that thickened around us, neither elicited from them any expressions of mutual regard, nor seemed to produce the slightest sympathetic emotion in their bosoms. They gazed sternly at each other and at me, and every time the vessel rolled, clung with convulsive eagerness to whatever lay within their reach.

About sunset our attention was attracted by a dreadful roaring, which evidently did not proceed from the waves around us; but the atmosphere being very hazy, we were

unable to ascertain the cause of it for a long time. At length we distinguished a range of high cliffs, against which the sea beat with terrible fury. Whenever the surge broke upon them large jets of foam started up to a great height, and flashed angrily over their black and rugged surfaces, while the wind moaned and whistled with fearful caprice among the projecting points of rock. A dense mist covered the upper part of the cliffs, and prevented us from seeing if there were any houses upon their summits, though this point appeared of little importance, for we drifted towards the shore so fast that immediate death seemed inevitable.

We soon felt our vessel bound twice against the sand, and, in a little time after, a heavy sea carried her up the beach, where she remained embedded and hard aground. During the ebb of the waves there was not more than two feet of water round her bows. I immediately perceived this, and watching a favourable opportunity, swung myself down to the beach, by means of part of the cable that projected through the hawse-hole. I began to run towards the cliffs the moment my feet touched the ground, and Angerstoff attempted to follow me, that he might prevent my escape, but, while in the act of descending from the vessel, the sea flowed in with such violence, that he was obliged to spring on board again to save himself from being overwhelmed by its waters.

I hurried on, and began to climb up the rocks, which were very steep and slippery ; but I soon grew breathless from fatigue, and found it necessary to stop. It was now almost dark, and when I looked around, I neither saw anything distinctly, nor could form the least idea how far I had still to ascend before I reached the top of the cliffs. I knew not which way to turn my steps, and remained irresolute, till the barking of a dog faintly struck my ear. I joyfully followed the sound, and, after an hour of perilous exertion, discovered a light at some distance, which I soon found to proceed from the window of a small hut.

After I had knocked repeatedly, the door was opened by an old man, with a lamp in his hand. He started back on seeing



me, for my dress was wet and disordered, my face and hands had been wounded while scrambling among the rocks, and fatigue and terror had given me a wan and agitated look. I entered the house, the inmates of which were a woman and a boy, and having seated myself near the fire, related to my host all that had occurred on board the floating beacon, and then requested him to accompany me down to the beach, that we might search for Angerstoff and Marietta. "No, no," cried he, "that is impossible. Hear how the storm rages! Worlds would not induce me to have any communication with murderers. It would be impious to attempt it on such a night as this. The Almighty is surely punishing them now! Come here, and look out."

I followed him to the door, but the moment he opened it the wind extinguished the lamp. Total darkness prevailed without, and a chaos of rushing, bursting, and moaning sounds swelled upon the ear with irregular loudness. The blast swept round the hut in violent eddyings, and we felt the chilly spray of the sea driving upon our faces at intervals. I shuddered, and the old man closed the door, and then resumed his seat near the fire.

My entertainer made a bed for me upon the floor, but the noise of the tempest, and the anxiety I felt about the fate of Angerstoff and Marietta, kept me awake the greater part of the night. Soon after dawn my host accompanied me down to the beach. We found the wreck of the floating beacon, but were unable to discover any traces of the guilty pair whom I had left on board of it.

## THE BRAVEST FEAT OF ALL.

BY DAVID KER.

“WARM work, eh, Pierre ?” said one French grenadier to another, as his cap was knocked off by a bullet, while a second tore a strip of skin from his shoulder.

“True enough, comrade,” answered the other, wiping the blood from a wound in his cheek ; “but the Little Corporal will get us through it all right.”

The Little Corporal (otherwise called the Emperor Napoleon) was indeed doing his best to get them through it ; but honest Jacques might well say that it was warm work. The great fight which was to be known in history as the battle of Jena was at its hottest, and no one—among the common soldiers, at least—could yet say which side was likely to get the best of it. True, the French were ninety thousand strong against forty thousand Prussians, and had taken their enemies completely by surprise ; but, on the other hand, the Prussians were up on a high hill, where it was not easy to get at them, and the centre of their line was covered by a village, which they had fortified and filled with cannon, making it altogether “a hard nut to crack.”

Fighting their way through a terrible cannonade, the French had reached the village, and burst into it ; but they found all the streets barricaded, and the houses crammed with musketeers, who kept up a terrible fire upon them. Could they have brought their whole force to bear at once, the affair would soon have been over ; but by some mischance the supports

had been delayed, and all that the van-guard could do was to intrench themselves in the houses which they had taken, and wait for the main body to come up.

Foremost in the fight was a dashing captain of light infantry—tall, strong, black-browed, and terrible as any chief in Homer. He had the name of being the strongest man and best swordsman in the whole regiment, and liked nothing better than a chance of showing his strength in a hand-to-hand fight. So when he found himself driven to stand behind the corner of a wall, with nothing to do but watch the enemy's bullets smashing the window-frames, or going "plug" into the timbers of the house front, it was no wonder if "Captain Dreadnaught" (as his men had justly nicknamed him) began to feel rather sulky.

"Pretty work for a soldier," growled he, under his huge black moustache; "to be knocked on the head like a caged rat by a pack of rogues whom one can't even see! Ah, if the rascals would only come out into the open, and let us have a fair chance at them!"

But better luck was at hand. All at once a tremendous shout rose high above all the din of the firing, and forward came the French supports at a run, right up the slope of the hill, and into the village. The moment the blue frocks were seen advancing, Captain Dreadnaught, too eager even to wait until he could get down to the door, leaped right out of the window into the street, waving his sword and shouting like a madman. His men followed him, and the nearest houses were cleared with a rush, and every man in them killed or made prisoner.

Just then was heard a sudden crackling and hissing, while a fierce red glare shot up over the roofs of the surrounding cottages. The shells had set the village on fire, and what with sparks and hot ashes raining down upon them, clouds of stifling smoke rolling around them on every side, and blazing timbers crashing down close to their heads, the French soldiers had anything but a comfortable time of it. However, they still held their ground unflinchingly, although their smarting

eyes could hardly see to take aim, and every breath that they drew seemed to come from the mouth of a furnace.

On a sudden a strange sound began to be heard in the distance, like rain pattering on fallen leaves. Louder and nearer it came, until it swelled into a deep hollow roll that seemed to shake the very earth; and out from the smoke in front broke a mass of fierce men's faces, and horses' heads, and gleaming sabres, and gay uniforms. The Prussian cavalry were charging them. One hasty crackle of musketry, one clash and whirl of sabres, and then the wave was upon them, and passed over them; and nothing was left in its track but the dying and the dead.

Captain Dreadnaught, who had been flung aside into a doorway by the shock of the charge, was just scrambling to his feet again when he saw his colour-sergeant fall under the sabre of a powerful trooper, who seized the regimental colours. With one spring the Captain was out in the middle of the street, and in another moment the Prussian went down in his turn under a blow that might have cleft a rock, while Captain Dreadnaught clutched the rescued standard, just as five of the enemy fell upon him at once.

A sudden bound foiled the charge of the foremost two, while another good sabre-cut rid him of the third. Firing his one remaining pistol through the head of one assailant, he dealt the other a blow in the face with the broken staff, which knocked out half his teeth. But in the meantime the first two had reined up and faced about, and now they both made at him at once.

Another moment and all would have been over with the daring Captain. But just at that instant a fresh shout was heard behind, and one of the Prussian troopers, struck by a bullet, fell heavily to the ground. The other turned his horse and rode off, while the second line of French infantry, against which the Prussian charge had broken itself, came on in its turn, just as the Captain, still clasping the flag sank, exhausted on the ground.

Three hours later all was over. The great battle had been



fought and lost; the splendid Prussian army had melted into a rabble of fugitives. Napoleon, surrounded by his generals, was standing in triumph amid the ruins of the village which had been the centre of the enemy's position.

"Sire," said a big, hard-faced man in the gorgeous uniform of a Marshal of France, leading forward our friend the Captain, who, although very pale, and with a blood-stained bandage around his forehead, looked as fearless and resolute as ever, "this is the brave officer whom I saw defending his regimental colours on foot against five mounted Prussians."

"Captain Dreadnaught, is it not?" said the Emperor, who seemed to know by sight not merely every officer but even every private in his whole army. "It is the best of all names for a French soldier, and no reward is too great for the man who fears nothing. Wear this, *Colonel*!" (and he took from his breast the cross of the Legion of Honour, which he had lately instituted), "as my gift to the bravest man in the regiment; and let it remind you that you have a commander who never lets any gallant deed go unrewarded."

Every one expected to see the new-made Colonel look overwhelmed with joy; but except for the faint flush that crossed it, his dark face never changed a whit.

"Sire," answered he, firmly, "this is the proudest moment of my life: but I cannot accept what does not belong to me."

A murmur of astonishment ran through the group, and even Napoleon's marble face wore a look of surprise.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "You have fairly won this cross, and I give it to you freely."

"Your Majesty has said," replied Dreadnaught, "that you give it to the bravest in the regiment; and there is one who has this day done a far braver deed than mine."

"Indeed?" said the Emperor. "Well, I should like to see the man who could do that. Where is he?"

"Here," answered the officer, stepping suddenly back among his men, and leading out a little drummer-boy barely twelve years old, whose blue eyes widened into a stare of

terrified wonder as he found himself, for the first time in his life, face to face with the great Emperor.

"I saw this boy," said Dreadnaught, "drag two wounded soldiers out of a burning house in the village yonder; and he had hardly got them out when down came the roof, singeing his hair, as you see."

"Good!" growled Marshal Ney, rubbing his hands.

"And as if that was not enough," continued Dreadnaught, "he went into the thickest of the fire to fetch water for our wounded; but as he was coming back with it, a ball hit his leg, making him stumble and spill the water. What does he do but hobble all the way back and fill his pail again, with the blazing timbers falling on every side, and the enemy's shot flying about his ears like hail!"

The listening soldiers broke into a cheer that made the air ring, and Napoleon, with a smile such as few men had ever seen him wear, stepped forward and fixed the cross with his own hands upon the drummer-boy's breast.

"I'll find *you* another cross to-morrow, Colonel," said he; "but you say truly that this fine fellow should go first. It's the first time I've heard of him, but I'll warrant it won't be the last."

He was right; for, not many years later, the little drummer-boy had become a General.

## VISIT TO DAVY JONES' LOCKER.

### *A SAILOR BOY'S STORY.*

BY VERNON H. SPALDING.

I WAS on my way home for the Christmas holidays. My uncle the Colonel was with me, and we were snowed up on the railway, and were beguiling time by telling stories. The Colonel had told his, and I had narrated the best I could remember of my school life, and now it was the turn of a young sailor who had just returned from sea.

"I can't say that story-telling is much in my line, sir," said the young sailor, as, at the word of command from the Colonel, he cleared his throat to begin; "but I have no doubt if I tell you how I spent a Christmas Eve at sea a few years since, you will at once admit that we might be very much worse off than we are to-night.

"How it was I came to be a sailor I really hardly know. My ambition led me to aspire to a commission in the army, but fate carved out for me another channel, and for some time I anchored alongside a desk in the Civil Service. Love of change, however, soon made me discontented, and weighing anchor, I drifted into the merchant service.

"I will not trouble you with my early experiences upon the sea—they were of the usual kind, and included home-sickness as well as sea-sickness, if not love-sickness as well. I had got pretty well used to my new life, however, when, as nearly as I can remember, we left Melbourne about November 14th, 1882, with a full cargo of wool for the London market. We had the

usual experience of fine weather and foul, the usual number of calms and storms that a ship encounters at this time of the year when making a passage round Cape Horn, and Christmas Eve found us exactly abreast of the Cape, which was just what we expected when leaving Melbourne, provided we had what sailors define as 'any luck at all.'

"Of course we had made great preparations in our small way for our Christmas dinner, which is always a most acceptable addition to a sailor's *menu* at the festive season. Sheep had been killed and skinned, fowls plucked and trussed, and the 'plum duff'—a most mysterious composition, which would defy the efforts of the most accomplished *chef* to describe—was put into the appointed number of canvas bags, according to the number of men who were to consume them—that is, of course, the puddings, I mean, not the bags.

"All day there had been a fresh gale from the westward, and the sky was as clear as a bell, except when an occasional hail squall came down upon us. We cared little for that, however, for our ship was in beautiful trim, and we flew the faster before it. Towards evening, or rather, I should say night, the weather began to look 'greasy,' that is, a hazy sort of look appeared on the horizon to windward of us, and the waves looked dark and threatening. Every time one fell short of us it dropped with a sullen roar, as if it was disappointed at not having deposited a few tons of its contents on deck.

"It was our first watch below. At midnight, on coming on deck, it was blowing very hard indeed, and the ship was flying along under reefed topsails, a very heavy sea running. It was my look-out from midnight until 2 a.m. In fulfilment of this duty I had to walk about on a bridge in the fore part of the ship, and keep a look-out for the lights of other vessels, and, in fact, for anything that it might be dangerous for the ship to approach too near to, and to report it to the officer of the watch. At 2 a.m. I was relieved by another sailor, who had to keep the look-out until 4 a.m.

"As soon as I came off the bridge I took off my oilskins and went into the galley, lit the fire, and made some coffee for the



second officer, my shipmates, and myself. After having had a good mugful myself, I took one up to the second officer, who was at the time standing near the binnacle, to see that the man at the wheel paid particular attention to his steering, as, with such a high sea, it was necessary to be very careful, and not to allow the ship to 'broach to,' that is, instead of keeping the waves exactly behind the ship, so that she might run before them, to allow the waves to strike her on the side, which is extremely dangerous, as, should they strike her with full force, they would do a lot of damage.

"As soon as I had given the second officer his coffee, I went along the poop with the intention of going back to the galley. Something, I know not what, made me turn my head, and I then saw a sight that I shall never forget as long as I live. Two great waves, fully fifteen feet high, were rushing on towards the ship with a roar like thunder. Our poor ship, as she sank in the hollow, looked as if she would have been smashed to splinters.

"The man at the wheel had probably heard the roar, and it is my opinion that he took to his heels, for just then the ship 'jawked' slightly, and the whole force of the water struck her just as I was making my way down the ladder as fast as I could. The ship seemed to stand still and tremble (so did I); then the water rushed along the poop, knocking me off my legs, and twisting me about like a top. Fortunately I had presence of mind enough to put my arms round a staunchion or post that supported the bridge, and I could then see buckets and capstan bars, etc., all rushing past me; none of them, however, striking me. I thought I should have been suffocated, but at last I managed to get my feet upon deck and my head above water. I was gasping and panting for breath when another sea overwhelmed the ship, and struck me in the chest. Of course I had no breath to spare, and very little strength, so it knocked me head over heels, and as the water rushed over the rail it carried me with it. I made a clutch at the rail as it disappeared, but my fingers slid off without taking any hold, and I was alone in the boiling sea.

"The conviction flashed across me that I was overboard. I cannot tell you how I felt. I was not frightened ; for I think I was too much occupied trying to realize the fact. The next moment I was thrown violently up against something hard, and I clutched it, and held on with all my might, and as the ship rose out of the water, I found myself hanging on to the iron rails on the poop with both hands, and I did not lose much time in getting on board again, I can assure you. I was afraid that the next time she sank down into the trough of the sea I might drop off.

"I was thoroughly exhausted and miserable. As soon as I got on my legs, I heard some one shouting, 'Go to the wheel ! go to the wheel !' and a voice from aloft shouting, 'The wheel is gone, sir.' On looking about I saw the second officer lying on his face on the main deck. His knee-cap was broken. The man who had been at the wheel was halfway up the mizzen rigging. How he got there, or when he got there, neither he himself nor any one else ever knew ; but I have a shrewd suspicion.

"I rushed aft as quickly as I could, and such a sight met my eyes as I shall long remember. The wheel was gone—smashed into splinters ; there was nothing left but the spindle. The wheel-house was also gone. The boy who was at the lee side of the wheel with the man was lying amongst a heap of broken glass and wood, with his face cut completely open and his jaw broken. The chart-room and smoking room, which were built over the companion ladder leading down into the saloon, were smashed completely down on top of the stairs, so that there was no getting up or down, and the captain was shouting at the top of his voice from below to be let out, while the other officers and stewards were trying to force their way up.

"At that moment I was the only person on the ship's deck, and I did not expect to be there long myself. I lifted up one or two planks from over the companion and got the captain's head out, and he then told me to go and call all hands, he managing to force his own way out, and scrambling on to the deck.

“After a great deal of trouble, we got the crew to come aft and assist in getting the damage repaired, as well as we were able under the circumstances. The first thing it was necessary to do was to reduce sail, and consequently the captain ordered the mizzen topsail to be taken in. After the sail was clewed up, the men were ordered to go aloft and make it fast ; but as the masts threatened every minute to go over the side, they objected, not thinking it worth while to risk their precious lives. Whilst they were hesitating—pardon me if I say it with a little pride—nine of us apprentices went up aloft and did the job.

“We spent the whole of that day trying to get things together, for everything was upside down. Everything in the cabin was wet : all the books and linen had to be dried. The compasses were broken and out of order ; and, in fact, the cabin was a perfect wreck. Fortunately the storm abated towards afternoon, and the sun came out, which of course cheered us up. We worked with a will, too, I can tell you, and by Boxing Day we had things once more shipshape and snug. I have seen death several times since then, and I have been quite near enough to it to be pleasant more times than one, but I have never experienced a moment in my life like that moment when overboard alone, and I am quite sure that we are none of us likely to forget that Christmas spent at sea.”

## CHILLIANWALLAH.

BY LIEUT.-COL. ANDREW J. MACPHERSON.

**I**T was on the banks of the river "Hydaspes," now called the "Jhelum," that Alexander the Great, upwards of two thousand years ago, fought a very glorious battle. His adversary was "Porus," an Indian prince of gigantic stature, nearly seven feet in height, who when taken prisoner, on being asked by Alexander how he expected to be treated, made the celebrated reply, "Like a king." History was about to repeat itself, and another celebrated battle to be fought on almost the selfsame ground. The modern battle is called "Chillianwallah," which I will now endeavour to describe, as far as it concerns my own regiment, and comes under my own knowledge. On the 13th January, the day of the battle, we were marching all the morning; during a short halt "a tot of rum" was served out, after which Colin Campbell, the gallant old warrior who now commanded the division, gave the regiment a most stirring address, alluding in very flattering words to the deeds of our predecessors in the Peninsula at "Burgos," feeling sure we would emulate them. I am not about to tell of the battle of Chillianwallah as a whole—it is too big an affair—and, moreover, I do not wish to usurp the duties of a historian. My endeavour, therefore, will be to give, as simply as I can, some faint idea of the part my own old regiment took in the desperate struggle, and I may as well in the outset confess that victory could not fairly be claimed by either side. A very sanguinary battle was fought; of "Ours" alone, twenty-three officers and upwards of five hundred rank-and-file were killed and wounded,—a most



exceptional number of casualties in a single corps, showing plainly upon whom the brunt of the action had fallen. It fell upon the 24th Regiment—God bless it! The dear old number is now, alas! merged in the territorial title, though, so long as history lasts, and tales are told of daring deeds done in the wars of Marlborough, in the Peninsula, in Egypt, India, and Africa, and at Rorke's Drift, it will live the glorious, undying 24th.

On reaching Chillianwallah, then an obscure village, the skirmishers of the 24th Regiment discovered, and quickly drove in, an outlying piquet of the Sikhs, posted on a mound to give notice to their main body of the expected enemy, and to check his advance. Some loot was taken. A looking-glass falling to one doughty warrior's share, he was remarked contemplating his dirty powder-begrimed visage with evident satisfaction. What big children soldiers are! This little conflict over, our army halted near the mound, on more or less open ground, with a dense prickly jungle in front, in many places almost impenetrable, in some spots interrupted by occasional pools of water. Hidden in this jungle was the Sikh Army, as we speedily discovered to our cost. On the British side arms were piled, artillery parked, horses off-saddled, and all preparations made for encamping, as we thought the inevitable battle would be fought on the morrow—Sunday. Urged by the restless inquisitiveness of youth, I, with two brother subalterns, Lutman and Williams, climbed up a tree to get a clear view over the low jungle. I remember as if it were only yesterday, and I see gallant old Colonel Pennycuick standing at the foot of the tree ordering his son Alick, who was on the sick list, back to his doolie litter, and telling the eager boy he might return to duty when the regiment was engaged. After peering closely around, rubbing our eyes to see more clearly, "Hallo!" cried Lutman, "what's that yonder?" Sure enough there was something flitting to and fro, appearing and disappearing on the outskirts of the screen of jungle, which turned out to be the white turbans of the Sikhs, whom we could now distinctly see. They were bringing up their guns to enfilade

the beaten tracks they knew we must traverse should we attack. "By Jove! the place is alive," replied Williams. Down we jumped, and ran to report what we had seen. Just then round shot came pouring into our camp ground, and ere we could catch our breath the bugles rang out "the alarm," followed by the "assembly;" then came the hurried words of command, "Stand to your arms!" "Unpile!" "Fall in!"

During the short halt, just before we reached the mound, two men of my company, whose names I do not remember (wearing medals for former campaigns), said, "Please, sir, we are comrades without kith or kin; if one of us is killed, let the survivor have his effects." "You have got off before," I replied; "perhaps I may be the one to be knocked over now." "Hope you won't, sir," said both at the same time. As it turned out I was, and what became of them I never learnt. The afternoon was well wearing on when the advance was ordered. It was subsequently discovered that the intention of the Sikh general was to attack when the European soldiers were engaged in pitching tents with arms and accoutrements laid aside; but the Sikh commander of artillery could not resist the tempting opportunity of a shot at our skirmishers, still out, which precipitated the engagement. For this act of disobedience report said he was promptly executed. One of the first round shot from the enemy came rather too close to our Commander-in-chief, whose hot Irish blood was up in a moment, impelling him to adopt his favourite "Tipperary tactics," "Give them the cold steel, boys!" The selfsame spirit that animated their adventurous chief burnt in the breast of each private soldier, whose paramount thought was, "Oh, if we were only at them with the bayonet." The poor fellows little knew of the fiery furnace they had to pass through ere they could meet hand to hand with the enemy. Sharp bayonets and stout hearts there were in plenty, but that dreadful bit of jungle intervened, and on the other side of it were batteries yawning to belch forth death, regiments of infantry in square behind the guns, and cavalry straining like greyhounds in the leash ready to be slipped. There was an advance of the entire British force

against the Sikh positions at or about the same time ; but I have only to do with my own corps, in the centre of its brigade.\*

The guns of our brigade having been sent to the "park" in the rear, or to support some other brigade, we were without artillery, consequently the Sikhs in our front did not suffer the drawback of being well pounded and unnerved prior to this advance so disastrous to us. On, on, we went ; now were called in the skirmishers (the Grenadier company, under Captain Travers), the fire which had opened growing every minute heavier ; on by cattle tracks, and through water, all cohesion, touch, and formation being rapidly lost. The men, beginning to cheer, were now in crowds, then scattered, grape and cannister ever tearing through the ranks, leaving long lines of dead and wounded. How strange it is that one never notices the bodies of those who fall, the maddening intoxication is so terrible, the eagerness to press forward so keen ; there is no looking back. Visions of the past surge while the heart is leaping into one's mouth, a lifetime is crowding upon memory, and hurried, half-forgotten prayers are mentally breathed. Some obstacle—trees or water—blocks the way. Like lightning the thought flashes and vanishes, which is the safer side to pass by. But nothing stops the wild impetus ; on, on, we go, the tempest of grape and musketry rushes, lower and lower with more telling effect ; the men are falling fast. My company was near the centre, where the colours were as a target to aim at. One discharge of grape seems to have swept away my right section, for a moment I am alone—still unhurt. On, on, we go, the cheers growing heavier and convulsive, the breathing quicker and oppressive, pulses are throbbing faster, teeth clenched tighter, muskets grasped firmer, every nerve and muscle is sharply tingling with the fierce, devouring, animal passion to slay—to shed blood. The goal is almost won, the bayonet well-nigh reddened—at length the ground becomes clearer, the flashes springing from the guns more vivid—almost blinding. We can now dimly see through the smoke the Sikhs

\* 25th and 46th Regiments, N. I., right and left.



labouring at their guns ; a sandy patch is before us, bayonets come down to the charge, and with wild, choking hurrahs, scarcely a shot having been fired, though our men were loaded, the battery is won.

But at what cost ! The gunners now leaping at us in defence of the guns, which they worshipped as idols, fought bravely, firmly, and desperately. The bayonet was at last at work ; friend and foe entangled in one surging mass were thrusting and slashing at one another, the Sikh infantry in rear from rising ground blazing on each alike. The slaughter was terrible for a time. Some of the guns were spiked, a jagged nail having been served out to certain men to jam into the touch-hole with a hammer in order to render the piece for a time unserviceable. Our colonel, Brookes, a veteran of the Peninsula, was killed amongst the guns. At the battery the Sikhs fought like fiends, struggling on the bayonets, and while impaled slashing at our men with their keen tulwars as long as life lasted—dying with a scowl of hatred. The battery had been gallantly carried in the face of overwhelming odds, but without any support the wings severed by the almost total annihilation of the centre companies, the 24th Regiment could not hold the trophies it had paid so dearly for, and was compelled to retire. Hold the battery. How hold it—with no help coming, no reinforcement to strengthen that shattered and awfully thinned fighting line, out of which had dropped in death so many of the best and bravest.\* One of the subalterns, Lutman, who had been in the memorable tree with me (all good fellows have a sobriquet, his was “Put”), aided by a sergeant, dashingly spiked a hot gun with his own hands ; he escaped unhurt. The other, Williams, fell just before reaching the guns. He had received three-and-twenty wounds from tulwar and lance ; first hit by a bullet on the fastening of his sword-belt, this knocked him over and “took away his wind” ; he fell in a

\* “It is impossible for any troops to have surpassed H.M. 24th Foot in the gallantry displayed at the assault. They showed a devotion to duty which has been rarely equalled, and never surpassed.”—From Sir Colin Campbell’s book, published in 1851.



bush, and as the Sikh horsemen swooped by got cut at and prodded, and did not know he had lost his left hand till he tried to wipe the blood from his eyes—filling from the sword cuts. Being exceedingly robust and vigorous he recovered, and still lives. About the same time I was very severely wounded, and eventually taken to the field hospital. One is apt to imagine that the pain of wounds is intense when you are struck; it is merely numbing; the suffering comes after, but terrible thirst at the time.

I have now disposed of those who were in the tree, and will tell the sad fate of those at its foot. It was during the advance against the enemy's guns that our colonel (Pennycuick), a grey-haired veteran in command of the brigade, who had seen much active service in Java, Burmah, and Afghanistan, fell shot through the heart. His son, our junior ensign, a mere school-boy of seventeen, only just joined, somehow saw what had happened to his father. He immediately ran to his assistance, and while bending over him received a matchlock ball also through the heart, dropping instantly dead across his father's body. "In their death they were not divided," the old scarred warrior and the stripling at his "baptism of fire." Thackwell, in his "Narrative of the Second Sikh War," relates the following incident: "In front of the village of Chillianwallah lay a wounded Sikh who had been abandoned by his comrades. He was attired in the usual Khalsa infantry uniform—a red coat of an old European pattern, with white stripes of braid across the breast, and facings of a different colour; a white turban and loose blue trousers completed his costume. His handsome features were adorned with the usual thick black beard, whiskers, and moustache. A cannon ball had shattered his thigh-bone, and to alleviate his pain he was seeking relief by taking bhang (Indian hemp), a quantity of which seemed to be in his pockets." Another officer has described him making a desperate effort to collect his dormant energies, and convulsively grasping at a tulwar lying within reach, but his strength failed. Night frowning, spread her gloomy mantle over the battlefield, and the sky wept tears in drenching torrents, as if in haste

to wash away the hateful stain of blood. Many a wounded soldier's throat was cut, and ere morning dawned on that dark field of anguish, abandoned to murder and rapine, many a corpse was ruthlessly plundered by our own camp-followers. No one can tell the awful amount of suffering and degradation endured by those poor defenceless men ; and perhaps it is as well that no one should know. Night drew a veil over the scene : let us imitate night, and blot out a picture so repulsive to nature, so abhorrent to God.

Amongst the humbler friends I lost on that terrible day of slaughter was a sergeant of our grenadier company, tall as a maypole, a splendid specimen of the big, burly Englishman, a blow from whose fist would fell an ox. He had an invalid wife, whom he watchfully nursed, and handled as if she were a baby ; when she sometimes drooped he was wont to say, "I know how to give her a lift. I just pull out my fiddle and play the poor dear 'Soldier Dick'—she gets as fresh as a daisy." Tender-hearted Tom, gentle as he was brave—qualities ever found together—manliness with courtesy to women—true chivalry—though the blood may not be blue, and the epaulet be worsted. I feel sure that Tom did his duty dauntlessly in the thick of the fight, and that his last thoughts, had he time to think, were of the little woman he had left behind at Agra, who, when she found herself alone in the world, drooped and died, for he was not near "to give her a lift." The Sikh cavalry had their turn at the deadly work, and I regret to say they cut up many of the wounded in the heat of action. I must now tell of an unpretending hero, lest he should be forgotten in my narrative.

Most corps have a regimental pet ; ours was a deer, a splendid black buck, called Billy, a great favourite—never on short commons. He had marched with us from Agra, and had served throughout the campaign, charging in front of his regiment at Chillianwallah, and, strange to say, escaping without a scratch, though taking his chance in the thick of shot and shell. Perhaps the Sikhs took Billy for a sacred animal (had they ever heard of the deified hind of the one-eyed

Roman general, Quintus Sertorius?). Be that as it may, they certainly abstained from killing him in the hand-to-hand conflict which followed. This battle haply gave Billy a taste for fighting, as he afterwards became very troublesome. When the drafts from England to make up our strength arrived at headquarters, and were being inspected by Colonel Brown, Billy charged the strangers and routed the whole batch, including the commanding officer. Growing more savage, he one day ran his horn into a man, and as a punishment was tied up, and blunt brass tips were fitted to his horns, which did not cure him of his combativeness, and this hero of the cervine race had ultimately to be destroyed, much regretted by his human comrades of the rank-and-file. He never had any respect for the officers. I should mention that Billy received a medal for the campaign; he wore it proudly, tied with a ribbon round his neck.

Ensigns Phillips and Collis, who carried the colours, and all the sergeants of the escort, were killed in the advance. The Queen's colour was never found; it was supposed when its bearer was shot that it dropped into a deep pool through which the colour-party had struggled. Some say it was secured and carried towards safety by Private Martin Connolly, subsequently killed. It was, however, ascertained without the shadow of a doubt that it had never fallen into the hands of the enemy, as Shere Singh would doubtless have shown it to Lieutenant Bowie,\* his prisoner; and the reasonable supposition is that it was looted by our own camp-followers (who were very active that night) for the sake of the silk and gold embroidery. A large reward was, at the time, offered by the officers, in vain, for its restoration; very probably the thief was afraid to come forward. Private Richard Perry brought in the regimental

\* Lieutenant Bowie, of the Bengal Artillery, who had been taken prisoner at Attock, was with the Sikhs, still a prisoner of war at Chillianwallah. After the battle he was allowed to visit our camp for a day on parole; it is in my recollection that he then said that Shere Singh had showed him, with much pride, the guns captured from us. *He never showed the 24th colour.*

colour, for which distinguished service he was promoted to the rank of sergeant. He also received on discharge after twenty-one years' service a pension of 2s. 6d. a day, an annuity of £20 a year, and the good conduct medal. The clasp, with a small piece of blood-stained colour belt, taken from the body of Ensign Collis prior to burial, came into my possession. I forwarded this sad memento to the mourning mother, who, after the first bitterness of her sorrow had somewhat passed away, prized as her dearest treasure the sacred relic of her boy, who had died at his post while carrying "the 24th regimental colour" in action.

When the regiment was repulsed and retiring towards the village, I remarked Blachford, one of our mounted officers, whose bridle-reins, strange to say, had been cut, and the withers of his horse scooped by a round shot. He was rallying the men, who were in some confusion, and, under circumstances of great disadvantage, was exhibiting such perfect coolness, combined with such soldierly qualities, that I ever afterwards held in the highest esteem him whom I had with youthful levity sometimes taken exception to on account of his deep religious bearing. His life was spared on that day, and he lived to a good old age, an example of what a Christian soldier should be—fearless and trusting.

Our adjutant, Hartshorn, of course mounted, had many narrow escapes, getting off with a slight wound. Amongst soldiers there is a proverb, "Every bullet has its billet." Archer, Her Majesty's 96th Regiment, a subaltern attached to our regiment, saved his life through cool self-possession and stratagem. When furiously ridden at by a Sikh horseman he presented an unloaded pistol. Round wheeled the "sowar," who then dashed at (supposed to be Harris) one of our majors and cut him down, taken all unawares.

On reaching the village of Chillianwallah the regiment was re-formed, and again it advanced; this time, alas! with fearfully diminished numbers, but to see the Sikhs in full retreat to the adjacent hills of Russool, where they took up another strong position, having deserted the guns, which were brought in by a party of our men at the close of the action. Some



tumbrils were at the same time blown up. The report of the explosions attracted the attention of the Sikhs, who sent a few parting shots at the men, disturbing them at their work. The 24th was thus the first and last regiment under fire on that day. It was now growing dusk, the rain pelting in torrents, with no tents to shelter, and nothing to eat or drink ; a wretched night was passed on the battle-field. Our field hospital had been established, and well tenanted by hundreds. I am not going to describe my own sufferings or the sights I there witnessed. "Water ! water !" was the everlasting cry ; "nor any drop to drink." It was while the battle was raging at the front an alarm was given that cavalry were upon us. A panic arose in the hospital, and off started the wounded, I amongst them. A regular *sauve qui peut* ensued. It was marvellous to see the maimed and bleeding men hurrying with the instinct of self-preservation they knew not whither, and limping back when reassured. There was another alarm during the night, when the Sikhs fired a salute from heavy guns to welcome a reinforcement under Chuttur Singh. Never shall I forget that horrible night in the field hospital, amongst the dead, the dying, and the sorely wounded, moaning more for water than from the pain of their wounds. There were no medical comforts. It was quite dark and very cold, when a couple of our men came near where I was lying. One called out, "Is that you, Jim?" "I am Mr. M——," I replied. They moved a little away, and I could hear the same man say, "We can't find Jim, suppose we give it to him? We have hunted long enough." He then asked, "Will you have this quilt, sir?" "Most thankfully," I said. Jacket and shirt had been cut off to see to a wound, and I had only a thin pair of trousers on. I was offered the drop of rum intended for Jim ; this I declined, but begged for a little water. I got some in a pannikin. Oh, how grateful it was to one so faint from loss of blood, and so feverishly thirsty ! Next morning I was found by a dear old chum, Sweton Grant. "I heard you were dead, old fellow," he said ; and as he spoke I felt a big tear from his eye plash upon the back of the hand he was tenderly holding.

Were I to attempt to tell of the individual acts of gallantry performed on that day in the midst of battle, or to sketch the many incidents that crowd upon my retrospection, I should never finish. But here are some. I may, without going far from my own, tell of a stirring episode that occurred in a sister regiment, Her Majesty's 61st, of our division. The Duke of Wellington's opinion of this corps, which I gather from a letter from Sir John Macdonald, Adjutant-General of the Army, to the War Office, was to this effect: "That nothing in the whole history of the British Army ever was more distinguished than the conduct of the 61st Regiment throughout the late campaign; but more particularly at the battle of Chillianwallah, where the conduct of the regiment was the admiration of the whole army." The 61st Regiment was advancing in as regular a line as the jungle would permit. On coming to a small clear patch, Nagel and my old chum Berry, who were carrying the colours, remarked a mounted Aklie (a religious fanatic) taking steady aim with his matchlock at the colour party. Berry laughing, said, "The fellow is trying to bag one of us." No sooner had the words been uttered than he fired, and Nagel fell, shot through one knee. The colour pole got between Berry's legs—the poles in those days were much longer and more cumbersome than in the present—and he fell, as did one of the sergeants, who was shot through the body. Another sergeant, unwounded, also fell. The Sikh, after firing his matchlock with such good effect, pluckily charged at the centre of the regiment, and when within a few yards of the throng of men struggling to regain their feet, his horse was shot, and the rider thrown forward on to the heap, bringing all to the ground again, Berry somewhere in the middle, the troublesome enemy at the top, who took advantage of his position, and commenced to disentangle his tulwar, got it out of the scabbard, and was just about to use it. The calf of the Sikh's leg was close to Berry's face, when with a tigerish instinct he seized his foe's ankle with the disengaged hand, and in an instant his teeth tore the flesh of the Sikh's leg and penetrated to the muscles. The pain he suffered must have

been severe. He rolled over clear of the heap, when a man on the left of No. 4 Company ran him through the chest with his Bayonet.

I will now relate a couple of instances anent two men who came out to India with me on that jolly first voyage round the Cape, in the days of my early youth. The first is of an Irish recruit; a powerful grenadier Pat became in time. I remember his asking me for the loan of a sovereign till he got his balance on landing. "Why do you want this money, Pat?" said I. "Sure, your honour, there is a big blackguard of an English carpenter on board; he is always abusing my country, and I want to fight him, sor, for the honour of ould Ireland. But the baste won't fight for love, he wants a sovereign staked." Poor Pat met his fate at the mouth of the smoking guns. When his comrades perforce fell back, he would not budge an inch. Hurling his bayonet with a "hoorush" at the foe, he clubbed his musket, and with the butt end of his crushing weapon knocked over the Sikhs like ninepins. The swing of his long sinewy arms at his old flail-work made him a terror. But before long Pat fell in grim death, shot and hacked to pieces, defiant to the last. The second, O'Leary, also an Irishman, met with an extraordinary chapter of accidents. Taken wounded to the field hospital, the surgeons had commenced to amputate his arm, the first incision had been made when the stampede, before alluded to, occurred. Off went the Kerry man, the assistant-surgeon (Hanbury) after him, knife in hand. Somehow in the crowd he was not to be found until order had been restored. He had crept into a doolie. "Hiding for my life I was," he said. The tourniquet had fortunately been applied or he would have bled to death. The last I heard of him was many years after from Ireland. Coming across a recruiting party of his old regiment, he had taken the forage cap off one of the men, and, placing it on his own head, had marched triumphantly through the village shouting out the old number that was so dear to him. The day after the battle, when the roll was called, how many a cheery voice was hushed in silence. The melancholy duty of bringing in

the dead had to be performed, and dreadful sights were then witnessed in cold blood on that ensanguined field. One young drummer of "Ours" was found in a sitting posture, opposite was a Sikh with a bayonet through him, the lad was transfixed by a lance; both bodies were rigid in death. In our mess tent, on the table, around which they had so often sat in mirth and merriment, were reverently laid the bodies of thirteen of our officers, together with the remains of Sergeant-Major Coffee (commissioned in death). And very solemn was "The burial of the slain" on the mould of Chillianwallah, on the very spot where the fight began. As the chaplain read the service, the sky was hung with funereal clouds weeping torrents, while at intervals bursts of thunder pealed forth as minute guns amid a requiem of sobs. Every man present had lost a friend or comrade. The camp that day was full of "mournings for the dead." For many years, on the anniversary of Chillianwallah, the memory of the slain was drunk after dinner at mess, and a solemn hush then fell upon all, the young officers taking their tone from the few surviving veterans who still mourned their comrades and told of their gallant deeds.\*

"Their bones are dust,  
And their good swords rust;  
Their souls are with the saints, I trust."

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\* A handsome granite obelisk, with four captured Sikh guns at the base, stands in the gardens of Chelsea Hospital (a most fitting site). This monument was erected by the regiment in memory of the slain at Chillianwallah, whose names are thereon inscribed.



## IN A FOG.

BY A MIDSHIPMAN.

ON a fine morning Her Majesty's frigate *M*—, in which I was serving as a midshipman, left Halifax, Nova Scotia, for Bermuda.

We had entered the Gulf Stream, and were quietly sailing along, when our signal midshipman reported a Danish barque in distress on the weather bow and received orders to ask her name, and how we could assist her.

In a few minutes the bunting fluttered at our mast-head, and all eyes were turned towards the stranger. There was some delay, as merchant vessels are not generally very apt at signals. At last the reply came: "*Copenhagen*; in want of water and provisions."

"Martin," cried our captain, addressing the senior lieutenant, "let Mr. Edwards take my galley, and see what that vessel requires, and have one of the cutters ready to carry what he finds she may want. By-the-bye, you'd better let an assistant surgeon accompany him."

In accordance with these orders, our skipper's six-oared gig was manned, and Dr. Simple and I, having received instructions, proceeded to board the *Copenhagen*, find out what she wanted, and signal back to our ship. We, however, carried with us a small quantity of pork, some biscuits, a little wine and lime juice, as well as some vegetables from the officers' mess, the doctor taking a few medical comforts.

The barque was about two miles off, and as we had our fires banked and were under canvas only, our captain made

no attempt to "close" her; besides, it was but a short pull in his fast galley. Still, we were astonished at the merchant vessel making no attempt to come nearer, particularly as she was well to windward.

We soon reached the vessel, a fine, well-found craft. On her deck lay her helpless crew in the last stage of starvation. her captain being apparently the only man with sufficient energy to speak to us. I have seen starvation in many forms, but never in so ghastly a shape as on board that vessel.

"Hand up the provisions, and bear a hand," I cried, and began serving out the small supply we had with us. There was a strange, eager silence as each man's wants were attended to.

The doctor was also employed applying such remedies as he happened to have with him, while my cockswain signalled to the frigate for what was needed.

So much taken up was I with these occupations that I took note of nothing else, until, having completed what I was about, my attention was drawn to a strange haze forming to windward. In ten minutes from the time I had noticed it we were enveloped in a dense fog, or rather vapour cloud, which hung round the barque, and for a time brought on a feeling similar to that on going into a Turkish bath.

Having lost sight of the frigate, I endeavoured to communicate with her by sound signal. I first tried a fog-horn, but it had not been taken care of, so I could only get a grunt out of it. I next experimented on the barque's bell, but it was a miserable article—cracked, and all but useless. All this time we could hear our ship's steam-whistle, with which she was trying to communicate; but as we could not reply to it, we only had the mortification of knowing by it growing fainter that she was leaving us. Such being the state of affairs, I proceeded to see how we stood in the way of provisions, and found that all had been expended except the usual supply carried by all man-of-war boats when at sea, which would only be two days' allowance for seven men, and not a decent meal for half the crew of the *Dane*, let alone ourselves. Under

these circumstances, I determined to lay the barque to, feeling certain that our captain would do the same, and that we should find the *M*—— at no great distance when the fog lifted.

By this time, it being six o'clock in the evening, the galley was hauled up, and a meagre repast partaken of by both officers and men. We were not troubled by the merchant seamen, as whatever medicine or stimulant the doctor had given them had put them in a sound sleep, from which they did not awake until close on nightfall.

But when they did they were in the most ravenous state, loudly demanding food. What was I to do? Give them our remaining provisions? There was only such a small quantity; what would it be amongst thirty men, the number of the Dane's crew?

I now directed my men in a low tone of voice to be on the alert, and that they must at all risks prevent the provisions from being taken. Whether the Danish sailors understood me or not, I cannot say; but, at any rate, it was evident that they thought there was a good stock of provisions in our boat. Arguing with them was all to no purpose. Have the provisions, they declared, they would, and *at once!*

I saw that there was likely to be trouble; that whatever stimulant Simple had given them had imbued them with a certain amount of artificial strength, along with a good deal of "Dutch courage," and that it would be necessary to act promptly, even though violence might be called for.

At this crisis a thought struck me. Watching for the most prominent of the agitators, my eye fell on one whom to this day I believe to have been an Englishman. Stepping quickly up to him, and drawing my dirk, I seized him by the collar, and the next moment he was a prisoner. I then told the others that if they showed any further signs of insubordination I would hang their shipmate at the yardarm. Of course this was only a threat, and I scarcely knew how it would result.

The Danes showed dissatisfaction at their comrade being arrested, but after clamouring awhile, went forward, and below

into their vessel's forepeak. I felt certain it was only to deliberate, and perhaps return more determined than ever. An idea had suggested itself on seeing them leave the upper deck, and whispering instructions to my cockswain, we silently and hastily ran forward, and clapping on the forepeak hatch, at once secured it with its coaming bar. We had them safe as in a trap.

I now divided my men into two watches, Simple and I taking charge of them. In this way an anxious night was spent.

Morning found us still enveloped in fog, and we began to feel our position more than ever perilous, particularly as the doctor, who had kept the middle watch (12 to 4 a.m.), reported that he had not heard a single gun. The last one had been "logged" about eleven o'clock the night before. Still, judging from appearances, I had every hope that the breeze would freshen, and the fog clear off about noon. Nor was I disappointed. About half-past eleven it lifted, and we could see the horizon all around. The horizon, but nothing more.

No frigate!

Here we were on the wide ocean, in the same situation as the crew we had come to rescue from distress and starvation, and, if anything, in a worse position; for we knew not what these desperate men might be tempted to do.

A moment's reflection brought before us the real peril of the situation. It was truly appalling. We had still a few biscuits and a little rum. The food given the Danes had only increased their suffering, and the cries coming through the closed hatch were heartrending.

All day long we kept a look-out for our ship, but she was nowhere to be seen; and as the sun went down our hearts sank with it. We ourselves began to realize the pangs of hunger in all its dread misery.

Another night passed; again the sun rose in its glorious autumnal splendour, ushering in to many all that was bright and beautiful, but to us hunger and desolation.

The unfortunate Danes had been silent for some hours.



Our hearts smote us as we thought of them. But their safety as well as our own depended on our avoiding anything like a collision with them, so I had to keep them imprisoned. Besides, we had now nothing in the way of food to give them; our last biscuit was gone. At this crisis the look-out at the mast-head sung out in a clear voice that rang cheerily in our ears the startling words, "Sail, ho!"

Seizing my telescope, I rushed to the mast-head. With some little difficulty I could make out a ship's royals on our lee beam, my experience telling me they were those of a war vessel. Hailing the deck, I ordered sails to be trimmed, and the *Copenhagen's* course to be shaped for the other vessel.

In about an hour I could distinguish our "chase" to the first reefs in her topsails, and felt certain, from the rake of her masts, that she was a frigate. Just as I made this discovery a cry came from the deck, and on looking down I saw our men trying to prevent the barque's crew from coming on deck through the after-cabin companionway. Not waiting to ask myself how they could have got aft, I seized one of the main-royal back-stays, and was on deck in a few seconds. The struggle was for a time desperate, but the poor starved remnants of humanity had little chance with man-of-war's men, and in a few moments we had them again safe under hatches.

Suddenly a hail came from Simple, who had taken my place aloft: "Hark! That's a gun."

As he spoke a dull booming sound came across the ocean wave, again and again repeated, until it spelled out the name of our frigate.

The scene that followed is beyond description; we were sighted, and by our own ship. Officers and men forgot the difference of rank, and grasped each other's hands in grim, silent congratulation.

Some laughed, others sang, and Simple wanted to release our prisoners; but this I would not allow: they had but a short time to wait, and then they would be set free, with a

good meal before them. How different were our feelings under the setting sun to those experienced at its rising ! We were once more on board our ship. We had been in a position of great peril, from which we had been most providentially rescued, and had also been the means of saving the Danes from almost certain death.

## THE STORY OF TRAFALGAR.

TOLD BY A SURVIVOR.

I WAS scarcely sixteen when I embarked for the first time in the *B——* of eighty guns, and joined the fleet off Cadiz, under the command of Lord Nelson, in the early part of October 1805. On the 19th of that month, the appearance of a ship under a press of sail, steering for the fleet, and firing guns, excited our attention, and every glass was eagerly pointed towards the stranger, in anticipation of the intelligence which the repeating ships soon announced, "that the enemy was getting under weigh." The signal was instantly made for a general chase, and in a few minutes all sail was set by the delighted crew. An instance of the quick observation of the admiral which now occurred, is deserving of notice. It was his lordship's custom to paint the masts of his ship yellow, and the hoops of the same colour ; and as the black hoops were universal in the navies of France and Spain, he saw the advantage which might arise from the distinction ; he therefore telegraphed to us and a few others to conform to *his* system. This arrangement proved of great utility, for in situations where the ensign was shot away, or hid from view, it was only necessary to ascertain that the hoops were black to be certain of our opponent. Our headmost ships got sight of the combined fleet the next morning, and in the afternoon they were visible from the deck. Every preparation was made for battle ; and as our look-out squadron remained close to them during the night, the mind was kept in continual agitation by the firing of guns and rockets.

As the day dawned, the horizon appeared covered with ships ; the whole force of the enemy was discovered standing to the southward, distant about nine miles, between us and the coast near Trafalgar. I was awakened by the cheers of the crew, and by their rushing up the hatchways to get a glimpse of the hostile fleet. The delight manifested exceeded anything I ever witnessed ; surpassing even those gratulations, when our native cliffs are descried after a long period of distant service.

There was a light air from the north-west with a heavy swell. The signal to bear up and make all sail, and to form the order of sailing in two divisions, was thrown out, the *Victory*, Lord Nelson's ship, leading the starboard, and the *Royal Sovereign*, bearing the flag of Admiral Collingwood, the second in command, the lee-line. At eight the enemy wore to the northward, and owing to the light wind which prevailed during the day, they were prevented from forming with any precision, and presented the appearance of a double line convexing to leeward. At nine we were about six miles from them, with studding sails on both sides ; and as our progress never exceeded a mile and a half an hour, we continued all the canvas we could spread until we gained our position alongside our opponent. The officers now met at breakfast ; and though each seemed to exult in the hope of a glorious termination to the contest so near at hand, a fearful presage was experienced that all would not again unite at that festive board. One was particularly impressed with a persuasion that he should not survive the day ; nor could he divest himself of this presentiment, but made the necessary disposal of his property in the event of his death. The sound of the drum, however, soon put an end to our meditations ; and after a hasty, and, alas ! a final farewell to some, we repaired to our respective posts.

Our ship's station was far astern of our leader, but her superior sailing caused an interchange of places with the *Tonnant* : on our passing that ship, the captains greeting each other on the honourable prospect in view : Captain T—— exclaimed, " A glorious day for Old England ! We shall have



one a-piece before night!" This confidence in our professional superiority which carries such terror to other nations, seemed expressed in every countenance; and as if in confirmation of this soul-inspiring sentiment, the band of our consort was playing—"Britons strike Home." At half-past ten the *Victory* telegraphed—"England expects that every man will do his duty." As the emphatic injunction was communicated through the decks, it was received with enthusiastic cheers; and each bosom glowed with ardour at this appeal to individual valour. About half-past eleven the *Royal Sovereign* fired three guns, which had the intended effect of inducing the enemy to hoist their colours, and showed us the tri-coloured flag intermixed with that of Spain. The drum now repeated its summons; and the captain sent for the officers commanding the several quarters. "Gentlemen," said he, "I have only to say that I shall pass close under the stern of that ship; put in two round shot, and then a grape, and give her *that*. Now go to your quarters, and mind not to fire until each gun will bear with effect." With this laconic instruction, the gallant little man posted himself on the slide of the foremost carronade, on the starboard side of the quarter-deck. At forty-five minutes past eleven, a ship, ahead, opened her fire, and finding that her shot passed over the *Sovereign*, several others did the same; and from the peculiar formation of this part of their line, as many as ten ships brought their broadsides to bear with powerful effect. The determined and resolute countenance of the weather-beaten sailor, here and there brightened by a smile of exultation, was well suited to the terrific appearance which they exhibited; some were stripped to the waist; some had bared their necks and arms; others had tied a handkerchief round their heads; and all seemed eagerly to await the order to engage. My two brother officers and myself were stationed, with about thirty men at small arms on the poop, on the front of which I was now standing. The shot began to pass over us, and gave us intimation of what we should in a few minutes undergo. An awful silence prevailed in the ship, only interrupted by the

commanding voice of Captain H——. “Steady! starboard a little! Steady, so!” echoed by the master, directing the quarter-masters at the wheel. A shriek soon followed; a cry of agony was produced by the next shot; the loss of the head of a poor recruit was the effect of the succeeding; and as we advanced, destruction rapidly increased. A severe contusion in the breast now prostrated our captain, but he soon resumed his command. Those only who have been in a similar situation to the one I am attempting to describe, can have a correct idea of such a scene: my eyes were horror struck at the bloody corpses around me; and my ears rang with the shrieks of the wounded, and the moans of the dying. At this moment, seeing that almost every one was lying down, I was half disposed to follow the example, and several times stooped for the purpose; but—and I remember the impression well—a certain monitor seemed to whisper, “Stand up, and do not shrink from your duty.” Turning round, my much-esteemed and gallant senior fixed my attention: the serenity of his countenance, and the composure with which he paced the deck, drove more than half my terrors away; and joining him, I became somewhat infused with his spirit, which cheered me on to act the part it became me. My experience is an instance how much depends on the example of those in command when exposed to the fire of the enemy, more particularly in the trying situation in which we were placed for nearly thirty minutes, from not having the power to retaliate.

It was just twelve o’clock when we reached their line. Our energies became roused, and the mind diverted from its appalling condition, by the order of “Stand to your guns!” which as they successfully came to bear, were discharged into our opponents on either side; but as we passed close under the stern of the *Santa Anna* of one hundred and twelve guns, our attention was more strictly called to that ship. Although, until that moment, we had not fired a shot, our sails and rigging bore evident proofs of the manner in which we had been treated: our mizzen-top-mast was shot away, and the ensign had been thrice re-hoisted: numbers lay dead on the decks,

and eleven wounded were already in the surgeon's care. The firing was now tremendous ; and at intervals the dispersion of the smoke gave us a sight of the colours of our adversaries. At this critical period, while steering for the stern of *l'Indomptable*, which continued a most galling raking fire on us, the *Fougueux* being on our starboard quarter, and the Spanish *Monarca* on our larboard bow, the master earnestly addressed the captain—"Shall we go through, sir?" "Go through by Heaven!" was his energetic reply; "there's your ship, sir, place me close alongside of her." Our opponent defeated this manoeuvre by bearing away in a parallel course with us, within pistol shot. About one o'clock the *Fougueux* ran us on board on the starboard side; and we continued thus engaging until the latter dropped astern: our mizzen-mast soon went, and shortly afterwards the main-top-mast. A two-decked ship then took position on our bow; and a seventy-four, the *Achille*, on our quarter. At two o'clock the main-mast fell over the larboard side, and at half-past the foremast was shot away close to the deck. In this unmanageable state we were but seldom capable of annoying our antagonists, while they had the power of choosing their distance; and every shot from them did considerable execution. We had suffered severely, as must be supposed; and those on the poop were now ordered to assist at the quarter-deck guns, where we continued until the action ceased. I was under the break of the poop, aiding in running out a carronade, when a cry of "Stand clear there, here it comes," made me look up; and at that instant the main-mast fell over the bulwarks just above me. This ponderous mass made the ship's whole frame shake; and had it taken a central direction, it would have gone through the poop, and added many to our list of sufferers. Until half-past three we remained in this harassing situation; the only means of bringing our battery towards the enemy was to use the sweeps in the gun-room ports. To these we had recourse, but without effect, for even in ships under perfect command they prove almost useless; and we lay a mere hulk covered in wreck, and rolling with the swell. At this hour a three-decked ship was seen

steering towards us. It can easily be imagined with what anxiety every eye turned towards this formidable object, which would either relieve us from our unwelcome neighbours, or render our situation desperate.

We had scarcely seen the British colours since one o'clock ; and it is impossible to express our emotion as the alteration of the stranger's course displayed the white ensign to our sight ; but we were too confident in our expectation of support ; for although she approached near enough to discern the British colours on the stump of our mizzen-mast, she took a different direction. We did not, however, continue much longer in this dilemma, for the *Swiftsure* came nobly to our relief. Can any enjoyment in life be compared with the sensation of delight and thankfulness which such a deliverance produced ? It was like the transition from death to life ; and the features so long distorted by anxiety softened into an expression of placidity and gratitude. On ordinary occasions we contemplate the grandeur of a ship under sail with admiration ; and even to those whose profession makes them familiar with such scenes, this wonderful production of art seldom fails to attract general notice. But under impressions of danger and excitement, such as prevailed at this crisis, every one eagerly looked towards our approaching friend, who came speedily on ; and when within hail, manned the rigging, cheered, and then boldly steered for the ship which had so long annoyed us ; shortly after, the *Polyphemus* took off the fire from the Spaniard on our bow.

It was near four o'clock when we ceased firing ; but the action continued in the body of the fleet about three miles to windward. The van division of the enemy having tacked, it seemed that the fight was about to be renewed. Rear-Admiral Dumanoir making off with four sail of the line to the southward in close order, passed within gunshot of us ; and as we lay in a helpless and solitary situation, our apprehension was much relieved by seeing them proceed silently on their course. The *Argonaut*, of eighty guns, having surrendered, we sent an officer to take possession. He returned with her second



captain, who stated her loss to amount to two hundred killed.

There are two periods in the life of a sailor which are impressive beyond all others in his eventful career : to the first I have adverted in the early part of this narrative, when each hoped to see his friend again ; and now that the conflict was over, our kinder feelings resumed their sway. Eager inquiries were expressed, and earnest congratulations exchanged, at this joyful moment. The officers came to make their report to the captain, and the fatal result cast a gloom over the scene of our triumph. I have alluded to the impression of our first lieutenant, that he should not survive the contest. This gallant officer was severely wounded in the thigh, and underwent amputation ; but his prediction was realized ; for he expired before the action had ceased. The junior lieutenant was likewise mortally wounded on the quarter-deck. These gallant fellows were lying beside each other in the gun-room preparatory to their being committed to the deep ; and here many met to take a last look of our departed friends, whose remains soon floated in the promiscuous multitude, without distinction either of rank or nation. In the act of launching a poor sailor over the poop he was discovered to breathe : and after being a week in the hospital, the ball which entered the temple came out of his mouth. I notice this occurrence to show the probability that many are thrown overboard when life is not extinct. The upper deck presented a confused and dreadful appearance. Masts, yards, sails, ropes, and fragments of wreck were scattered in every direction : nothing could be more horrible than the scene of blood and mangled remains with which every part was covered, and which, from the quality of splinters, resembled a shipwright's yard strewn with gore.

From our extensive loss, thirty-four killed and ninety-six wounded, our cockpit exhibited a scene of suffering and carnage which rarely occurs. I visited this abode of suffering with the natural impulse which led many others thither, namely, to ascertain the fate of a friend or companion. So many bodies in such a confined place, and under such

distressing circumstances, would affect the most obdurate heart : my nerves were but little accustomed to such trials, but even the dangers of the battle did not seem more terrific than the spectacle before me. On a long table lay several anxiously looking for their turn to receive the surgeon's care, yet dreading the fate which he might pronounce. One subject was undergoing amputation, and every part was heaped with sufferers. Their piercing shrieks and expiring groans were echoed through this vault of misery ; and even at this distant period the heart-sickening picture is alive in my memory.

About five o'clock the officers assembled in the captain's cabin to take some refreshment. The parching effects of the smoke made this a welcome summons, although some of us had been fortunate in relieving our thirst by plundering the captain's grapes, which hung round his cabin ; still four hours' exertion of body, with the energies incessantly employed, occasioned a lassitude both corporeally and mentally, from which even the victorious termination, now so near at hand, could not arouse us. Moreover, there sat a melancholy on the brows of some who mourned the messmate who had shared his perils and his vicissitudes for many years. Then the merits of the departed hero were repeated with a sigh, but his errors sank with him into the deep. There were few who did not bear some marks of this sanguinary engagement, and those who had the good-fortune to escape unhurt, presented an appearance which testified the dangers they had encountered.

Before sunset all firing had ceased. The view of the fleet at this period was highly interesting, and would have formed a beautiful subject for a painter. Just under the setting rays were five or six dismantled prizes : on one hand lay the *Victory*, with part of our fleet and prizes ; and on the left hand the *Sovereign* and a similar cluster of ships. The remnant of the combined fleet was making for Cadiz, to the northward. The *Achille* had burnt to the water's edge, with the tri-coloured ensign still displayed, about a mile from us, and our tenders and boats were using every effort to save the brave fellows who had so gloriously defended her ; but only

two hundred and fifty were rescued, and she blew up with a tremendous explosion. A boat with the lieutenant of the *Entreprenante* shortly after came on board, on his return from the *Victory*, to announce the death of the immortal Nelson. The melancholy tidings spread through the ship in an instant, and its paralysing effect was wonderful. Our captain had served under the illustrious chief for years, and had partaken in the anxious pursuit of the enemy across the Atlantic with the same officers and crew. "Lord Nelson is no more," was repeated with such despondency and heartfelt sorrow, that every one seemed to mourn a parent. All exertion was suspended : the veteran sailor indulged in silent grief ; and some eyes evinced that tenderness of heart is often concealed under the roughest exterior.

The motive of the French admiral in putting to sea has been variously stated : by some, to form a junction with the ships in the Mediterranean ; by others, that as Admiral Villeneuve had intimation of being superseded, he determined on fighting our fleet. The latter opinion was confirmed by the Spanish captain, who expressed his astonishment when I told him the extent of our loss. "That is not possible !" he exclaimed, "for we had positive assurance that Lord Nelson was in England, and we believed the English fleet to be no more than twenty-two sail of the line." This mistake arose from Sir Robert Calder's departure for England, and the separation of the squadron which went to Tetuan for water ; and the junction of several ships since that circumstance was not known to the enemy.

Night coming on, the *Naiad* frigate took us in tow, and the next day, endeavouring to get into the Straits, we lost sight of the fleet. After the decks were cleared we were employed in erecting jury masts to keep the ship under command, and before dark we had a few small sails set for the purpose. The sea and wind had increased, with every appearance of a heavy gale coming on. The ship laboured excessively, and in spite of the constant exertions of the frigate we drifted fast towards the shore. Several times the tow rope parted, but notwithstanding the risk of approaching an ungovernable hulk in such

a tremendous sea, a line was thrown, and repeatedly the hawser was re-fixed to her stern. The increasing storm had driven us so near the shore, that it appeared almost beyond human hope that we should escape the frightful prospect before us. About midnight a midshipman came into the ward-room, where most of our cots were swinging, to say that the captain wished the officers to come on deck, as it was probable we should be ashore very shortly. This awful intelligence was received with consternation and horror, and we instantly started on our feet. Just at this crisis one of the twenty-four pounders out of the stern window broke adrift from its lashing, and the apprehension of our danger had taken such entire possession of our minds, that the crash appeared to announce our dissolution.

With difficulty I got on deck: the ship rolled in the trough of the sea in such a manner that the water came in through the ports and on the gangways, and the shot were rattling about the decks, on which many of the helpless wounded were lying exposed.

At one o'clock the roar of the elements continued, and every roll of the sea seemed to the affrighted imagination as the commencement of the breakers. The hours lagged tediously on, and death appeared with each gust of the tempest.

In silent anxiety we awaited the fate which daylight would decide; and the thoughts of home, kindred, friends, pressed round the heart and aggravated our despair. Each brightening of the clouds was hailed as the long-looked-for dawn, while the succeeding shade, which appeared to mock our misery, sank our wearied hopes into deeper despondency. How oft and how numerous were the inquiries of the sentry—"How goes the time?" And when the welcome order to "strike two bells" (five o'clock) was heard, it aroused our sinking energies, and every eye was directed towards the shore. In a few minutes—"Land on the lee bow!—Put the helm up!"—resounded through the ship, and all was again bustle and confusion.

When we got round, the breakers were distinctly seen, about



a mile to leeward, throwing the spray to such terrific height, that even in our security we could not behold them without shuddering.

As the day advanced the wind abated, and the enlivening rays of the sun well accorded with our happiness. The *Naiad* having us in tow spread all her canvas, steering a direct course for Gibraltar. All fears had ceased, and the gladdened faces seemed to anticipate nothing but pleasure as they turned towards the object of our destination. This enjoyment, near as it appeared, was again interrupted by a cry of "A sail ahead!" The next report, that "she looked large," was soon confirmed by—"A ship of the line!"

The consciousness of our own weakness magnifies every object of terror, and blinds us to the resources that may be still at our disposal. "The stranger must," it was supposed, "be the advance of the squadron which escaped to the southward:" and so confidently did the captain believe it, that a consultation was held, when it was resolved to destroy the battered hulk, and make our escape in the frigate. Preparations to carry this decision into effect were about to commence, when the private signal dispersed our hasty fears; and we then recollected that Admiral Louis had gone to Tetuan for water.

The Rock opened to our view about eleven. On the preceding evening the governor received information of the defeat of the combined fleet by a market-boat, which had been present; and in honour of the victory he directed a salute to be fired by the garrison. When we arrived near our anchorage, the battery of the Devil's Tongue commenced firing, and a *feu de joie* followed along the lines: each ship manned her yards and cheered as we passed; and our entrance in the Mole was very gratifying. Crowds of every class came to greet and congratulate us; and although so jealous a rivalry then existed between the two services, that scarcely an officer of the line came on board, we experienced much attention from those of the royal artillery, and some of us partook of their hospitality.

Disabled ships continued to arrive for several days, bringing

with them the only four prizes that were rescued from the fury of the late gale. The anchorage became covered with ships. In the Mole lay six dismasted hulls, whose battered sides, dismounted guns, and shattered ports, presented unequivocal evidence of the brilliant part they had taken in the gloriously contested battle ;—a little beyond, the more recently arrived lay at their anchors. At this proud moment no shout of exultation was heard, no joyous felicitations were exchanged, for the lowered flag which waved on the *Victory's* mast marked where the mourned hero lay, and cast a deepening shade o'er the triumphant scene. The exertion which was necessary to refit the ships did not however permit the mind to dwell on this melancholy subject. In a few days several were ready to proceed home ; and on the 4th of November, the *Victory* and ourselves bent our course for England. As we were the first who took the returns of our killed and wounded, nothing was known of our loss by our friends until our arrival, although several ships had preceded us. Their suspense can be imagined ; for the anxious inquirer only knew that we had suffered severely. Each day our protracted arrival increased their solicitude, hoping, yet dreading, as the eager eye watched the signal that announced approaching ships. At length we reached our destination, and arrived in Plymouth Sound on the 4th of December. Boats innumerable floated round us with faces expressive of the torturing anxiety which was felt ; and a moment ensued of such boundless joy to many, and bitter agony to others, that no pen can describe it : it would have wrung the most callous heart.

I could not bear to hear the effusions of grief which burst from the childless parent, or witness the sorrow of brotherly tenderness, and I hastened to the affectionate embraces of my own family.

## EPH'S NEW YEAR'S BOOTS.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

THE ship *Emerald*, under topsails, is plunging and rolling over and through great mountains of storm-tossed, wintry sea. Mr. Kendall, the sturdy little second mate, makes his way for'ard by clinging to the weather rail. He casts a glance at the side-lights to make sure that they are burning clear, and then, in a cheery voice, hails the look-out.

"Only five minutes longer, Ned!" he bawls encouragingly; for, cold as it is on deck, he knows that facing the bitter blast on the exposed forecastle is a hundred times worse.

Ned Rand returns the customary, "Ay, ay, sir!" and vaguely wonders if he ever *will* be warm again. Not only is he drenched and chilled through and through; but the cold, which is growing more intense, has stiffened his soaked oil-clothes until they seem like a suit of tin armour. Like a dream the remembrance of a year ago that very night comes to mind, how, sitting around the glowing grate in the cosy home sitting-room, he, with the family, watched the old year out and the new in.

Ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, sounds faintly from aft.

"'Ring out the old, ring in the new,'"

grimly mutters Ned between his chattering teeth, as he strikes the knell of the old year on the big bell for'ard.

"Hillo-o-o in there! Eight bells, you sleepers! D'ye hear the news?"

As the sleepy, grumbling watch come on deck, the wheel and look-out are relieved.

"Go below, the port watch, but stand ready for a call," says Mr. Marline, the chief mate.

Ned is crawling stiffly down from the look-out, when very unexpectedly the long-legged overgrown boy who, without speaking, had relieved him, bawls in his ear, "Wish you a happy new year, Ned!"

Unexpectedly, I say, for the reason that the two boys, who were room-mates, have not spoken together before for a whole week. Ned hesitates a moment. Suddenly to mind come the familiar lines,—

"The year is going, let him go ;  
*Ring out the false—ring in the true."*

"Same to you, old fellow," he exclaims, as well as his chattering jaws will let him, and then creeping cautiously along the slippery, heaving deck, Ned enters the "boys' room" in the after-end of the house. Throwing off his oil-skins and drenched pea-jacket with a shiver, he is about to turn into his bunk, when he sees lying on his grey berth blanket a pair of half-worn rubber boots. Scrawled on a bit of paper tied to one of the loops are these words:—

"A new yeres Presunt to ned i was keeping Them for you All the time from your aff shipmate. E Jackson."

As Ned reads this friendly message, his face begins to burn—perhaps from the heat of the coals of fire thus heaped upon his head; for the trouble between himself and his room-mate had begun about these very same rubber boots. Ned's had been accidentally washed overboard by a big sea a few days previous, he having laid them on the main-hatch to dry; and vainly had he tried to buy this pair of Eph, who wore thick "cow-hides" in ordinary weather, keeping the rubber ones for extraordinary.

"You're a mean, contemptible skinflint, Eph Jackson," Ned had angrily exclaimed.

"Mebbe I be," returned Eph, as a dull red tinged his



homely face ; "but, all the same, you can't buy them boots : I've got another use for 'em."

High words followed. Ned called Eph "a hay-seed-haired countryman." Eph, in return, taunted Ned with hanging back when a royal had to be stowed or the flying jib furled : "a sogerin' skulk" was the uncomplimentary epithet which he applied to his room-mate, if I remember aright. Since which time, as I have said, no word had passed between the two until Eph had broken the ice with his New Year's greeting.

"He's not such a bad lot, after all," said Ned, aloud. "The boots are a couple of sizes too large," he added, as he pulled them on over a pair of dry socks ; "but they'll keep out the wet and cold, anyway."

But there was a sort of unconscious patronage in his way of accepting the welcome present, after all ; for Ned Rand's father, who owned two-thirds of the *Emerald*, was a wealthy ship-builder of East Boston, while Eph Jackson was an uncultured young fellow from the country. Ned was making this his first sea-voyage "just for the fun of it" ; Eph, because he had an old mother up among the Berkshire hills, for whom every cent of his wages was meant.

"Some day I cal'late to be a officer, an' git my forty or fifty dollars a month," said Eph, sturdily, to himself.

Ned had obtained his parents' consent that he should make a trial voyage with Captain Elton. "But don't favour him, Captain," privately suggested Mr. Rand.

"Favour him !" echoed the plain-spoken Captain ; "I *guess* not. There's no favour shown aboard ships. Your boy will be treated the same as that long-legged young chap from the country who shipped yesterday—no better and no worse." Which assurance Ned has found to his extreme disgust is carried out to the very letter.

But the voice or the storm without grows louder and fiercer.

"I thought so !" growls Ned, as two hours later he hears the command to "turn out and shorten sail."

Ugh-h-h ! It is ten degrees colder at least than when he

went below. Mast and spar, brace and rigging, alike are cased in thin ice.

The upper topsails have been lowered on the caps, where they are thrashing as only stiff, half-frozen sails can thrash.

"Jump up there lively, and roll up the main-topsail first," bellows Mr. Marline, and in a moment wiry little Mr. Kendall is in the main-rigging. Closely following him is Ned Rand; but not from any desire to show unusual activity. He has learned that in furling a sail the extremity of the yard is the easiest place, for here he has nothing particular to do except to hold on by the "lift" with one hand, and pass the yardarm gasket to the man who stands next inside.

The sail is "picked up," and secured after a fashion, for it is as unmanageable as an oak plank. The gaskets are passed, and the men descend the slippery rigging. Ned delays as long as possible, for the fore and mizzen-topsails have yet to be furled.

"You, Ned, are you going to stay on that yard all night?" thunders Mr. Marline from below, at which gentle hint Ned bestirs himself.

Crawling cautiously along the slippery, swaying foot-rope, one moment high in air, and the next with the boiling, seething sea beneath his feet, Ned is nearly halfway in, when, as the ship rolls heavily to leeward, his mittened hands slip on the icy iron jack-stay, and with a wild cry, which is heard even above the storm, he is launched into space.

"Man overboard!" yells Mr. Kendall, who is very excitable.

Eph Jackson, who has been sent to the lee, hears it, and stooping, "yanks" the grating from under the helmsman's feet, sending it spinning over the rail.

Captain Elton was never known to be excited in his whole life.

"Put the wheel down, Jerry, and let her head come up in the wind." Raising his voice a little, he then orders the after-yards braced aback, and the fore stay-sail sheet raised.

While one watch is obeying this order, others of the crew clear away the port quarter boat. But when there is a call to

man it, one and all hesitate, for verily it is venturing into the very jaws of death.

Eph Jackson suddenly leaves the lee wheel, and follows the plucky little second mate, who is shipping the rudder.

"If that young chap is goin'," mutters Bob Stacy, "blowed if I'll hang back;" and in another moment the boat is manned, and afloat in darkness and storm.

Meanwhile, what of Ned Rand? This: As his head disappeared under the icy waves he felt as though a terrible grasp had seized his ankles and was dragging him deeper and deeper despite his efforts to rise.

"It's my heavy boots," was the thought which flashed like lightning through his brain; and thanks to their size, he slipped them off one at a time, coming to the surface just as it seemed to him that his lungs were about to burst through holding his breath so long. Dashing the water from his eyes, he struck out manfully, yet with a sense of utter hopelessness, when his hand struck the grating, to which he clung convulsively. He saw rockets and blue-lights thrown up from the ship's deck, and shouted himself hoarse, for the *Emerald* was not a cable's length distant.

But as he felt an awful numbing chill steal over him, against which he vainly struggled, he was dragged in over the bow of the *Emerald's* boat by the nervous arms of the bow oar—Mr. Ephraim Jackson.

"Darned if he ain't lost them boots a'ready!" exclaimed Eph, as the insensible boy was laid face down in the bottom of the boat.

Well, through God's mercy and Mr. Kendall's skill, they reached the ship in safety, but Eph—or indeed any of the boat's crew—will never forget the terrible pull, or how near they were being crushed by the ship's side in taking the boat inboard.

Ned was rubbed, filled to the throat with hot coffee, and stowed away in his bunk, so that by morning he was all right again; but, to his great joy, was excused from further duty, the ship being now off old Boston Light.

"You saved my life, Eph," says Ned gratefully, as in high glee the two boys begin to pack their chests in readiness for going ashore, "and how shall I ever repay you?"

There was no mock modesty about Eph Jackson. "It ain't wuth mentionin'," looking up from his work; "but seein' 's you make so much of it, if you're a mind to buy me a pair o' new rubber boots, we'll call it square."

Which Ned afterwards does, and, better still, invites Eph home to stay until the ship is again ready for sea; for Captain Elton has offered to take him as able seaman on the next voyage. A year later, and Mr. Jackson is second mate of the *Emerald*.

"Them rubber boots," he remarks aloud, as he encloses a money order for fifty dollars to his proud mother—"them rubber boots was a lucky New Year's present for me."

"And for me too, Eph," smilingly returns Ned Rand, who stands close by.



## SWIMMING FOR LIFE.

*A STORY OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.*

BY DAVID KER.

“**N**O sign of a sail yet, Jim?”

“Nary one, Jack. I guess our time’s come.”

Jim Hackett had indeed some cause for saying so, and he said it in a dejected tone which was rare indeed with *him*. To be afloat on a boundless sea without knowing where one is, or having any means of finding out, is an awkward matter at best; but to be afloat in the middle of the Pacific, without food or water, in an open boat, under a scorching sun, with not a sail in sight, might well make the bravest man despair.

Slowly and wearily the two worn-out men (sole survivors of the fearful disaster which had destroyed their vessel and all their ship-mates) rose to their feet and strained their blood-shot eyes over the bright, merciless sea.

“Not a sail anywheres,” repeated Hackett, despondently; “and we can’t catch one o’ them fish that’s a-frolickin’ around the boat by hundreds. God help us!”

“So He will, my boy, never fear. D’ye remember how, when we two were at school together in the old Bay State, our old teacher used to be always spinning a yarn about some captain who (when his ship was aground and likely to go to pieces any minute), after he’d given his orders and done all he could, said his prayers and lay down to sleep; and the Admiral, when he heard of it, said he was the bravest man he’d ever known?”

Now, Jim, let's just say *our* prayers, and then have a nap ; for I reckon we've done all we can, and the rest's in better hands than ours."

No ear but God's heard the short simple prayer which the doomed men uttered, in their extremest need, from the midst of the desolate sea. A few minutes later both were sound asleep under the scanty shelter which the rag of sail could give against the life-destroying heat of the sun.

They slept for some time, but at length the increasing coolness of the evening air after the scorching heat of the day began to have its natural effect upon the two sleepers. They awoke almost at the same moment, rubbed their eyes, and then sat up and looked around them.

The sun was beginning to sink, but everything was still as light at noonday, and a fresh breeze had sprung up, ruffling the smooth surface into countless ripples.

"Jim," cried Jack, suddenly, in a tone of great excitement, "your eyes are better'n mine ; look out there to the nor'-west, and see if you make out anything."

"I guess I do," cried his companion joyfully. "Hold on a minute till I make sure. Yes, it is, sure enough—it's a *sail* !"

With clenched teeth and straining eyes the two castaways stood watching the distant speck on which hung their only chance of life. All at once a kind of spasm shook their rugged faces as it became terribly evident that the course which she was steering would not bring her anywhere near their boat.

They tried to signal with the remnant of their sail, but it was neither large enough nor high enough to be seen at such a distance. They made frantic efforts to shout, but the feeble cry which their parched throats could utter would not have been heard fifty yards off.

Suddenly, just when all hope seemed gone, the wind shifted, and the vessel was seen to alter her course.

The castaways raised a faint hurrah ; but in another moment Jim's keen eye perceived that although this new tack would bring the ship much nearer to them than before, she would still

pass at a considerable distance from them, and might very easily miss seeing them altogether.

"There's only one way now, mate," said he, firmly, "and I'm a-going to try it, for it's neck or nothing with us now. God bless you, my boy!"

A loud splash followed the words, and Jim Hackett, looking up with a start, saw his comrade's round black head several yards away from the boat. But he saw something else, which startled him even more, and that was a huge black object, which rose suddenly through the smooth, bright water, and darted swiftly and silently in pursuit of his unconscious comrade.

"Look out, Jack!" shouted he, with all the power of his failing voice; "here's a shark!"

Scarcely had he spoken when a second shark appeared, and the daring swimmer found himself beset on both sides at once. His only chance was to make as much stir and splashing in the water as possible, thus keeping the cowardly sea-pirates at bay; but the effort exhausted even more rapidly his fast-failing strength. What a terribly long way off the vessel seemed! and supposing she were to alter her course again, where would he be? Instinctively he glanced back towards the boat. The boat was *gone*!

Gone, as if it had never been—hidden behind the long smooth swells that rose high above his head every moment! There was no return for him now, for he knew not even which direction to take; and on he went, struggling for life with limbs that grew weaker at every stroke, while the cruel eyes and gaping jaws on either side drew closer and closer, hungering for their prey.

"Sam," said a keen-eyed sailor to his chum, glancing over the vessel's port quarter, "ain't that mighty like a *man*, somehow?"

"A man!" echoed the passing captain, bringing his telescope to his eye. "Thunder! so it is. Put her head about, smart, and stand by to lower the boat!"

The help came none too soon, for Jack was so spent that he

could only gasp out, "My mate—yonder—boat." But it was quite enough. Half-an-hour later Jim Hackett was safe on board likewise ; and the two rescued men lived to tell their children and grandchildren the story of their adventure in the Pacific.



## HEROISM OF THE CHOUANS.

A MEETING of Chouans had been appointed at the château of La Penissiere de la Cour, situated a league and a half from Clisson. The object of this meeting was to march against Cugnau and La Buffière, and disarm the national guard. At nine o'clock in the morning forty-five Chouans were assembled at the place appointed. They were all young men of family, and were commanded by two brothers, ex-officers in the royal guard. They had with them two peasants, who, having learnt at Nantes to play upon the light infantry bugle, constituted their band of military music.

The adjutant-major of the 29th being informed, in the absence of the chef-de-bataillon Georges, that this meeting was to take place, put himself at the head of forty-five voltigeurs and two gendarmes, and proceeded to the château of La Penissiere de la Cour. On reaching it he found that his detachment was not sufficiently numerous to invest the habitation, which was defended by a wall forming the enclosure of a park. A gendarme was therefore despatched for reinforcements, and ninety men arrived, who were soon after followed by forty more under the command of Lieutenant Sanneo. The adjutant-major now ordered an attack to be made. After a short defence an external wall was abandoned, and the Chouans retreated into the house, where they barricaded all the doors.

They then stationed their forces in the ground floor and the first floor, placing on either floor a peasant with his bugle, who

did not cease playing during the whole action ; and from the windows they opened a fire, which was well sustained and very ably directed. Twice did the soldiers advance within twenty yards of the house, and as often were they repulsed.

The adjutant-major ordered a third attack, and whilst preparations were making for it, four men, aided by a mason, advanced towards the château, selecting as their point of advance part of the gable-end, which had no opening into the garden, and the approach to which could not, therefore, be defended. Having reached the wall in safety, they placed a ladder against it, and, ascending to the roof of the house, made an opening, threw lighted combustibles into the garrets, and then withdrew. In an instant a column of smoke burst from the roof, through which the fire soon made its way.

The soldiers now uttered loud shouts of triumph, and again marched towards the little citadel, which seemed to have a standard of flame planted upon its summit. The besieged had perceived the fire, but had not time to extinguish it ; and, as fire has always a tendency to ascend, they hoped that when the roof was destroyed it would be naturally extinguished for want of something to feed it. They, therefore, replied to the shouts of our soldiers with a volley of musketry, as well sustained as the former ; and, during the whole time it lasted, the bugles continued playing warlike flourishes.

At this juncture the chef-de-bataillon Georges arrived with a few more men. He immediately ordered the charge to be beat ; and the men, in emulation of each other, rushed towards the château.

This time they reached the doors of the building, and the sappers and miners prepared to break them open. The officers commanding the Chouans directed those stationed on the ground floor to ascend to the story above it. This order was immediately obeyed ; and, whilst the sappers were breaking open the doors, half of the besieged continued to fire at their assailants, whilst the other half occupied themselves in taking up the paving tiles, and making holes through the floor ; so that the moment the soldiers entered, they were received with

a volley muzzle-to, fired through the intervals between the beams and rafters.

The assailants were forced to retreat, and the Chouans hailed this event with their screeching bugles and loud cries of "Long live Henri V."

The chef-de-bataillon now directed that the ground floor should be set on fire in the same manner as the garrets had been. Accordingly, the men advanced with lighted torches and dry wood, all of which they threw into the house through the windows, and in ten minutes the Chouans had fire at their feet as well as over their heads. It seemed, therefore, impossible for them to escape death ; and the firing which they kept up, and which had not intermitted for a single moment, appeared to be the last act of vengeance of resolute men driven to desperation.

And in truth their situation was dreadful. The fire soon reached the beams, and the rooms were filled with smoke, which escaped through the windows. The garrison had therefore nothing left but the choice of three modes of quitting life : to be burned to death, suffocated by smoke, or massacred by our soldiers.

The commanders of the rebels adopted a desperate course : they resolved to make a sortie. But to give it the least chance of success, it was necessary that it should be protected by a fire of musketry, which would occupy the attention of our soldiers ; they therefore asked who among them would volunteer to sacrifice themselves for the safety of their comrades. Eight offered their services.

The little band was therefore divided into two platoons. Thirty-five men and a bugle-player were to make an attempt to reach the other extremity of the park, enclosed only with a hedge, and the eight others, with the remaining bugle-player, were to protect the attempt. The two brothers embraced each other, for they were to separate : the one commanded the garrison that remained, the other led the sortie.

In consequence of these arrangements, and whilst those who remained continued, by running from window to window,

to keep up a tolerably brisk fire, the others made a hole in the wall, opposite to the side attacked ; and on a passage sufficiently large being opened, they came forth in good order, the bugle at their head, marching in double quick time towards the extremity of the park, where the hedge was.

Their retreat brought upon them a discharge of musketry, which killed two. A third, being mortally wounded, expired near the hedge. The bugle-player at the head of the little band received three balls in his body, and still continued to play. It is a pity that I dare not publish the names of such men.

Meanwhile the situation of the eight men who remained in the house had become more and more dangerous. The burning rafters cracked and seemed no longer able to bear the weight of the besieged, who therefore retired into a species of recess formed by the wall, resolved to defend themselves there to the last extremity ; and they had scarcely reached it when the floor fell in with a dreadful crash. The soldiers uttered shouts of joy at this event ; for the musketry ceased to annoy them at the same instant, and they thought the garrison had been crushed in the ruins. This error saved the lives of the eight heroic Vendéans.

When the Chouans, from their recess, perceived that the besiegers were convinced they had fallen into the immense furnace which blazed fearfully below them, they remained silent and motionless. Our soldiers, on the other hand, with a horror quite natural in such a case, speedily quitted a burning building, whose flames devoured at the same time both friends and enemies, whether alive or dead. Meanwhile night soon came, and amid its darkness the eight men, supposed to have been either crushed to death or burned alive, glided like wandering spectres along the heated walls, and reached in safety the hedge through which their companions had escaped ; so that there remained nothing upon the field of battle except the red and smoking house, and around it a few corpses, rendered visible by the last flashes of the expiring flame.



## OFF CAPE HORN.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

A DILAPIDATED pocket diary for 1860 lies on my writing-desk. There is a faint suggestiveness of bilge-water and tar and damp woollen shirts about it. The pencilled leaves are soaked and stained with salt-water. Only now and then do I find a legible word or sentence until I reach the middle of the book, where my eyes fall upon the following badly blotted record :—

“*Fri . . . , July 2.*—Blowi . . grea . gun . . . om S.S.W.  
. . . . . close reef . . . . . iced up . . . . . overboard . . . .  
Mr. Burn . secon . mate . . . . . *Wayland*, . . . . . ard bound.”

Do I dream it, or does some one mention to-morrow as my thirty-eighth birthday? Nonsense! I am only sixteen—making my first sea-voyage “round the Horn” in the ship *Sandwich*—Drew, master—fifty-eight days out from New York.

I have not found a sailor’s life all that my fancy painted it: rather the reverse. I am disappointed with the life for which I once longed so eagerly—disgusted, I may say. Which is not so surprising. Like other home boys, I have been accustomed to wear dry clothing, to sleep all night, to have father and mother —But never mind; those last words make me feel more homesick than ever.

It is seven o’clock A.M.—or six bells, if you like it better. The starboard watch, to which I belong, is on deck, but as all hands have spent rather more time on deck than below for about two weeks, it don’t matter much, only for the prospect

of hot coffee sweetened with molasses at breakfast-time. And when a fellow has not had a dry thread on him for days, something hot to drink, even if it's only dried peas and chiccory, is a great luxury.

Of course it is blowing a gale of wind—it has done nothing else for a month, but for a wonder the gale comes from the right direction. That is why Captain Drew is carrying sail so, for, taking advantage of the fair wind, the old ship is running like mad through the straits of Le Maire, which is a passage about fourteen miles wide, between Staten Land and Terra del Fuego.

Yesterday the decks were all awash with water, and the rigging dripped like a sponge. To-day everything from the royal truck down is covered with ice. This is very hard upon one's fingers, especially as it don't do to wear mittens aloft—even if you have them.

If you want to know how it seems to reef or stow a sail at such times, just try and roll up a yard or two of sheet-iron, out-of-doors, with bare hands, when the thermometer is at zero or a little lower. But it is not hard to get round deck in icy weather. Oh no. All you have to do is to sit down and wait for the ship to roll the right way—you won't have long to wait, either.

It blows harder than ever. I should like to see a picture of the old ship now, as, with everything set but the royals, she goes tearing and plunging through the long grey seas, with a grey sky overhead, and a grey fog-bank all around the horizon. How I *should* enjoy seeing such a picture—especially if it was hanging against the sitting-room wall, and I was standing directly in front of it!

“Look!” exclaims old Martin, who is standing beside me at the rail. And all at once on the starboard bow I see breaking through the grey mist a bleak, barren, rocky promontory, pointing like a great index finger to the place where the waters of the Pacific and Atlantic oceans meet. At least so I try to express it in a poetical kind of way, but old Martin only grinned.

"That's Cape 'Orn," he replies, "an' before we get round t'other side of it, if we don't ketch it, ca'll me a Dutchman."

I had thought there was nothing left in the way of bad weather to catch. But I am mistaken. By six o'clock in the afternoon the ship is under lower topsails, with yards braced against the backstays, buffeting the longest seas and the fiercest south-west gales of rain, sleet, snow, and hail that we have seen yet.

It is all the work of a moment. I have just lashed the star-board side-light in the fore-rigging in obedience to the second mate's orders, and before I can swing myself inboard the *Sandwich* buries herself bodily in a tremendous sea. My numb fingers relax their hold on the icy ratlines, and I feel myself swept away in the grasp of a mighty wave.

It seems that I am not alone. As I dash the water from my eyes, I see some one swimming, or rather treading water, within arm's length. It is Mr. Burns, the second mate.

"Keep cool, boy," he shouts, "and kick your boots off first of all."

Fortunately I am not encumbered with a coat, and encouraged by his presence, I rid myself of my boots without much trouble. But I am at best an indifferent swimmer, while Mr. Burns, who was born on Cape Cod, seems perfectly at home even in the long topping seas against which I beat with frantic arms.

"Rest your two hands on my shoulders," he says, "and give over struggling. There'll be a boat out after us directly." But as I too readily obey, I note in the gathering darkness that on his usually cheery face is a look of anxiety. He does not expend his strength in swimming, but merely moves his legs and arms in such a way as to keep us both afloat.

I am chilled and numbed with the terrible cold. I cannot speak, can hardly think. Down we sink into a deep black valley of water, to rise on the cresting summit of an awful wave, again and again, but still no welcome sound of oars rattling in rowlocks. An hour passes, which seems an age, and

I despairingly see that Mr. Burns shows signs of growing weakness.

This fact, together with the growing darkness, benumbing cold, and shrieking gale, does away with the last remnant of my courage.

"It's no use, Mr. Burns," I gasp through my chattering teeth; "I'm going to let go. Good-bye, sir."

Life is very dear to the young second mate. He has a wife and babe in his ar-off home: no wonder that he makes no reply. Life is dear to me too, for that matter, only I have lost hope, and he has not. With a whispered prayer, I take my hands from his shoulders, and in another moment am swept unresistingly away in the darkness.

But all at once my outstretched hands touch some floating object, which at the same time strikes against my chest. Mechanically I throw both arms over it, and am vaguely conscious of being easily buoyed up, but by what I cannot conceive. I dimly know that it is smooth, soft, round, and somewhat slimy to the touch. For aught I know or care, it may be the sea-serpent himself; but I am past conjecture. A drowsy, numbing, and by no means unpleasant stupor is creeping over me, while, as the roaring of wind and sea is strangely blended with an increasing singing in my ears, I dreamily drift into oblivion, my last conscious thought being that dying is not so very disagreeable after all.

"We was running afore it for the straits of Le Maire, and Jim Coffin on the lookout at daybreak sings out that he see the sea-sarpint ahead, with what looked like a mermaid alongside. We brought the schooner to the wind, lowered the boat, and picked you up; and though you was the deadest live man ever I see, it was all Dan and me could do to unhook your arms from round the big kelp—sea-weed stuff, you know, large round some of it as a t'gallan'-yard—that you was hanging to. But we got you aboard all right, and I hope you ain't feeling none the worse for coming to life again."

Such is the explanation to which I listen as one in a strange



dream, while I stare vacantly about me from among the blankets of a narrow berth in a snug little cabin. The speaker is Captain Samuel Dole, of the sailing schooner *Wayland*, from Desolation Island, bound to New London, Connecticut, with a full fare of skins and seal oil. Captain Dole administers divers restoratives with such good effect that by night I am clothed and in my right mind again.

A swift-sailing schooner is the *Wayland*, and forty-one days later I am literally received with open arms and open-mouthed astonishment by those who had seen me set sail for San Francisco. My story makes me a nine days' hero, and a little later I have the pleasure of seeing in the paper the arrival of the ship *Sandwich*—Drew, master—at San Francisco, one hundred and twenty-three days from New York; "Harry Franks, ordinary seaman, lost on the passage."

I have no chance of personally contradicting this statement until, three years afterward, I ship as second mate on board the bark *Doris*, whose captain proves to be Mr. Thatcher K. Burns, formerly second officer of the *Sandwich*. He does not welcome me as one from the dead. Captain Burns has seen too many strange things in his seafaring life to be surprised at anything. He looks sharply at me for a moment, as I rather effusively greet him.

"Ah, yes," he says, in his sharp, business-like way; "thought I'd seen you somewhere, Mr.—er—Franks. Picked up, were you? So was I. Hadn't swum twenty strokes before the *Sandwich's* boat reached me, and a sweet job we had getting back to the ship. Well, get the decks cleared up as soon as possible. I want to get away on morning tide. Some of the men will be down directly," and with a nod Captain Burns hurries off to the Custom-house for his clearance papers.

And this is what the blotted entry in my old pocket diary refers to.

## FAMOUS DRUMMER-BOYS.

**G**REAT soldiers are always among the first to admire pluck, even when it is associated with what they are accustomed to pooh, pooh as sentiment. The story of Napoleon is not wanting in records of his appreciation of the courage of those whose daring he witnessed, or who were brave enough to show that they were not afraid of him.

The incident of which we give pictorial illustration, on p. 168, is one of these. During a long engagement in which Napoleon found it impossible to gain advantage over the allied forces, it happened that an English drummer-boy was made prisoner by the French soldiers. Wishing to make capital out of the conquest, Napoleon is said to have cross-questioned the boy as to the movements of the allies, but without eliciting any more information than that the speaker was only a drummer-boy, and hence unacquainted with more than the simple duties of his own office. Wishing to test him, Napoleon sent for a drum, and bade him sound a charge, which he did with all the spirit he would have shown if he had been at the head of his regiment. Satisfied so far, Napoleon said, "Now sound a retreat;" but the brave boy only shook his head. "No," said he. "General, I have never learnt that; the British army never retreats." This was a boy after the Emperor's own heart, and it is not surprising that he should have set him free.

The following amusing story of a French drummer-boy was translated from the French by Mr. Ascott Hope, to whom every boy in England is indebted for many a good story capitally told.

## THE BEARDLESS HERO.

## CHAPTER I.

IN the war of 1812 there was in the ninth regiment of the line a little drummer-boy, only ten years old. He was the orphan child of a soldier named Frolut, but he generally went among the men by the name of Bilboquet, or Cup-and-ball, which sobriquet he owed to his long thin body, surmounted by such a large head that he really resembled the plaything so called. Young Frolut, or Bilboquet, whichever you please, was not, however, remarkable for anything but the singularity of his appearance. The drum-major's cane had so often beaten time on his shoulders, that some idea of harmony had at length got into his head and hands, but this was all. He did not know how to cock his forage cap knowingly over his right ear as the youngest of his comrades did; he could not swagger along jauntily like his superiors; and one day when he tried to let his little sword hang gracefully between his legs, in the fashion of the dandies of the regiment, it tripped him up, and the poor boy fell down and skinned his nose, to the great amusement of the spectators. Every one made fun of him, which wasn't fair, for he never made fun of anybody, and perhaps this was the reason that he avoided the company of his equals whenever he could, and was much fonder of being alone than are most boys at his age. This was only natural. He often tried to share in the amusements of the others, but he never could succeed in anything, and was always being teased and bullied. If they played at the drogue—a game in which a forked stick is placed upon the nose of the loser by way of penalty—whether it was owing to the mischievousness of the other drummers, or because Bilboquet really had a nose like a potato, the drogue always pinched him so dreadfully that the tears came into his eyes. Then if he were playing at hot cockles, instead of striking him with their hands—and some of the hands of these grenadiers are as large as battledores—according to the rule of the game, the others armed themselves with belts, sometimes without removing the buckles,

and there were even some who used shoes with great nails in them to hit poor Bilboquet. Then he would get up furious, crying with rage and pain, and would accuse everybody, but could never find out who had done it. And when they were tired of beating his hands black and blue, they would run after him calling him muff and coward. Next day he had to go to drill as usual, and as his hands were still bruised his drumming was by no means perfect, and the drum-major's cane would come to teach him the tune. So you see Bilboquet had no great reason to talk about the pleasures of military life, and, as I said before, he was very quiet and uncommunicative, and kept very much to himself.

The story which I am going to relate took place in the famous campaign of Russia. One day, it was July 12th, 1812, Frolut's regiment was stationed on the banks of the Dwina, when an order arrived from the Emperor to carry a position on the other side of an enormous ravine. This position was defended by a battery of six pieces of cannon, which mowed down the soldiers by whole ranks at a time, and to get to the spot which the Emperor had pointed out it was necessary to carry this battery, and an *aide-de-camp* rode up at full gallop with an order for the two Light companies of the ninth regiment to advance. It was a daring attempt, and it was evident that more than three-fourths of those engaged in it would never return. So the Light Infantry, brave as they were, looked at each other with doubtful shakes of the head and shrugs of the shoulders. Some veterans might even be heard muttering as they pointed to the cannon, "Does the general think that these fellows spit out nothing but baked apples, or does he wish them to make mincemeat of us, that he sends two hundred men against such a redoubt."

"Soldiers, it is the order of the Emperor!" cried the *aide-de-camp*, and galloped off.

"Why didn't you say so at once then?" said an old sergeant, fixing his bayonet. "Come along, we mustn't keep the Little Corporal waiting; when he tells you to go and get killed he doesn't like you to lose any time about it."



There was still some hesitation, however, and already the captain who was to command the storming party had twice given the order to the drum-major to advance and beat the charge. He remained leaning upon his great cane, shaking his head, and seeming by no means disposed to obey.

All the while Bilboquet, sitting astride his drum, was quietly whistling an air, and beating time with his fingers. A third time the order was given to the drum-major. He still seemed unwilling to obey, when suddenly Bilboquet jumped up, slung the drum across his shoulder, seized his drumsticks, and, passing under the nose of the drum-major, eyed him proudly from head to foot, and with one word reproved him for all his harshness. "Come on, you great coward!" he cried.

The drum-major was going to raise his cane, but already Bilboquet was at the head of the two companies, and was leading them along like a madman. The soldiers advanced after him, and ran towards the terrible battery. Its six guns were discharged at the same instant, and whole ranks of brave men fell never to rise again. The rest were enveloped by the smoke and deafened by the thunder of the cannon. Then the smoke cleared away, the noise ceased an instant, and twenty paces in front of them they saw the dauntless Bilboquet unhurt, and beating away at his drum as if to defy the great cannon with its feeble rattle.

The Light Infantry rushed on, and still in front of them there was the drummer summoning them forward with his rub-a-dub-dub. Again the cannon fired, and a volley of grape-shot tore through the shattered remnants of two fine companies. At this moment Bilboquet turned and saw that there were scarcely fifty men left of the two hundred, and as if seized by fury, he redoubled his noise—it seemed as if there were twenty drummers beating at once. The soldiers took fresh courage, and rushed forward once more. In a minute they entered the battery, Bilboquet at their head.

"Don't run away!" he cried to the retreating Russians. "Do wait for us a moment."

Napoleon himself had been a spectator of this gallant deed.

At each volley he shook with agitation upon his horse, and when the soldiers entered the battery he lowered his glass, and exclaimed in a low tone, "Brave fellows!"

Immediately one of the Emperor's *aides-de-camp* was sent to the battery, and came galloping back.

"How many of them are alive?" said Napoleon.

"Forty," replied the *aide-de-camp*.

"Have forty crosses of the Legion of Honour ready to-morrow," said the Emperor, turning towards one of the generals.

And, in fact, all the regiment next day formed a circle round the remnant of the two Light companies, and one by one the names of the forty brave men who had taken the battery were read out, and each was presented with the badge of honour so much coveted by every French soldier.

The ceremony was over, and every one was moving away, when a voice came from the ranks crying out in a tone of surprise, "And me! me! Am I to have nothing?"

The general who was distributing the crosses turned and saw before him our young friend Bilboquet, his cheeks red, and his eyes filled with tears.

"You, little fellow," he said, "what do you want?"

"Well, General, I was there," said Bilboquet, almost in a passion. "I beat the charge in the front of them all; I was the first who entered the battery."

"Well, it can't be helped, my boy; you have been forgotten," replied the general. "Besides," he added, "you are only a boy. You shall have the cross when you have a beard on your chin; in the meanwhile, here is something to console yourself with."

So saying, the general held out a twenty-franc piece to poor Bilboquet, who looked at it without seeming to care about taking it. Every one was silent and looked at him; he remained motionless before the general, and great tears gathered in his eyes. Even those who used to tease him were touched by compassion for him in his disappointment, and were perhaps going to raise a cry in support of his claim, when he suddenly

raised his head, as if he had just taken a great resolution, and said to the general,—

“Very well. Let me have it. It will do for another time.”

And without more ado he put the coin in his pocket, and turned away whistling as if he were quite content.

From that day no one laughed at little Bilboquet. But he did not become for all that any more sociable: on the contrary, he seemed to be turning over some great idea in his head, and instead of treating his comrades, as they had expected, he carefully preserved the twenty francs which he had received from the general.

## CHAPTER II.

SOME time afterwards the French soldiers entered Smolensk, victorious and full of ardour. Bilboquet was among them, and the very day of his arrival he went to walk through the town. He appeared to take a great interest in all the faces that he met, looking at them with a smiling air, and seeming to examine them with the critical air of a buyer who is choosing goods. I ought to say, however, that he only took notice of those which were ornamented by large beards. There were plenty of long and thick ones to be seen, but all of such an ugly red colour, that after a moment's examination Bilboquet turned his head and went on. At length, in the course of his promenade, our drummer arrived at the quarter of the city inhabited by the Jews. The Jews at Smolensk, as throughout the whole of Russia and Poland, live in a separate part of the city, and have all kinds of articles for sale. As soon as Bilboquet had entered their quarter, he was delighted. Here were the most splendid beards in the world, black as ebony, for the Jewish people, dispersed as it has been among other nations, has yet preserved the brown tint of its skin, and the brilliant black of its hair. So our friend Bilboquet was enchanted. Having made up his mind, he entered a little shop, the master of which had a magnificent beard. The shopkeeper approached our drummer, and humbly said to him in bad French,—

“What can I do for you, my little sir?”

"I want your beard," replied Bilboquet, haughtily.

"My beard," said the shopkeeper, in astonishment. "You are making fun of me."

"I tell you, fellow, that I wish to have your beard," persisted the proud conqueror, laying his hand on his sword. "But don't be afraid that I am going to steal it from you. Look! here's a Napoleon—give me the change."

The man wished to make little Bilboquet listen to reason, but he was as persistent as a blind horse, and a dispute arose, which was not long in drawing the attention of a number of the French soldiers. They came into the shop to find out what all the row was about, and thought Bilboquet's idea so amusing, that they obliged the Jew to give up his beard, and one of them, the buffoon and barber of his regiment, drew out his razors, and proceeded to shave the unhappy tradesman without either soap or water. Then, after having roughly despoiled him of his beard, he handed it over to Bilboquet, who bore it away in triumph.

When he arrived at the quarters of his regiment, he got the tailor to sew it on a piece of ass-skin from a broken drum, and without mentioning his plan to any one, he put it away at the bottom of his knapsack. The others wondered what he meant to do, but there were more serious things to think about. The march was resumed, and when the army arrived at Moscow, nobody was troubling himself about little Bilboquet's odd fancy.

Then dreadful misfortunes happened. Cold and devastation deprived the French army of all its resources; famine attacked it, and soon it was necessary to retreat over an almost desert country and endless fields of snow. I am not going to describe this horrible disaster—it is a thing at once too great and too dreadful to be treated of in such a story as this; enough to say that each one returned as best he could, and that only a few regiments continued to keep by their colours and obey the orders of their officers. Bilboquet's was one of these. It had formed part of the rear-guard, the duty of which was to prevent the thousands of Cossacks who followed the army from massacring unhappy soldiers separated from their comrades.



One day they crossed a small river, and to delay the pursuit of the enemy, they were trying to blow up two arches of the wooden bridge over which they had just passed ; but the powder had been so hastily laid, that the explosion did not produce the desired effect. The arches were considerably shattered, but all the framing remained, supported by a single beam, so that, when the enemy arrived, it would not take them long to make the bridge once more secure.

The general in command, seeing that the safety of a part of his army depended on the destruction of the bridge, wished to send some sappers to bring down this beam, and with it the rest of the woodwork ; but just as they were hastening to get into a boat, the enemy appeared on the other bank of the river, and commenced such a vigorous fire of musketry that no sapper seemed likely to reach the fatal beam alive.

The ranks began to fall back, when all of a sudden a soldier was seen to spring into the river, with an axe on his shoulder. He plunged into the water and appeared again, and by his beard he was recognized as a sapper. With eager eyes all the regiment watched this man who had so nobly devoted himself for their safety. He was swimming onwards ; the enemy made the water bubble round him with a hail of balls ; but the brave sapper did not pause for an instant. At length he reached the wreck of the bridge, gained a footing upon it, and with a few strokes of the axe cut through the remaining beam, already almost destroyed. Immediately the woodwork of the two arches gave way and fell, crashing and splashing, into the water. Amid the ruins the brave sapper disappeared for a moment, but presently he was seen swimming towards the bank, apparently unhurt. The whole regiment rushed forward in an outburst of joy and admiration, for even among daily scenes of horror noble actions have still power to move our hearts. Poles were held out to the swimmer. A hundred voices cheered him, and urged him on. The general himself came down to the bank, and was not a little surprised to see emerge from the water no less a personage than our friend Bilboquet, with a long black beard fastened to his chin.

"What's this?" he cried. "What is the meaning of this extraordinary get-up?"

"It's me—Bilboquet. You said you would give me the cross when I had a beard on my chin, and I think this is a capital one. I have had plenty of trouble to get it, I can tell you, and it cost me every penny of your twenty francs."

The general was amazed at the courage and acuteness of the boy. He shook hands with Bilboquet as if he had been a man, and gave him on the spot the cross which he himself wore at his button-hole, and which he had gained by his bravery and long services. From that time the veterans of the regiment treated Bilboquet like a friend, and the drum-major's cane and his shoulders had no further acquaintance.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following story told by the poet Campbell may not unfittingly supplement these records of his famous drummer boys:—

I love contemplating—apart  
From all his homicidal glory—  
The traits that soften to the heart  
Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne,  
Armed in our island every freeman,  
His navy chanced to capture one  
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,  
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;  
And aye was bent his youthful brow  
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight  
Of birds to Britain, halfway over,  
With envy—*they* could reach the white  
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,  
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,  
If but the storm his vessel brought  
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,  
He saw one morning, dreaming, doating,  
An empty hogshead from the deep  
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought  
The livelong day, laborious, lurking,  
Until he launched a tiny boat,  
By mighty working.

Oh dear me ! 'twas a thing beyond  
Description !—such a wretched wherry,  
Perhaps, ne'er ventured on a pond,  
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea field,  
It would have made the boldest shudder ;  
Untarr'd, uncompassed, and unkeeled,—  
No sail—no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced  
His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;  
And thus equipped he would have passed  
The foaming billows.

A French guard caught him on the beach,  
His little Argo sorely jeering,  
Till tidings of him chanced to reach  
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,  
Serene alike in peace and danger,  
And, in his wonted attitude,  
Addressed the stranger.

"Rash youth, that would'st yon channel pass  
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,  
Thy heart with some sweet English lass  
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad ;  
"But, absent years from one another,  
Great was the longing that I had  
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said,  
"You've both my favour justly won,  
A noble mother must have bred  
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,  
And, with a flag of truce, commanded  
He should be shipped to England old,  
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift  
To find a dinner, plain and hearty,  
But never changed the coin and gift  
Of Buonaparte.

TALES OF THE HUNTER  
AND SETTLER.





A DAY'S GORILLA HUNTING (p. 286).

# TALES OF THE HUNTER AND SETTLER.

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## "MY FRIEND THE TIGER."

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL ANDREW J. MACPHERSON.

CAPTAIN JACK TRACEY of the Bengal Staff Corps, better known in the wilds of the Punjab than on "the shady side of Pall Mall," was at home on furlough after many weary years spent in India. He had but few friends in England, and was a confirmed bachelor.

One day he was strolling leisurely up Bond Street, thinking of nothing in particular, save of the wretched weather, and wondering incidentally if the sun ever did shine in the old country. His ideas not being perhaps particularly cheerful on that damp depressing day, he found himself almost wishing he were back in the gorgeous East he had been so glad to get away from.

Abruptly startled from his reverie by hearing "Jack, old fellow!" shouted in an eager tone, and just grazed by the wheel of a hansom suddenly pulled up to the kerbstone, he turned round hastily for an explanation, and at once joyfully recognized in the occupant of the cab a chum whom he had not seen for years. Each greeted the other with all the cordiality of old comrades, long parted.

"I had heard of your tiger adventure and bad accident," said Tracey after a while, "but the account was a very meagre one. Tell me how it all happened, and how you pulled through."

"Small time now for question and answer," replied Tom Henderson. "I have to catch a train ; but come, old man, and pay me a visit as soon as you conveniently can, and then over a pipe I'll tell the story, show you the trophies, and also have the pleasure of making you acquainted with my wife, for be it known unto you, my jungle friend, that I am a Benedict, though a cripple, far away happier than ever I was, though my hunting days are for ever ended, spear and rifle laid aside."

"You may calculate on me turning up within a week, Tom. I am tired of town, and bored with sight-seeing ; a few days with you in the country will restore my jaded spirits, and quite rejuvenate me ; and though no lady's man, as you well know, I shall be charmed to make my salaam to the Mem Sahib ; but I do sincerely hope, old fellow, that she is not one of those fretful mortals who look with jealousy and suspicion upon the friends of her husband's bachelor days, as chaps with secrets uncommunicated to her."

"Have no fears on that score, you cynic. Helen is as true-hearted as she is bonnie, and what more can I say ? I will answer for your hearty welcome from the mistress of my little Eden. Good-bye, old man, *au revoir*. Now then, cabby, look alive ! sharp's the word for Charing Cross."

Away whirled my light-hearted friend, leaving me committed to a very unexpected visit.

I began to wonder what sort of a wife had Tom picked up. The old "junglewallah" was very unlike a marrying man when he and I foregathered, much too selfish, he used to say, to enjoy the domestic fireside, and far too fond of field sports ; moreover, like most men who spend much time in camp, Tom was shy and retiring in the society of women. How did he pick her up ? Shouldn't wonder if he went in for the assistance of a matrimonial agent.

In a few days Tracey was on his way to Canterbury, near



which city Henderson, owner of a pretty country place, dwelt. It was some five miles distant from the railway station where Jack alighted. Tired of being boxed up in a carriage, he sent on his traps, glad of the opportunity of a walk. He rambled through fields heavy with lush grass and meadow sweet, through stripped orchards, and unpicked Kentish hop gardens, now ripe and in all their fragrant bloom, more beautiful by far than the vaunted vineyards of southern Europe, anent which so much poetry has been wasted.

He had no sooner entered Tom's grounds than he saw his comrade limping along, leaning rather heavily on a stick, and lightly on the arm of a graceful young woman, whom Tracey concluded was the wife to be salaamed.

They were progressing so slowly, that dodging unseen Jack had full time for a good look at her, and the peep behind the curtain was most satisfactory.

"By Jove! I must get the address of that agency," thought John Tracey.

Before the evening was half over he was brim full of admiration. He could not give any very definite idea of her particular style of beauty, save that there was some different charm that stole upon him at every instant in some different shape or way; her frankness and sympathetic nature made him feel at once at home, and the tender care of her disabled husband, which was apparent, though by no means obtrusive, was made due note of. Her dress, he thought, was something soft and creamy, her only ornament a sort of crescent of tiger's claws set in gold.

Jack felt sorry when his host at length proposed an adjournment to the smoking-room.

It was a cosy little den, a veritable bachelor's snuggerly, hung with weapons and rods, maps and plans, with quite a battery of pipes of all sorts and conditions, from the humble briar to the lordly meerschaum. Some pictures there were of soldiers in sundry uniforms, a sporting plate or two, newspapers and magazines, a large tiger's skin was very conspicuous as a hearthrug, and over the mantelpiece a well executed oil



painting of the head of a snarling tiger, with the strange inscription in letters of gold :—

“MY FRIEND THE TIGER.”

This quaint emblem at once attracted Jack's attention.

“A queer friend you have got there,” he exclaimed.

“Possibly so to the uninitiated,” replied Tom. “Many a man has made much the same remark, and has gone away puzzled with the mystic device. I do not, you understand, ‘wear my heart upon my sleeve for daws to peck at.’

“But I will solve the riddle for your especial benefit, Jack. I promised to tell you of an adventure, and when you have heard it perhaps you may agree that in the end the tiger that so cruelly mauled me was in very truth my friend, and will doubtless acknowledge it was a happy chance that brought Mr. Stripes into contact with me. I own at the time I could not see my luck, but there is, I believe, a ‘why and wherefore’ in all things. I have lived so long with Mahommedans that I have become a convert to what they call ‘Kismut.’\* Fill your pipe, old man, and while I my tale unfold, do you smoke, listen, and learn.”

“I am dying to hear the story with which that picture's inscription is connected, though ‘why and wherefore’ (as you just now said) the device I cannot, for the life of me, imagine. May I beg of you for a while to drop the language of Shakespeare, and talk to a plain man in your old jungle style.”

“I will endeavour to be as lucid as possible, you Goth. Now for the interpretation.

“You remember that I had the name of being a keen sportsman, particularly devoted to the slaughter of the feline tribe. Many a gallant tiger had fallen to my rifle, and I had become so reckless, partly through immunity from accident, and partly from constant encounters with savage beasts, that I found wild excitement only when meeting a tiger on foot, disdaining the almost safe position in a howdah or on a machan.† It was

\* Fate.

† A platform erected in a tree.

about a year ago, when I happened to be on my last tiger shooting expedition, near to where the Gogra river tumbles from the Nepaul hills into the plains, that one day, when separated from my comrades, who had gone after small game, leaving me in camp engaged in cleaning my rifles, etc., a Shikari \* rushed into the tent to say a large tiger was prowling in the vicinity of the village nigh at hand. He had killed a cow or two, and the villagers implored me to go in search of, and destroy the marauder scattering their herds.

"Elephants for beating the jungle were out of the question, so I collected a number of the best men I could get for that purpose, armed them with 'latties,' † and was very explicit in giving them their orders, which they seemed to fully comprehend.

"Having got everything together I could lay my hands on at short notice, I proceeded in quest of the tiger. The villagers were really very plucky, and I took every precaution to keep them out of the danger of which I was myself heedless, though I could not help wishing I had one or two of my companions with me.

"In a very short time after leaving the village, I remarked some vultures rising heavily from the grass at the furthest corner of a patch of jungle. It struck me there must be a carcass there, and I hoped to find the tiger somewhere near, probably gorged with food, and very likely lazy. I crept along cautiously, careful not to crack a twig, and ready for instant action; my finger was on the trigger, and the most trustworthy man of the gang (the Shikari) was close alongside with my second rifle, the beaters being on the outskirts some distance away, when behold, suddenly, with a roar like thunder, out from the cover sprang the startled tiger. His bound was tremendous, and I could see at a glance that he was a magnificent beast, full of life and vigour. I was, however, as quick as he, and put a bullet well into him, whereupon he retreated growling and snarling into the thick bush. I thought from his

\* Hunter.

† Long sticks.

manner of going that his spine was broken, and that I should find him disabled, and an easy prey. I had, as I have already said, become lamentably careless and foolhardy; I can take no credit for my then action. I went close up to where the tiger was lurking, and threw in a stone. Out instantly he leaped, making straight for me. I was steady, and put another bullet from my second barrel this time right into his chest. It, however, did not stop him. On he came, charging with resistless impetus, and in a second was upon me. Down we both went, I underneath; but even in that very critical position I fortunately did not lose presence of mind, and lay as motionless as if dead, knowing that on my slightest movement the brute would be at my throat. The Shikari had bolted.

"What my feelings were it would be useless attempting to describe, and I don't think any one could well imagine them. The brute commenced his work at the wrong end, and began chawing me, as a dog might a bone, from ankle to hip. He did not, or could not, use his claws. I felt rather stunned, and after the first crunch the pain was not great, but his hot, fetid breath was fearfully sickening.

"Chaw, chaw he went on, till with a final snap of his great jaws he died (my last shot having proved fatal). It was found that his teeth were so firmly clenched in the upper part of my thigh, that a crowbar had to be brought from the village to release me from his death grip.

"I was carried, more dead than alive, on a charpoy\* to camp, a sorry sight with my clothes torn to rags, drenched with the blood of man and beast, and was for a long time in a fainting condition, attended to meanwhile by the natives, until I had the aid of a qualified surgeon at once sent for, and luckily not far off.

"After a weary time of sickness and suffering I was ordered home on sick leave. There at your feet lies my last tiger's skin, with the bullet holes, and the picture over the mantel-piece is a faithful representation of his head."

\* Native bedstead.

"Your adventure was truly an exciting one, and you came well out of it; but I cannot see what friendship the tiger showed for which you are so grateful. It appears to me all the other way," cynically muttered Jack.

"Wait awhile, my boy; we are not yet at the end of the story. Don't jump to a conclusion."

"I wait your pleasure."

"To continue. I found myself on board a P. and O. steamer, amidst a crowd of people, without a single friend or acquaintance. I had, it is true, a faithful native servant, who was at the best but a clumsy nurse. The ship's doctor attended to me, and dressed my wounds with carbolic acid, or some such stuff, which made me jump and dread his visits, and for a long time no one fully sympathized with the helpless cripple.

"I was carried daily on deck, and placed in my long chair. Unable to move, I thus became a victim to the gossiping and inquisitive, who would persistently ask for the details of my tiger adventure; the recital perchance amused them, but it certainly bored me.

"But there was on board one sweet girl, Helen Fraser, the daughter of a retired Indian civilian, who showed more by her compassionate looks than by unavailing questions, that she took a deep interest in my powerless condition."

"Halloo!" cried Jack, "I begin to see daylight."

"Choop! \* you graceless dog.

"How it came about I know not, or need not tell you, but somehow she became my constant companion, and I daily looked for her tender attentions and sympathy. She read to me, talked to me, arranged my pillows with a gentle hand. In her presence I forgot my pain, and began to live again.

"I soon found, God help me, that cripple as I was, I had become a hero in her eyes, and when once that stage is arrived at, it is the man's own fault if a more tender feeling does not spring up. And it did with her. Before landing she was my promised bride, and now is my wife. Perhaps, Jack, you now



can see why that tiger was my friend—the best friend that ever I had ; for without his intervention I should never have met Helen, or have become the happy man I am.”

“ I wish I could break my leg and get such another nurse,” was Jack’s sole reply.

Just then in came Helen, to personally attend to the wants of her husband and guest.

“ So you have heard our story, Captain Tracey ? ” she said, “ Do pray induce Tom to agree to my oft-repeated request to substitute the words,

“ ‘ *Our Mutual Friend* ’ for ‘ *My friend the Tiger*. ’ ”

## A BEAR HUNT.

I DINED with an old schoolmate some years ago in Philadelphia, who had moved there early in life from Kentucky. After dessert a very fine water-melon was brought on the table, and I was loud in my praises of it. When we arose, my hostess went around the table smiling, and collecting the seeds from all the plates. On my return, after spending two or three weeks in New York, I dined with my friend again, when his wife presented me with a package of seeds which came from that melon. They were called "Mountain Sweets." She begged me to plant them the next summer and think of her when I ate the melons. I did so, of course. Selecting an acre or so of good sandy loam I ploughed it deep, planted my seeds in hills eight feet apart, and enclosed it with a high strong fence, so that my stock could not break in. I watched my water-melon patch, and tended it with care. When the vines blossomed I rejoiced, even as "Jonah was exceedingly glad of his gourd." As the melons grew, my wife and the children went to look at them so often that I built a stile, in order that they could get over the fence without climbing. When they commenced ripening I had such an abundance that I gave everybody on my plantation free access to the patch, marking those, however, which I wished to retain for the use of my family. Still I found on several occasions that those I had marked were gone, and the vines that bore them roughly used. I complained to Harry that some of the people had treated me badly in pulling my marked melons, but he laughed and shook his head knowingly.

"No, Maas Tom," he said, "de niger dat steal yo water-millions got har all over him. Bar, sir, bar. Why, bless you, he know what you mark 'em for. Why, sartin he do. Bar mighty fond o' sweet thins, Maas Tom, got great taste for water-millions. I see de vines pulled 'bout terrible, but I say to myself, if I tell master he only laugh case I talk 'bout bars got so much sense."

After a moment's thought, I concluded that Harry was pretty nearly right. So next morning, as soon as it was light enough to see along the barrel of my rifle and bring the sights in range, I shouldered the old piece and walked along the path to my water-melon patch.

At the corner of the field, within thirty yards of the stile, there was a rank growth of cotton, and I got over the fence and concealed myself in it. I had to wait but a few minutes, when I beheld one of the most striking illustrations of maternal affection and provident care I ever witnessed. Up the opposite side of the stile, out of the water-melon patch, came an old she-bear, walking on her hind legs and stepping carefully. In her right arm she held a baby of a little black cub, and in her left was a water-melon of the largest size. When she got to the top of the stile she looked warily around. I raised my rifle instinctively—from habit, as it were—but lowered the muzzle immediately. I would as soon have shot a woman with a baby in her arms. Then I laughed, not loud, for I didn't want her to drop her water-melon, when I thought how much she really did look like big Kissiah, Jim's wife, with a piggin of water on one arm and her black baby in the other. Mother Bear came down the stile carefully and slowly, and with her cub and her water-melon made her way into the swamp without knowing that a human eye had rested on her, or that a rifle-barrel had been levelled against her life.

When I was a little more than of age, I was fool enough to go to Texas to help Sam Houston fight the Mexicans. Luckily I missed the massacre at the Alamo, but I helped to capture Santa Anna. After the "Lone Star" had gained her independence I received a grant of land for my services. I

immediately built an adobe house, established a ranch, and commenced raising cattle and mules. I soon had an opportunity of buying at a low figure a good number of mustang ponies from an old Comanche chief, who had stolen them, I suppose, from the Mexicans away back on the Rio Grande. My cattle and mustangs were so wild in the large range around me that I could never catch them without a lariat, or lasso, as some people call it. So I became very expert in its use. As old Harry says when he affects "Gumbo French," I had a great *panchank* for the lariat, and used it to take any game that was not too swift for my pony. Some men inherit an aptness of that sort; my grandfather was a hunter on the Badkin, and came out with Boone to Kentucky. There my father was considered a tip-top shot, and when quite a young man he had killed as many Indians as he had bears. So I don't claim any credit for my shooting or throwing the lariat, for it came to me as naturally as playing on the fiddle comes to some people. One day, however, a brown bear—they are twice as large as black bears—came very near capturing *me* with a lariat. It happened in this wise.

The Indians from the hilly country to the west, or the Mexicans, would sometimes come to our corrals and steal our horses. One night they paid a visit to one of my neighbours, four or five miles from me, and stampeded his mustangs and some blooded stock he had brought out from Tennessee. So we collected a party and went after them. After two days' hard riding we got sight of them on the edge of an open grove of pine-oaks. We came on them so suddenly that the rascals fled and left the stolen horses.

As the country had the reputation of being good hunting-grounds, we stayed a day to look after bears. I was so foolish as to start out hunting without my rifle, and had nothing but my lariat, which I tied fast to my saddle bow, and a long knife in a sheath belted around my waist. As I was skirting a low hill I got sight of an immense brown bear. After a short chase I gained on him so fast that he came to a halt within the length of my lariat, and stood up facing me and showed fight. It was



rash, I know, but my blood was up, and my old thong went uncoiling through the air, and the noose encircled him about the shoulders, one fore leg in front and the other behind. My pony wheeled as quick as lightning, and away he went, dragging the bear, as large as himself, who came holding sideways like. We got into a level stretch, and I thought I was doing it nicely. There was a pine-oak a little ahead, and I was anxious to sheer off from it as I passed, for fear the bear would run along and get the other side of it. So I kept my eye on it; but although I thought my nag was going at a good pace we were some time getting even with it. Without looking behind I spurred desperately. Presently the pony, though he kept up the galloping motion, did not appear to make any headway. His feet beat the ground rapidly. Bookety, bookety, bookety, went his hoofs, but it was only an up and down movement, for all the world like a little boy on a hobby horse. Then taking a range with the tree, as the pony's feet still kept up the motion, I found I was going backward! I cast a glance behind for an explanation of all this. There was the bear on his haunches, leaning back with all his might and pulling in myself and the pony hand over hand, just as a sailor would pull on a halliard!

When the bear had hauled up so close that my pony smelt him, he staggered sideways and caught a glimpse of the beast, and then gave such an unearthly shriek as I never heard before nor since. Could I slip off and abandon the poor little nag to that brute? That was my thought, but I hadn't the heart to do it. The bear had shortened the distance between us to about twenty feet. Then suddenly a thought struck me; I drew my knife, and, parting the lariat, sunk my spurs rowel deep in the pony's sides, and he bounded away like a rocket. He had scarcely made ten jumps when I heard two discharges that almost sounded like the report of one gun. Turning my head quickly, I saw the bear leap into the air, turn a half-somersault, and come down like a ton of lead wrapped in a blanket.

Two of the chaps who came in our party had witnessed his effort to haul me in with the lariat. They told me the bear

reeled as I cut loose, but immediately stood up defiantly when he saw them, and of course was all the fairer mark. They were not more than forty feet off, and were going to fire just as I parted company with him, for they thought the play was getting serious. When the performance was over, these rascals laughed as if it was their last laugh. Jack Tomlin swore it was as good as going to the circus. I wondered that they could steady themselves sufficiently to draw a sight on the beast. I begged them to say nothing about it, and they promised. But before we got home they let it out; they said it was too good to keep. I quit hunting bears with a lariat after that.

## CERINTHY.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

“WHY! it must be that somebody’s bought the old Captain Jones place!” said Aunt Nabby as we sat at supper in the old kitchen.

“What makes you think so?” was the general inquiry.

“Well, I went by and saw all the windows open, and Seth Jones he was up on the roof getting ready to shingle, and Aunt Mehitable Perry she told me somebody had bought the place and was goin’ to fix it up.”

“I wonder now if Sam Lawson won’t know,” said grand-mamma reflectively.

“Think it’s likely,” said Aunt Lois. “Sam always knows about what’s none of his business; it’s a pity he don’t know more about what is.”

“I kind o’ like to have Sam round,” said Aunt Nabby. “I don’t see any harm in knowing about things.”

“No danger but he’ll be in,” said Aunt Lois; “if there’s a new shingle on anybody’s barn, Sam must be there to see to it and get all the particulars.”

“Well,” said my grandmother, “I’m glad for my part somebody has bought the Captain Jones house. I hate to see a good handsome place like that all shut up and going to ruin. I should like to know who’s coming to live there. I’d really like to ask Sam about it. I wonder if he won’t be in.”

And, in fact, that very evening, just as the supper things had been put by and the circle formed around the fire, Sam

Lawson's slow foot on the doorstep, and his leisurely work on the door-scraper, heralded his approach.

"Good-evenin', deacon ; good-evenin', Mis' Badger," he said. "I've just been lookin' in on Tim Dexter that was down with fever—he's gettin' pretty well over it—and comin' by, I see your winders a-shinin' so bright, I thought I'd jest step in a spell."

"Well, we're glad to see you," said my grandmother, while we boys, one on either hand, led him to the warm seat in the chimney-corner, and officiously offered to go down cellar and draw a pitcher of cider. We were resolved that Sam should have every assistance to start him in the conversational line.

"Well, now, Mr. Lawson, we were just wondering about who's been buying the Captain Jones place," said Aunt Nabby.

"Lordy massy, Mis' Badger, I know all about that ar ; to be sure I do ; that ar house has been bought by Captain Eb Sewel—I know him like a book. He made all his money tradin' in West Indies—his father is Deacon Jabez Sewel ; lives down in the deestric' o' Maine. I know the hull family ; they're sort o' related. Captain Eb's great-grand'ther was third cousin to my great-grandmother."

"He's well off, Captain Eb is."

"He and his brother Tim Sewel used to have a grocery in Bath, and Captain Eb he traded to the West Indies ; carried over lumber and salt cod-fish and hay and sich, and brought back molasses and sugar and rum. Now he's done seafarin' ; he's got a son old enough to run the schooner, and he's bought in with Jake Fellows the half of that grocery business Deacon Ketchum used to own 'fore he died."

"Oh, that's it ?" said Aunt Nabby. "I was a-wonderin' who'd take the deacon's place."

"He's fore-handed, Captain Eb is ; he belongs to a real smart family. I know all about his folks and the way they made their money. Their father, old Deacon Jabez Sewel, was a pealer, I can tell you. There's a story about him in the late war times that you boys would like to hear ; and I was knowing to it at the time."



"Oh, Sam, do tell us!" we exclaimed eagerly.

"Wal, ye see, one summer I was down in the deestric' lookin' round a spell, and I went and stayed to Deacon Jabez's—his wife she was Jerusha Peabody, minister's daughter at Wells. She was real sort o' motherly to me; Lordy massy, she had so many boys one more didn't seem to make no count, and so I stayed and worked, 'long with the boys—there was nine of 'em."

"*Nine* of them?" said Aunt Nabby, dropping her knitting inquiringly.

"Yes, nine of 'em! and all good, tall, six-foot fellers. The old man used to say that he had fifty-four feet of sons, and one daughter."

"Well, I'm sure I'm sorry for *her*," remarked Aunt Lois.

"Wal, she wouldn't a' thanked you for your sorrow, Miss Lois," said Sam, "for there warn't no crowned queen made more on than Cerinthy was among all them fellers. She was a bright one, Cerinthy was, and there couldn't nobody beat her at her book.

"She was a great scholar, and her mother said she should have advantages, and she went a year to the academy at Bath, and learned Latin and Greek enough to a' gone to college if she'd a' been a feller, 'cause when a girl *does* take to larnin', she'll beat the fellers all holler, and she warn't a bit the worse housekeeper for all her larnin'.

"She and her mother used to have all the washin' for all them fellers out on the line by daylight Monday mornin's. By two o'clock in the artemnoon the ironing would be pretty much done. I tell you, there didn't no grass grow under their feet. Everything was up to tune and time in that house. Work went off to Yankee Doodle there, I can tell ye.

"'Cause ye see, Deacon Jabez Sewel was one of them men that's born down there in the deestric' that has the go in 'em, and everything he put his hand to *had* to go.

"He went to sea cabin-boy; riz right up to be second mate, then fust mate, then captain; and when he'd made six voy'ges and brought home money every time, he bought this ere big

farm and settled down and married and took to raisin' sons ; and it did reely seem as if the Old Testament would be about used up in namin' the deacon's family.

"There was Timothy and Eben and Noah and Nathan and David and Obed and Salmon and Heber and Jared, all stout, healthy fellows ; never had a day's sickness among 'em.

"Every one of 'em had his gun and his axe, and could hit a bird flyin' or a deer on the jump, and could cut down trees about as fast as trees could be cut. I tell you, it was a rattlin', stompin', lively sort of a place down to Uncle Jabez' ; a fellow couldn't help workin' there jest for company. There warn't no two ways about that down there.

"Most any of 'em could turn his hand to 'most anything. There was Noah ; he took to be a ship carpenter, and larned his trade in Bath, and got to be a master hand ; and all the boys, more or less, larned to use tools.

"Wal, the summer I was there, they'd started to build a schooner on a creek that put up from the sea about a stone's throw from the house. They called her the *Fortune*, 'cause the fortunes of the hull of 'em was in it, and they all calculated to make their fortunes by her, for every one of them Maine fellers is born sailors, and know how to swim and row and haul ropes as soon as they can tread shoe-leather.

"Deacon Jabez had a lumber camp, and he calculated to make shooks, headings, and hoop poles, and run 'em over to the West Indies for them to make hogsheds of and carry over salt cod-fish and sich—so make money hand over hand.

"But jest as they'd got the keel laid and the work well along news come that the war'd broke out, and, sure enough, fust we heard there was a British ship o' war skittering up and down off our Maine coast ; and we heard that if they found any American vessels they took 'em and burned 'em.

"'Wal, boys,' says the deacon, 'we've got to stand to our guns. We won't let them Britishers burn our schooner, will we?' And so after that, sure enough every feller slept with his gun loaded at the head of his bed, and two took turns keepin' watch by the ship every night.

"Well, ye see, the creek run in through a heavy belt o' timber land, and it kinked and crinkled round, so that we calculated there was a fair chance that nobody would know where 'twas ; ye see, there's tide enough in all them creeks to float a pretty large craft.

"But one morning, when they was all to work hammerin' and sawin' for dear life, sure enough they see a boat with four sailor fellers in it comin' in cruisin' up the creek.

"'Boys,' says the deacon, 'they've found us out. I know what they're arter,' says he.

"For all that the old deacon spoke 'em fair. He showed 'em all round the works, and come dinner time he invited 'em up to dinner and give a right square meal ; cider and beef and pork and pumpkin pie and doughnuts—all they could eat ; and the young feller that commanded the boat, he was struck up the minute he was introduced to Cerinthy. In fact, the minute they looked at each other I could see there was a-goin' to be suthin' between them two.

"He was a nice, handsome young feller, mighty sociable, and he told the boys he used to be a carpenter in the old country till one day he was took by a press gang and carried off to sea without askin' leave or licence, and nat'ally he didn't like it.

"He took the deacon aside and told him that he felt as if he'd come on a real mean business, but the fact was, the captain had heard they were building some sort of a vessel, and had sent them up to look into it. 'They jest burn every vessel they finds,' says he ; 'but I thought mebbe if you went down and offered him some money, he'd shut his eyes and not know anything about this one.'

"Deacon Jabez he straightened himself up. 'I ain't the man to give or take a bribe,' says he. 'The schooner is private property, and it is not right that he should burn it. I'll go down with you and have a straight-out talk with your captain about it,' says he ; 'that's what I will do. As to burnin' the schooner, there's a considerable chance he can't do it.

"'There's me and my nine boys, and, come to that, there's

my wife and Cerinthy can handle a gun with the best of us ; and there's all the fellers in our lumber camp are ready to come down when they hear guns fired.'

" 'Well,' says this young Graham, 'you jest go and set this all before our captain.'

"Wal, the deacon he called Eb and Tim and told 'em how things stood and where he was goin', and says to 'em, 'You jest go to the lumber camp and get some fellers there, and camp along in the woods each side of the Devil's Grip, and wait there till they come back with me in the boat. If I sing out "All right"—why, all is right ; but if you see me setting still with a pretty stiff boat's crew along—why then, boys, let fly—I ain't afraid of your hitting me ; but turn 'em back—don't let 'em through the Grip.'

"When the deacon started up to go, Cerinthy she begged he wouldn't ; and then young Graham steps up and he says to her, 'Miss Sewel, *I'll* bring him back safe—I pledge my life for it !' says he.

"She jest looked at him and said, 'I'll trust *you*, sir'—Cerinthy had a pair of eyes that allers said more than *she* did—it made a feller feel taller to have her say she trusted him, and so off the boat went with the deacon in it.

"Wal, come to get the old man on shipboard, the captain was pretty up and down with him. He must put down a hundred dollars, he said, or he'd burn the vessel ; and the deacon, he said he hadn't got no hundred dollars for no such purpose, and as to burning the schooner, he'd find he'd have to *get* it fust, and it wouldn't be so easy as he thought.

"The captain he swore at him and ordered up a long boat's crew of fellers, and told 'em to go straight up and burn that schooner, unless the old man paid down the money when they got there.

" 'I warn you, cap'n,' said the deacon, 'you'er sending these boys right into danger of their lives.' But the captain he swore the harder and told 'em to be off ; he'd teach the Yankees to come down with their civility money.



“ ‘*Can’t* you pay down the money?’ says young Graham, when they got started.

“ ‘I ain’t got no money to pay down for that; I can’t pay without takin’ poor men’s wages, and I sha’n’t do that—besides, right is right and wrong is wrong, and your captain has no business to burn private property. I’m sorry for these honest fellows here—I’m afraid it’ll go hard with ’em.’

“ Well, ’fore long they come to the place they call the Devil’s Grip, where the shores rise each side high and rocky and covered with bushes and trees, so that a hundred men could be posted each side and nobody see ’em. The deacon he folded his arms and sat up straight and still when the boat sailed in, when bang came a shot that broke the stroke-oar’s arm, and another came from t’other side and hit the man at the tiller, and then the balls flew criss-cross, ’cause the fellers stood two and two together, and one fired while t’other was loadin’.

“ ‘You’d better lie down, old man,’ said Graham, ‘they’ll kill you.’

“ ‘I sha’n’t lie down,’ said the deacon; ‘I’ll run my chance with the rest of you.

“ It warn’t many minutes before that boat’s crew was all in a mess, for every shot told. Two men were groaning in the bottom of the boat, and there was hardly anybody that wasn’t hit somewhere, and there didn’t seem no slack to the fire.

“ The men called out that it was murder to go on, and finally Graham he backed the oars and put about for the brig.

“ ‘I knew jist how ’twould be,’ said the deacon. ‘I knew the boys wouldn’t let you up the Grip. It’s too bad on these fellers now.’

“ Well, you’d better believe the captain was mad when the boat’s crew came back with four or five of his best fellows wounded and disabled.

“ They took the old deacon down in the lower hold and put him in irons for that night. He said he thought like as not they’d hang him to the yard-arm the next morning, but he got a good sound sleep for all that, and young Graham he made

his report to the captain, and set it out pretty stiff how many men there was up round there, and kind o' suggested whether 'twa'n't going to cost more'n 'twould come to to burn that one schooner.

"Wal, the cap'n he kinder chewed on't and turned it over in his mind, and next morning he sent for the deacon up to have a talk with him.

"The captain he was pacing up and down the quarter-deck when they brought the old man up. He was a mild-looking, white-headed old man, Deacon Jabez was, and allers looked as calm as a full moon, and he stood quiet as a psalm-book, waitin'.

"'Well,' says the captain, walking up to him. 'Look a' here, old man ! did you order your sons to fire on my men ?'

"'I did,' says the deacon.

"'Well, what do you think of yourself now ?' said the captain.

"'I think I've done my duty,' says the deacon.

"'You call it your duty ?' says the captain.

"'Yes, I do, cap'n, and you'd a' done jest so ef you 'ad ben in my place. You wouldn't let a set o' fellers come on to English coast and burn a vessel you was building, you know you wouldn't, and if your boys wouldn't fight for you, English boys ain't what I take 'em to be.'

"This kind o' went home to the cap'n.

"'Don't you know,' says the captain, 'I could hang you up to the yard-arm ?'

"The deacon looked up to the yard-arm quite serene.

"'Yes,' says he ; 'you can hang me if you choose, but hanging an honest man for doing his duty won't bring a blessing on your ship ; it won't help you along this coast : but you can do it if you please, I ain't afraid to die.'

"The captain he took a turn or two more, and then walked right up to the deacon, and says he—

"'You're a brave man ; shake hands on't. I hope my boys will stand up for me as yours have for you. There's a boat waitin' to set you ashore ; so good-morning.'

"The deacon stopped a minute, and then says he, 'I'm sorry about those boys that got wounded. There's five of 'em, and here's fifty dollars, if you just please divide it among em.'

" 'I'll do it,' says the captain, and they shook hands and parted like good friends, and they rowed the old man away to shore.

"When they came to the shore the old man sprung out, and Graham with him.

" 'Boys,' says he to the sailors, 'you jest row back to the ship. I'm going to see the old man home. I can come when I get ready.'

"Well, when the old man came in sight of the house Cerinthy saw him from the chamber window, and run out to meet him, and Graham he says—

" 'There, Miss Sewel, I've brought him back,' and she came right up and give him her hand, and her eyes shone like stars.

" 'You're a man to be trusted,' says she.

" 'I hope your father and you'll both remember that,' says he, 'for I want to join you. I'm a shore man and have my trade of skilled carpenter work, and I think I'd like to help on that schooner. I'm no wise bound to stay on that ship. They took me by force, and I've a right to get away if I can.'

"Well, the deacon, he agreed to that, and after that Graham was one among 'em, only they thought best he should sleep up to the lumber camp to keep out of the way if anybody came to look for him. But the fact was, the captain was too short-handed to send anybody up that way again, and Graham he proved a bargain, 'cause he knew all about fancy carpenter-work, and he fixed up the cabin with oak and butternut and black walnut, and he carved out a figure-head of Fortune, and painted and gilded it, and everybody that looked at it saw it looked like Cerinthy, and afore Thanksgiving everybody knew that the deacon had got one more son on the list—the doctrine o' 'lection never panted plainer than it did in that case. They was married the day the ship was launched."

"And did the schooner make her voyage?" said grandfather.

"Sartin she did. The Maine boys had one advantage: they had fogs so thick you could drive a spike into 'em and hang your hat on't, and they run the vessel out to sea on a high tide in jest such fog and nobody was the wiser, and so over to the French West Indies and back agen into Bath with their cargo o' sugar and molasses, and they'd run in on the high tide. They didn't mind the war, and finally the war stopped and they kep' on tradin', with nobody to hinder, and sure enough, the *Fortune* made a fortune for 'em all."

"Every one of 'em is doing well, and the old deacon and his wife are livin' at the old place yet."

"Cerinty and her husband live in Boston, and Captain Eb he's come to settle here, and that's the story of the schooner *Fortune*."



## A DAY'S GORILLA HUNTING.

BY WILF. P. POND.

**I**N my travelling expeditions into Central Africa I had at different times many native servants, and through them I had opportunities to see the natives hunt according to the time-honoured methods of the tribes. In this respect I did not follow the practice of the ordinary traveller, who conducts his hunts after his own fashion, taking the horns or skin of his quarry for himself, with the glory, of course, and leaving the carcass, for his native helps, who are well satisfied with that and a few beads for recompense, and are willing to take a subordinate position in the hunt.

One of my men was named Oshupu. He was a Fan, a fine specimen of humanity, and, like most of his race, remarkably intelligent. In fact, he was a cannibal gentleman; that is to say, although he, like the rest of his tribe, had a liking for human flesh, he never intruded that horrible craving upon my notice by word or deed, and from his appearance and actions I should never have imagined that it existed.

No matter where he was, even when near the European settlements, he never adopted the garb of the white man, but adhered strictly to the native dress, which was complete when he had painted his tattooed body red, hung a piece of bark cloth around his loins, and decorated his head with the scarlet feathers of the tauraco. His teeth were filed to points and stained black, and his body was hung about with charms and amulets.

His nation is a fierce and warlike people, brave to a fault,

and magnificent in spirit and physique. Oshupu would sometimes get tired of riding tamely in the slowly moving ox-waggon, and, seizing his spear, would dart off with it, and run for several miles in advance of the team, or preform feats of dexterity with the weapon around the waggon for my especial edification.

He was for ever wishing that we had reached his country, and he would talk to me by the hour of elephant and gorilla hunts, until I longed to get away with him to join a hunting-party of his people. Accordingly, when we neared the Gaboon River, it did not need much persuasion to induce me to out-span the team for two weeks, and go with Oshupu to his village.

Through this hamlet—as is the case with most equatorial villages—ran one long street. The houses were square frames, with sides of neatly woven wattle, and were thatched with the same material coated with mud. The eave of the roof was carried forward some distance, and supported on two posts, forming a rude stoop. Under this welcome shade the village people squatted, gossiping and waiting for something to interest them.

I was that something !

We entered the village from the side, and were in the street before our coming was perceived. As if pulled by a single string, every native arose, and, quietly forming a ring around me, the population gravely inspected me. While Oshupu was, as it were, introducing me, I felt fingers touch my clothes, my rifle, and even go into my pockets, all of which examination I, knowing the habits of these people, pretended not to notice. The natives seldom steal, until taught to do so by intercourse with the civilized whites.

When it was known that I had come to hunt the gorilla, their joy was unbounded, for, strange as it may seem, these warlike people, like those of many other tribes, are much afraid of this animal, and the awe with which they regard him prompts them to make a gorilla skull the principal ornament on their fetish-huts.

After resting for two days our hunting party was formed, and we journeyed a long day's march to the home of the gorilla.

What a journey it was, and how vividly I remember it! There were about thirty of us, the natives all armed with long spears about seven feet in length, terminating in an iron head, with large barbs at either side. These spears are seldom thrown, except at very close quarters. Although painfully afraid of the gorilla at the commencement of the hunt, the natives, as soon as their blood gets up, throw caution to the winds, and rush in upon him on all sides, trusting to the multiplicity of the assailants, and their own agility to enable them to get away unharmed.

Each native carried three spears, and I was armed with my heavy double eight-bore express rifle. About noon we halted, and rested until nearly dawn the next morning. Then we set out in single file, Oshupu leading, myself second, and the others of the troop following in the order of their rank as successful hunters.

In many places we could scarcely move for the dense vegetation. On all sides of us stretched vast forest avenues, in which the height of the trees was lost in the dense over-growth, that stretched like leafy clouds above us; in front the stems grew close and thick, with intertwining vines and creepers, stunted bushes, and pendant masses of "monkey ropes" that curled like snakes in countless thousands.

The stillness at times could almost be felt, and then again a patch would be struck where birds with harsh voices peopled the trees, but could not be seen, or the chirp of a grasshopper, the sharp hiss of a serpent, the shrill sound of a locust in the matted grass. No other sounds could be distinguished, except the chatter of a stray monkey, or the hoot of an owl.

We seemed to enter into a region of semi-darkness, where the light was of a faint greenish-black. I could feel the pupils of my eyes dilate in an effort to condense the faint light filtered from above through the green, tightly-drawn curtain overhead, so that I might distinguish the tree-trunks from Oshupu, for in

that strange light everything seemed to move, and if I stood still I became dizzy.

At about the third hour after sunrise, as nearly as I could judge, the light either became stronger, or my eyes became more accustomed to the gloom, and I could see better than before. My guides, apparently, had found no difficulty in seeing well all the time. The greatest caution and silence were observed, for our aim was to catch a gorilla asleep. I wished the natives to hunt, in their own style, and held my "double-eight" as a reserve force to use in case of accidents.

I am an old stalker, yet my skill was sorely tried in that labyrinth, in which dead branches lay thickly about under foot. After a time the undergrowth became less dense, and Oshupu whispered to me that this circumstance indicated the presence of water, and that the animals coming and going in all directions kept the undergrowth more or less trodden down.

Suddenly my guide stopped short, and holding up his finger, crooked it over his head, pointing to the left. I turned my head in the direction indicated, and at a distance of about three hundred feet away saw an immense ape slowly moving through the trees on all fours, swinging to and fro in a manner not unlike the plantigrade movement of a grizzly.

Oshupu reached his hand behind as a signal for me to move up to him, and when I had done so, he said, "The gorilla has fed, and is lazy. If he sees us, he will run, and we shall never catch up with him in this tangle. We must rest here, and he will drum for his mate and sleep. Then we shall catch him."

Accordingly we all sank down, only Oshupu watching. Presently the muffled sound of drumming was heard, as if a hand were beating a hollow tree. The natives say that the male makes this noise to call his mate; this theory naturalists do not authenticate, but affirm that it is only when the gorilla is excited and angry that he drums, and the natives say that he drums upon a hollow tree-trunk, and not upon his chest as is currently believed. I am not able to give an opinion on this subject. All I know is that I heard the sound



After a time, at a given signal, the natives spread themselves out, and making a long *détour*, surrounded the spot where it was believed the gorilla had stopped to rest. They were not mistaken, for on the edge of a small glade the big brute sat fast asleep, with his back against a tree. With his head fallen to one side on his shoulder, his legs crooked in front of him, and his long arms hanging by his side, he looked like a drunken misshapen satyr. There was no female gorilla to be seen.

We waited patiently for some minutes, until my attention was drawn to some bright spots on the edge of the small clearing, which proved to be the spear-heads of the Fans, who had made the circuit, and were ready for the attack.

It was deputed to a young chief to open the encounter, and after a pause he emerged from cover as near as he could get to the gorilla, but the thick undergrowth compelled him to enter the glade at a point farther away from the brute than he wished. He poised his spear in his hand in readiness to throw it, and, step by step, approached until he was within thirty feet of the gorilla, when suddenly the animal rolled his head from one side to the other.

Quick as a flash the young chief dropped to the earth, and lay motionless among the rank grass. The beast breathed heavily, opened his eyes for one second, in a dreamy, leering way, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, but dimly conscious that mischief was afoot. Slowly the chief's head rose above the grasses, and his leg was drawn up under him to move, when "crack" went a rotten twig beneath his hand or foot.

The ape was thoroughly aroused, and leaping forward raised itself into an awkward, partly erect attitude, with knees bent, body stooping and feet turned in, and balanced himself in this position by swinging his heavy arms as a rope-walker does with his pole. The gorilla invariably charges on all fours, and not in an erect attitude, as so many authors have said, and this ape had raised himself to look around, and not with any idea of charging just then.

If the young chief had lain still, all would have been well ;

but he was desirous of showing off before me, and accordingly rose to his feet, dashed his spear at the brute, and made for the cover of the thicket. The spear went through the arm of the gorilla, which instantly tore the weapon out bodily, savagely bit the wound, and dashed on all fours after his assailant, with a horrible scream of rage.

All the Fans on the opposite side of the clearing now boldly dashed in, throwing their spears, or, as they got close enough to him, thrusting them into the brute's body. Wounds inflicted with such weapons could not prove immediately fatal, and could only kill the creature by causing loss of blood, as the vital power of the gorilla is so great that even a rifle-ball seldom arrests at once his headlong course.

If it had not been for the danger, this spectacle of the contest between the Fans and the ape would have been amusing, as the men threw spears, and crouched or dodged, and the ape backed slowly away from them, making horrible grimaces, and gradually working himself up into a blind fury. This state of affairs did not last more than a minute, and then the ape was at the edge of the clearing, about forty feet from where I stood. Here another volley of spears met him, and after standing amazed for a second, he rushed headlong at his first assailant, seized him by the leg, and before a hand could be raised, he swung him around his head, bringing the poor fellow's skull in contact with a tree-trunk, and cracking it like a nut.

It was a terrible sight, but it was done before I had the power to prevent it. I raised my rifle, and was about to shoot, but Oshupu said, "Not yet," and sprang into the arena, right in front of the blood-stained beast, who came at him with a terrible roar.

Oshupu leaped to one side, and shortening his spear thrust it clean through the body of the ape, which, turning, grabbed at his daring assailant. He missed his grasp at the leg, but gripped a coil of vine in which Oshupu's foot had got caught.

The beast almost smiled, and drew the vine in, hand over hand, as if he knew his advantage. Oshupu struck him again

with the spear, which broke in two and placed the hunter at the ape's mercy.

I saw that none of the Fans moved to help Oshupu, and quick as thought sent two bullets ploughing their way through the ape's head, tearing the top of the skull clean off. He reeled and fell, rose again, clenched at the mass of vines, and rolled over, still convulsively twitching and tearing at the undergrowth, while Oshupu got his foot clear, and coming to me placed my hand on his head in token that his life henceforth belonged to me.

There the brute lay, a strange sight, and one of which the stuffed gorilla skins of the natural history collections can give but a faint idea. The face was hideous ; the breadth of chest was grand, the arm and hands were massive ; but the huge trunk dwindled into a pair of legs, thin, bent and decrepit as those of an old woman. The native may be well excused for entertaining a superstitious awe of the animal in its freedom.

Their idea is that a man is sometimes transformed into a sylvan demon, who is like a gorilla, and cannot be killed by a black man, unless the spears have been specially treated by the medicine-man.

I had wished to preserve the skin, but before I could prevent their action, the natives had thronged around the body, making a perfect sieve of it with spear thrusts. The head was destroyed, so I simply took measurements of the beast—he was five feet four inches in height—and cut off the hands and feet for trophies. We buried the young Fan, after carrying him back to the village, but no funeral rites were observed, as he had been killed by a gorilla, and so was believed to be bewitched.

## MY ADVENTURE WITH THE PANTHER.

**I** WAS born away up among the high hills and mountains of New Hampshire.

I had been brought up to believe that the country all about abounded in wild beasts of every order and description, but up to my twelfth year had seen nothing but the pictures of them. Still I was not incredulous; for it was a wild-looking country, and at odd times, when I had been out in the evening, I had heard strange sounds and cries which were foreign to a domestic barnyard.

Often had I heard my father say that there was no animal to be dreaded so much as a panther, and that it was never safe to ride over to the village, some six miles beyond, unarmed.

Oh, how I used to long to go to that village all alone by myself! I had no more fear than if the stories I had heard from time to time of the different neighbours' experiences were mere fabrications; and so when father came to me, one Saturday morning, and asked if I thought I could carry some corn to the mill and get back all right, I was indignant that he should think there was any doubt about it, and straightened myself up, and said, "I should like to see any one about the house that could do the errand any better," inwardly delighting that there was a prospect of my having a hand-to-hand fight with something, I didn't care what. Being, as I said before, either in school or at work on the farm, I had had little chance ever to exercise myself in the direction of hunting, a desire which had fired my bosom since my earliest recollections.

To go to Millburg was quite an event, although but six miles from our own little settlement. It was a rough, ugly



road to travel. I had never been alone ; but was perfectly familiar with the road proper. There was a short cut over the mountains, or rather a pass through a range of high hills. This cut was considered a hazardous one unless one was provided with company, and guns as well.

The first thing almost that came into my head was to take this route ; and I became quite nervous in my hurry to get off, for fear that father would think to caution me not to take the short cut. The dear man never did, nor would such a thing have entered his head, for he never took it himself. He supposed, of course, that I would go as I had always gone.

Two bags of corn were stretched across Dolly's neck, and I seated back of them ; and with father's advice that "when Dolly's ears pricked up and stood out like great flags of distress, then must I look out, for danger was at hand," ringing in my ears, I galloped and galloped away, eager to get out of the reach and sight of human beings.

First, I thought I would make for the "short cut," but upon thinking it over concluded it would be better to go to the mill and return home that way ; leaving my corn there, I should be free to act in case there should be any call for it.

It was a wild venture, and I wonder that I am alive to tell the story ; it was merely a happy thought that saved me, certainly no exercise of strength or skill, for in the end, like a coward, I had to fly. But I am getting ahead of my story.

Having deposited my grist at the mill, with the order to have it ready for the following Saturday, I hurried up some other little errands, and then started for home. I had to ride a mile or more on the main road, and then I knew the first turn to the right would lead me to the pass. It was about twelve o'clock, and I hoped to be home by three, that would be allowing ample time for a cautious ride, and perhaps a skirmish.

You must bear in mind that I had nothing whatever with which to defend myself. I could load and discharge a gun as well as a man, but I had no conveniences for carrying one, and a pistol we did not own.

As I turned into the deep, dark, narrow cut, which I could almost span with my two arms, and whose great sides loomed high, high up in places almost perpendicular, it flashed across me that I was doing a very reckless thing, yet having once started, I would not turn back, but rode slowly along, everything as quiet and still as death; but for the noise that Dolly's footfall made I should have been overawed by the stillness.

Not a thing could I do should I be attacked. I could only depend upon Dolly's fleetness. And what would that amount to with a pack of wolves behind and in front of me! Yes, I had come to my senses, but it was too late. I thrust my hand into my pocket and drew out a large jack-knife, opened the blade, and stuck the handle down in under a strap on my saddle, in case it would be handy should I be called upon to use it. I had scarcely done this when Dolly's ears pricked up and stood out. I cast my eyes quickly to my right and left. I knew there was something, for I heard leaves rustling. I could have touched bushes and rocks on either side of me, so narrow was the path.

Presently, on the awful stillness, I heard the rustling of leaves, as if some one were stealing cautiously along the pathway. I was well posted as regards the habits and movements of the various wild beasts that were said to prowl in those regions, so I knew very well by the stealthy quietness of this one's approach that it was one of the sly, ignoble ones, and probably one of the kind I had been taught to dread the most—a panther. Let me say here a fact that I had overlooked—that I really had seen a wild cat; one was captured one night in father's chicken-yard. My first thought was that it might be one of these treacherous little animals. I knew that to seize one by the neck and hind legs was the only way to protect yourself when you had no weapon. As this passed through my mind I was suddenly terrified by the sudden cat-like spring and appearance of a sleek, grey-looking animal upon a rock just above me.

There was nothing left for me to do but to carry out the

first thought that came into my mind. I knew well enough that to start Dolly then would be too late, for no matter how fast she flew, after once setting out, the beast would overtake us. So snatching at my idea, I took off my cap, whirled it round two or three times, and then flung it high up in the air. I then gave the reins to Dolly, who, catching my spirit, flew "like mad."

This simple move of mine arrested the attention of the animal, who, while it stood watching for the cap to descend, gave me ample time to get beyond him if he attempted to follow me up. He did not attempt it, however; for once I ventured to look back, and all I could see was a dark object in the middle of the road tearing madly at something which I strongly suspected was my best "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" cap. My suspicions were very soon verified, for hurrying home with the speed of a locomotive, my story was soon told, and in such a connected manner that no one doubted it, and then the non-appearance of my chapeau spoke for itself.

The neighbours turned out at once; and before dark that day we had captured the animal. I first led them to the spot where lay shreds of broadcloth, bits of patent leather, and a couple of brass buttons, which remains I gathered up to take home and show mother. From this point we traced the panther to her lair. I call it her now, for after we had shot into the hole we knew that she was a mother, for we heard her little ones crying out with fear. Three times we shot, and then all was still. We waited a long while before peering into the hole, and finally a rough old fellow by the name of Steph Brunt reached one of his long arms into the hole and drew out first the "old 'un," as he called it, dead as dead could be. Then I thrust half my body into the aperture or opening, and dragged out one, two, three, poor wee little babies, killed with their mother.

Thus ended my first exploit in hunting, but not my last. My father used to say, though I always fought well and showed great bravery, I never showed greater presence of mind than when I tossed my cap to the panther.

## "THREE TO ONE ARE TOO MANY."

BY FRANK MARSHALL WHITE.

UNTIL the capture of Geronimo, the savage Apache murderer, in the fall of 1886, no white man or woman who lived outside the immediate protection of the frontier army posts was safe in that part of the country that lies in the south-eastern part of Arizona and the south-western part of New Mexico, within boundaries roughly defined by the Colorado Chiquita, or Little Colorado River, on the north, and the Rio Gila on the south, with the Sierra Madre Mountains to the eastward, and the Rio Verde to the west. For five years the name of Geronimo was a terror to the ranchmen and miners hereabouts, in spite of the fact that General Crook for the three years previous to the capture of the murderous Apache was engaged in hunting him down with a body of United States troops.

And well might Geronimo's name strike terror to the hearts of the settlers. He boasted that he had killed with his own hands more than fifty white men and women, while it has been calculated that he and his tribe, with the assistance of a different branch of the Apache nation, under the command of another bloody chief called Chaco, were responsible during their lives for the deaths of no less than two thousand and three hundred whites. Nearly all of these victims were non-combatants, miners, and ranchmen with their wives and families, who were surprised and massacred by the Apaches when the savages were supposed to be harmless within the confines of their reservation.



Geronimo was not only a particularly bloodthirsty Indian, but he was crafty and treacherous as well. He and his tribe were cared for at the expense of the Government upon the Apache reservation at San Carlos, in Arizona, when he made his first raid upon the white settlers, and killed over a hundred of them in cold blood. General Crook hunted him down, but Geronimo eluded him until late in the fall, and then offered to surrender, provided that he was allowed to return to his reservation, with his tribe, unpunished.

He made so many protests that he had reformed and would never look upon a white man again save in the way of kindness, that the general thought it best to let him go back to the reservation, particularly as it would have taken many weeks longer to capture him, and during this period the savage might make more victims among the settlers. Geronimo and his tribe behaved very well until spring-time. But in the spring the red-man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of murder and carnage, and life on the reservation seemed very monotonous to the Apaches. Consequently Geronimo organized another raid, and another summer was devoted to hunting down his band of murderers, during which time they took hundreds of scalps. It was the same story in the fall. So soon as cold weather began to set in the savage again offered to capitulate, and once more was allowed to go back to the reservation, as the only method of stopping his outrages for the time.

General Crook was advised to capture Geronimo on his reservation, in spite of the fact that he had promised him immunity if he would return there ; but the general refused to break his word with the savage, even though the savage had violated his confidence before. He said that the only method of treating with the Indians was to keep his word inviolate under all circumstances, as a matter of policy, even if he based his conduct on no higher grounds. The result was that three different times Geronimo was allowed to return to the Apache reservation with all his murders upon his head, and as often did he partake of the Government food only until sufficiently recuperated to organize new raids and perpetrate new murders.

In the spring of 1886 Geronimo again took his tribe out upon the war-path, and the Government decided to make a determined effort to take him, dead or alive, before winter. General Crook's plan had been to attempt the savage Apache's capture by means of employing Indian scouts and spies, and the result was that these spies sometimes led the soldiers into ambush, and then allied themselves against them with the enemy. General Miles determined to try a different plan, although old Indian fighters told him that he could never effect anything by it. His idea was to follow Geronimo and his band so closely that they would not have time to forage for food or shoot game, and would thus be starved into submission. In spite of all advice to the contrary he put this policy into effect, and, with one body of troops under his own command, and another led by Lieutenant Lawton, he kept the Apaches on the move for twenty-one weeks, and finally forced Geronimo to surrender early in September.

While Geronimo's craftiness, treachery, and above all his savage delight in the taking of human lives made his a character for which no civilized person can find any sympathy, he claimed that his war upon the whites was in revenge for the death of his own family, who, he said, were all slain by the white soldiers before he took up arms. Indeed, there was a certain rude chivalry in his nature. In the spring of 1886 he attacked a mining camp in the Pinaleno Mountains, killed all the men, and took the women captives. The morning after the massacre he recognized one of the women, whose husband he had killed, as having formerly been the wife of a white man with whom the red chief had hunted and fished many years before. In fact, an almost romantic attachment had existed between the savage Apache and the white man; and when the woman begged to be set at liberty and allowed to return to her own people Geronimo manifested genuine remorse at having killed the man whom she had married after the death of his own friend.

"Woman," he said, in response to her reproaches, "if I had known the man was yours I would not have killed him. You

may return to your people, but I will never stop killing the white men and their women and children until the white men bring back from the grave the wife and children they took from me."

Geronimo also possessed a fine sense of humour, which some ethnologists affirm never exists in a savage. On one occasion, when he was living quietly on the Apache reservation he came to the agent's office to see about his winter supplies, accompanied by six of his braves. The Indians were hungry, and the agent took them to a small restaurant that a settler had established at the post to get something to eat. The seven red men sat down about a table, upon which there was nothing but a dish of salt and a pot of French mustard, while their meal was being prepared. After waiting in silence for five or ten minutes Geronimo drew the mustard-pot toward him, dipped up a spoonful of the fiery compound, and put it in his mouth. The agent, who was watching him, saw that the ardent mixture forced the tears into the Indian's eyes, but his passionless countenance betrayed no emotion. As calmly as if he had found the mustard-pot to contain a delicious food, Geronimo pushed it along to the Indian at his right. The brave also took a spoonful of the mustard, repressed his feelings with the same stoicism manifested by his chief, and, without looking toward Geronimo, he passed the pot to the man next him. This savage was as game as his two predecessors at the French mustard, and he moved it to the next one, who in his turn swallowed a spoonful and sent the pot along, and thus it went around the table. Not one of the six Indians who preceded the last looked toward each other or manifested the slightest annoyance as they swallowed the fiery mustard; but when the seventh man had taken his dose each one turned and grinned in silent delight, while tears of agony ran down their cheeks. Geronimo's eyes twinkled exultingly as he caught the glance of the agent. He had suffered the penalty of his experiment, but he had not suffered alone, and he was happy.

But I have written of Geronimo and his murderous deeds to give an idea of the country in southern Arizona at the

time of the occurrence about to be related. In the spring of 1882 a young man from eastern New York went out to Arizona as the superintendent of a cattle ranch that was owned by capitalists in the metropolis. John Elliott was the young man's name. The ranch was situated near the New Mexican border, between the Rio Gila and one of its tributaries, the Rio de los Palos. Elliott found the exciting life of a border ranchman very much to his taste, as most young men are apt to do; and for a year everything went well. But one night during the following summer a band of Apaches raided the ranchmen's camp and killed several of the cow-boys, while Elliott barely escaped with his life. He managed to get to Fort Bowie to summon assistance, but when he returned several days later, under the escort of a squad of cavalry, the buildings were burned to the ground, the carcasses of hundreds of cattle that had been killed in wanton sport were festering upon the grass, and the Indians were nowhere to be seen. They had driven off most of the cattle that had not been killed, and Elliott found his occupation gone.

The young man wrote to the proprietors in New York of this mishap, and then determined to turn his attention to silver mining among the mountains. He managed to eke out a living at this, but the Indians gave the miners so much trouble that there was little profit in their ventures.

The Apaches are cowardly fighters. They generally shoot from ambush, and as there were many of them armed with modern breech-loading rifles, they were able to do a great deal of disastrous shooting at long range. The fact that they were not very good shots saved many a miner's life, but it was not an uncommon thing when the men came into their camps at night to find that one or two of their number were missing, and a search the next day would generally result in finding their scalped and mutilated bodies among the rocks where they had been at work when an Apache bullet, fired from cover, took them by surprise. More than once, too, the miners came across the trail of Indians who had strayed from their tribes, or



were lying in wait for an opportunity to kill a white man. Then the miners did not hesitate to kill them.

Occasionally the Indians became so dangerous, and their bands were so numerous, that the miners called upon the troops at Fort Bowie for protection. But the soldiers were never able to find the red murderers after the delay necessary in bringing the news to the fort, and the miners and ranchmen asserted that the soldiers were not as zealous in avenging the deaths of civilians as they were to hunt down Indians who killed their companions in the United States uniform. Some of the miners even claimed that the Apache scouts in the service of the Government were in the habit of shooting white civilians whenever an opportunity offered to take a scalp without being detected. The officers stoutly denied any lack of vigour in hunting down the murderers of the white men and women in the Apache-infested districts. But certain it was that a soldier in uniform, who was exposed to the same dangers as the civilian settlers, rarely met his death at the hands of vagrant savages ; while the murder of a soldier was certain to call forth a speedy retaliation by his companions.

Owing to this state of affairs the miners practised rifle-shooting at long range, and exercised the greatest caution in working their claims, one of their number usually acting as sentry while the others laboured with pick, pan, and blasting-powder. Elliott soon became a remarkably proficient shot. Upon one occasion he engaged in a contest with some of the most expert sharp-shooters at Fort Bowie, and made the best record of them all ; and in the two years that he worked in the mines more than one hostile Indian fell before his fatal aim. He was unusually quick in his movements, too ; and as he used neither tobacco nor liquor he was always able to depend upon a steady hand and an unerring eye. He acquired a reputation as a marksman that was recognized all over that section of the country.

One afternoon in the fall of 1885 Elliott was on his way to Silver City to purchase some supplies for use in the mining-camp, and in order to save time he took a short cut through a

rocky ravine. He was walking rapidly through a little-worn path with his Winchester rifle over his shoulder, when there suddenly sounded the concerted cracks of three rifles, and three bullets whistled past him. One of them went into the earth directly before him, the second flattened itself upon a rock at his side, and he heard the third cut through the thick leaves of a cactus-bush to the right of the path.

Like a flash the young frontiersman sprang behind a rock, not knowing from which direction the bullets came ; and, with his rifle cocked, he anxiously awaited another hostile demonstration. A moment later three more bullets came over his head, and, springing quickly to his feet, he caught sight of the top of the disappearing head of an Indian, as the savage dodged behind a rock a hundred feet away. Elliott watched that spot, and the moment the top of the head appeared again he fired with so true an aim that a chip flew from the edge of the rock directly over the savage's head, while at the same time two ill-directed bullets passed near his own body.

The young man was now able to locate all three of the Indians, who were ambushed within fifteen feet of each other behind separate rocks. He was cool and clear-sighted, and he at once decided that his best mode of operation would be to get out in plain sight, and the moment one of his enemies showed his head to put a bullet through it, trusting to their cowardice and poor marksmanship to save his own skin. He soon came to the conclusion that the Indians must know his reputation as a dead shot, for they refused to show the least part of their bodies outside of the rock, though they occasionally raised their rifles above these protecting barriers and fired in his direction at random. He took aim at their hands upon these occasions, and once shattered the stock of a rifle so that the splinters flew up in the air. After this the savages kept quiet, and Elliott had no opportunity to get a shot at them, and he knew that to rush upon them would give them a shot at short range at him, while only the most advantageous luck would enable him to kill more than one of them. But it was getting late in the afternoon, and in two hours more it would

be dusk, when his enemies would be able to slip away from their hiding places, and attack him from three different points.

The frontiersman, therefore, began to back away, still keeping his rifle pointed in the direction of his three cowardly foes. At this one of them fired in his direction. Elliott returned the fire without result, and said loudly, half to himself,—

“Bah, cowards! Three to one are too many.”

Then he backed off, keeping them at bay until he was out of the ravine, when he made his way to Silver City, without seeing or hearing anything more from the would-be murderers.

More than a month after this occurrence Elliott had occasion to visit Fort Bowie. He was going from the barracks with an officer to his tent, and on the way they were obliged to pass a row of Apache scouts who were sitting in the shade of an army ambulance close to the commissary tent. Elliott and the officer passed these scouts without looking in their direction, and had just gone by the last man in the row when a voice from among them exclaimed,—

“Three to one are too many!”

Elliott turned upon them in a second, his eyes flashing; but not one of the scouts seemed interested in his movements. There were nine of them, and one seemed just as stolid and indifferent as the others. Handing his rifle to the astonished officer, who, of course, did not understand the significance of the words uttered by the Apache, Elliott drew a seven-shooter from his belt and rushed up to the line of scouts.

“Who said that?” he demanded, in a terrible voice.

Not one of the Indians lost his self-possession in the slightest degree. Each of the nine gazed straight ahead of him, and gave no sign that he saw or heard the angry young frontiersman before him.

Finding that he would be unable to detect the man he wanted by these means, Elliott took a fifty-dollar bill from his pocket and held it in his left hand before the avaricious redskins, still grasping his cocked revolver in his right.

"This money goes to the man who points out the one who spoke," he said.

Still the nine scouts remained imperturbable, and evinced an utter lack of interest in Elliott, his money, and his revolver. He could not detect the movement of a feature in one of their faces as he sternly scanned the line, and not the faintest gleam of excitement or any other emotion in their heavy eyes.

But Elliott was angry and determined, and he began at the end of the row, placing his revolver close to the head of each of the nine savages, and demanding of each one whether he was the one who spoke as he went by. Each of the nine stolidly shook his head, and Elliott was obliged to give up the attempt to find the man who had repeated the words he had uttered himself a month before under such perilous circumstances. He had not mentioned to any one to whom he had related his adventure that he had taunted the three savages with cowardice as he left them, and therefore the circumstance that one of the nine scouts recognized him and repeated his words was positive proof that at least one of them had been of the trio that fired upon him from behind the rocks.

Elliott learned that all of these scouts had been in the service of the Government for more than a year, so that the three who had attempted to murder him from ambush were undoubtedly at that time in the pay of the United States to protect her citizens.



## AN ANTELOPE HUNT.

BY C. F. DAVIS.

**I**N the summer of '75 I visited a friend in Colorado, who was engaged in the sheep business quite near the central part of the State, about fifty miles south of the Kansas Pacific Railroad.

He informed me, soon after my arrival, that antelopes were very plentiful in the vicinity, and suggested that as soon as he could find time we might find it profitable to pass a couple of days in hunting them.

It was, I remember, a bright, beautiful morning when we set out, each mounted on a sturdy little *broncho*, or mustang, that we knew would "stand fire," and driving in front of us a pack-horse, upon which, securely fastened, we had a keg of water, a coffee-pot, frying-pan, a few groceries, and some wood; so we felt quite sure of being able to make a comfortable camp wherever we might be.

We each carried two blankets (one waterproof and one woollen) tightly rolled together and fastened at the back of our saddles; and we were also provided with long ropes, or lariats, with which to "stake out" (or tether) our horses.

My companion, who was somewhat given to display, was attired in the picturesque costume of the traditional border-man: fringed buckskin garments, moccasins, and wide-brimmed *sombrero*; and his saddle was of elaborately stamped leather, the *tapideros*, or stirrup-coverings, being very long and covered with bear-skin, while his bridle was evidently of Mexican manufacture being braided with black and white horsehair.

He was, in fact, got up in a style affected by many Eastern men when they first visit the frontier.

I say when they *first* visit it ; for if they stay there for any length of time, "the stern realities of life" are sure to take much of the romance out of them. And then, too, there is no one around to see such display.

It is all very well for a man to feel that he looks like Buffalo Bill, or some other hero of the plains ; but if he does not see a stranger more than once or twice in a month, he soon ceases to take much pleasure in such appearance.

Then, too, an elaborate outfit is apt to excite the cupidity of some ruffian he meets, who will, perhaps, to obtain possession of the same, send a bullet into his back.

From a long experience on the frontier, I would say to any one proposing to visit or locate there : dress as plainly as possible, and never, under any circumstances, make yourself conspicuous by a display of wealth any more than you would show a tramp a roll of bills when he asks you, on a lonely road, for a copper.

Above all, never "put on airs" with those you meet ; for on the prairie, as is often said, "one man is as good as another—as long as he behaves himself" ; and there is nothing sooner resented than a show of superiority.

There is an old saying, "No man is so wholly bad but what he secretly respects the good" ; and it is true, also, that no man is so wholly lacking in refinement that he does not secretly respect one who is his superior in that respect—provided, however, that that superiority is not, if I may be allowed the expression, "rammed down his throat."

Draw close to the camp-fire, tell a story or sing a song, if you can ; let your education appear by accident as well, and the rough creatures you meet, secretly recognizing that you are in some respects their superior, will be pleased at your condescension, and do everything in their power to make you comfortable.

I have never been treated with more heartfelt courtesy and

hospitality than by the cow-boys and other rough characters on the great Western prairies.

They will make way for you at the fire, and give you the best they have without pay ; loan you, mayhap, an extra blanket for your bed, tell you the best place to stake your horse, and show in a thousand and one ways that they are pleased to see you—provided always that you treat them as equals.

But to resume my story. I was then a "tender-foot" (one unaccustomed to the ways of the country), and as I examined my friend's outfit secretly resolved to make some display myself at the first opportunity—at least get a wide-brimmed *sombrero* with a fancy band around it.

During the morning we saw three herds of seven or eight antelopes each ; but they were off like the wind long before we could get within gun-shot of them—and that means quite a distance, for I carried a Remington target rifle, warranted to carry nearly three-quarters of a mile, and my friend had quite as effective a weapon : an improved Winchester.

It was late in the afternoon when we caught sight of a herd about a mile to the windward of us, and only a short distance from a large prairie hillock, the top of which was perhaps thirty feet above the level of the surrounding prairies.

The wind was, I remember, from the south, and moving rapidly to the west we soon had the hillock between us and the herd. We then moved cautiously towards the hillock, fearing that the sound of our horses' feet might give warning of our approach, and dismounting at its base, tied the horses together and separated, one crawling up one side of the hillock and one the other. I soon reached a rock, peering cautiously over which I discovered the herd about three hundred yards distant, quietly feeding.

There were eight of them, seven does and a buck—the latter standing a little apart from the rest, and apparently keeping watch.

Resting my rifle on the rock, I took careful aim at the buck (knowing if I succeeded in killing him, that the does would not

run far before halting), and anxiously waited for the report of my friend's rifle—for I had agreed not to fire until I heard it.

I had not long to wait; it soon rang out sharp and clear, and at the same instant I fired.

I am unlike many hunters. I do not *always* bring down what I shoot at; and I am obliged in this case to chronicle the sad fact that I missed the buck altogether, for a little puff of dust that arose from the prairie, a few yards beyond him, showed clearly where the ball struck. I did, in fact, what is common in life as well as antelope shooting—I overshot my mark.

My friend was more successful, for I saw a fine doe turn almost a complete somersault and lie writhing on the plain, while the others were off like the wind, their little white tails looking like flashes of light, they went so rapidly.

It was then about five o'clock, and we concluded to camp where we were, as the grass was excellent in the vicinity—a most important consideration in a prairie camp. We first hobbled our horses—that is, fastened their fore-legs together—and turned them loose to graze.

An explanation of the way to hobble a horse, if one has not regularly manufactured hobbles (wide leather bands, fastened by strap and buckle, and connected by a chain perhaps eight inches long), may be of interest. Take about three feet of a single strand of such rope as is usually used to tether horses, and tie a hard knot at each end of it. Pass it once around the off fore-leg of the animal and, bringing the knots together, twist it for perhaps eight inches; then pass the two ends around the nigh fore-leg, and tie in a simple knot—the knots at each end of the strand preventing it from pulling out.

This method is usually employed on the plains, though, to tell the truth, I have seen very few *bronchos* I would not rather “stake out” than hobble—for, hobbled, they frequently manage to wander off several miles during the night; being especially apt to do so if food is scarce in the vicinity of the camp.

After hobbling our horses in the above-described manner,



we busied ourselves in getting supper, for we had eaten nothing since morning, and our long ride in the delightfully bracing air of the Colorado prairies had given us most excellent appetites.

In camp, by the way, every one should be particular to do his full share of the work, however distasteful it may be to him ; and the writer has seen much trouble and ill-feeling occasioned by the disinclination of men to do so.

This is especially apt to be the case with those who have not "roughed it" much ; if they ever have done so they are sure to see the justice of an equal division of labour, and the advisability, too, of submitting to it, for "old hands" are not, as a rule, slow in expressing an opinion in regard to those who shirk.

I have never succeeded in getting over a deep-seated aversion for one important duty in camp life, and that is, the washing of dishes ; but I have washed lots of them. While I was building the fire my friend proceeded to cut up the antelope—a nice fat steak from which, sprinkled with pepper and salt, was soon broiling on the embers, and emitting a most appetizing odour.

Then we had some tea and bread, and, what is quite a rarity on the plains, some potatoes, which we cooked with thin slices of bacon. Didn't it taste good ! It actually makes my mouth water to think of it. Never have I enjoyed a meal at "Delmonico's" more than that simple repast ; though—lest I should create a wrong impression—I feel compelled to add that I am not a very frequent visitor at that celebrated caravansary.

We had that night, to use a Western expression, "a perfect gorge," and when, to our sorrow, it was completed, we stretched ourselves on our blankets by the camp-fire.

We chatted and smoked, with the bright stars above us, until the moon came up, and then rolled ourselves in our blankets and were soon asleep.

We were up next morning before sunrise, found our horses without difficulty, put the carcass of the antelope on the pack-horse, and with a light breakfast of coffee and bread, again set

out, going "across country," by compass, in a southerly direction.

We had gone but a few miles when we came in sight of a herd of antelopes, which we concluded was the same one from which we had obtained the doe. They were still to the windward of us, and so situated that we concluded, by a long stalk, we might succeed in getting another shot at them.

We therefore left our horses, and, after walking as far as we thought prudent, commenced to crawl on our hands and knees—rather a dangerous proceeding in a country where there are so many rattle-snakes—carefully keeping our rifles in front of us.

We advanced in this way to within perhaps three hundred yards of them, and concluded to fire, in a prone position, at that distance.

We resolved to both fire at the buck—easily recognized by his antlers—and taking careful aim, at a given signal did so.

We saw the buck spring high into the air, come down, to use a common expression, "all in a heap," and lie motionless on the plain, while the does darted away perhaps a quarter of a mile; then stopping, all huddled together, looked back—evidently missing their lord and master.

We hurried up to the buck, and I found that my bullet had done the fatal work, having entered near the shoulder, and passed completely through his heart.

We then went back for our horses, placed the buck on the pack-animal, and started after the does. We had no difficulty in stalking them again, and, within an hour, my friend succeeded in securing two more, when, concluding that we had all we could use, and about all our pack-horse could carry, we set out for home, reaching it easily before the sun went down.

I was well satisfied with my share of the spoils, and a handsome pair of antlers, just over me as I write, often reminds me of my first antelope hunt.

## UNCLE ZED'S WOLF.

*A TRUE STORY.*

BY MRS. KATE UPSON CLARK.

“**B**AA! baa! baa!” sounded in noisy, frightened chorus underneath Parson Darius Miller’s windows one cold April morning about fifty years ago.

So loud and so persistent was the chorus that Parson Miller’s three sturdy boys were awake and on their feet before it had grown light enough to distinguish anything in the grey outside.

“Father! father!” shouted James, the second boy, clattering down the stairs in his heavy boots, “what ails the sheep? They’re all huddled up close to the house, right under your window. Don’t you hear them? Say, father, wake up!”

In response to all this outcry, good Parson Miller, who was a hard-working farmer as well as a parson, and slept the sleep of the just, gave forth a feeble and only half-intelligent “Yes.” Presently, however, he joined the boys, and then discovered that not all the sheep were huddled together underneath the windows, but that two of them were missing, and that large dangerous-looking tracks were all over the light snow—a regular “sugar-snow”—which covered the ground outside.

“I’ll bet it’s a wolf,” ventured Daniel, the eldest boy.

“Guess it’s nothing but a wild-cat,” said the parson.

“Too big for a wild-cat,” said Tom. “A great deal bigger than the one Squire Taylor caught in his trap.”

Tom was the quiet boy, but somehow, when Tom spoke, even the older ones paid attention. Tom’s eyes were always

on the alert, and though they were of a grey and by no means beautiful colour, and were set in a sallow and "peaked" little face, Tom was considered a vastly good-looking boy by all of the family and his intimate friends, on the principle of "Handsome is that handsome does."

Just then Squire Taylor, their next neighbour, came trampling hastily across his field, his two boys, of about the same age as James and Tom Miller, following after him.

"Wolf tracks all around my barn," said the good Squire, excitedly, before he had come near enough to see the sheep lying on the snow.

"There!" cried Daniel, nodding significantly to Tom.

"Where's the fellow gone?" queried little Tom, who was only fourteen, and who didn't look so old as that by reason of his small stature.

"That's it!" that's it!" cried the Squire, slapping Tom approvingly on the shoulder. "Where's the varmint gone? Let's track him, to be sure. Hollo! there's Uncle Zed."

Sure enough, old Zadok Cummings, familiarly known as "Uncle Zed," was hurrying along through the fields toward them, and carrying his old shot-gun in his hands. The news had evidently travelled fast.

"Seen him?" shouted the old man, all on fire with excitement, while drops of sweat ran down his russet face, in spite of the chilly weather. "Jest tell me what d'rection he's took, 'n' I'll ketch him! The critter! I'll ketch him; oh, I'll ketch him!" And Uncle Zed looked so fierce and funny that all of them began to laugh. But they finally succeeded in convincing the old man that he couldn't possibly "ketch him," for a few moments at least, and that the case was too serious for them to decide at once on the best course to pursue.

"He'll be round to-night too, and brings some more with him, if we don't ketch him," put in Uncle Zed, whenever a good chance occurred.

Two or three had started out to follow the trail of the wolf, and they came back to report that the tracks ended in Squire Taylor's woods.



"We must make a ring right around the woods, and hem him in—that's the way," said the Squire, quickly.

Tom, standing back behind his brothers, was seen to nod approvingly, whereupon the other boys did the same. Indeed, the proposition seemed to commend itself to the entire company, and they started toward the woods, those who had not brought guns hurrying off to get some.

"I could do it jest as well alone," muttered Uncle Zed. "There hain't ben no wolves around here for several years now, but I hain't forgot how to ketch 'em. I guess I hain't."

The men were disposed, and then everything was profoundly quiet, excepting for the sound of the beating of the bushes, or of a stray shot, when some over-confident hunter was "sure he had him."

At last Uncle Zed heard a low growl in a thicket, and he had hardly time to raise his gun when out sprang an enormous wolf, and came directly toward him. The old man, almost paralyzed with fright, pulled the trigger, but his hand trembled so that his shot went a yard above the wolf's head, and the animal bounded past him unhurt. Uncle Zed shrieked, "Wolf! wolf!" and half-a-dozen men were soon in hot pursuit of the discovered game.

Tom Miller, feeling very disconsolate because he hadn't any gun, had not accompanied the rest; but his mother, who felt no fear for Tom, and sympathized deeply with the courageous little fellow, had advised him to go to a certain neighbour's and see if he couldn't borrow one. It was necessary to go quite a distance, but Tom had made it on old Sorrel, the mare. He had come back in a wonderfully short time, bringing a trusty little shot-gun with him, and was making his way up the hill just as the wolf dashed out of the woods, heading in his direction.

Tom's heart came up in his throat, but he ran for a clump of bushes close by that he thought would afford a good position for a shot, stationed himself among them, and waited.

The cries of the men in pursuit came nearer. Then the gallop into which the wolf had broken from its quick trot

when it left the woods seemed to shake the very ground under him. Spring—spring—spring, came the terrified brute. He was in sight. Tom steadied his gun and fired. The wolf uttered a cry, half bark, half screech, and, giving a few lame and wounded leaps, lay bleeding on the ground. Then shot after shot from the men behind was poured in upon the poor creature, until he lay thoroughly dead. Tom Miller was quite the hero of the day, and it was voted unanimously that the wolf-skin belonged to him.

"Well, Uncle Zed, why didn't you 'ketch him,' as you said you were going to?" inquired Squire Taylor, jokingly, as the men were separating to go to a late dinner.

"Don' know what in thunder ailed my gun," complained Uncle Zed, rapping that unfortunate weapon crossly; "but, after all"—straightening up proudly—"you'd never have ketched that wolf if it hadn't 'a ben for me."

"How's that?" asked the Squire.

"Why, goodness gracious! didn't you hear me holler? I hollered an' started you all up. My!" continued the old man, reflectively, as he turned away amid a general laugh, which did not appear to damp his spirits in the least, "how I did holler!"

## CAPTAIN BANNER'S LYNX.

BY EDWARD I. STEVENSON.

CAPTAIN BANNER, of the Yellowbird ranch, sat upon a flat hot rock, halfway up a certain California hill-side, eating his luncheon. A few feet from the Captain stood tethered his good horse Huckleberry, which had no luncheon. No more had the three stout mongrel dogs which commonly ran along with Captain Banner, when the straying off of some of his cattle forced him to spend the day in getting at their whereabouts.

The dogs sat composedly on their haunches, two of them staring down into the ravine below, and the other one, Poncho, with his tongue out, watching every mouthful that the Captain took with much interest. But his master was in anything but a good-humour. He had ridden since early daylight, and not a single horned runaway had been sighted. No wonder he was discouraged.

"Upon my word," he said to the group of dogs, tossing a bit of cheese into Poncho's jaws, "you're a pretty set of brutes, I must say! Stringing along all day after Huckleberry's heels, and no more good at keeping a herd together or recovering it than—than greyhounds. Now if any one of you had the least—— My good gracious!" he exclaimed, breaking off, "what *is* up?"

Before he had time for another syllable, away went the three dogs, heels over head, down the hill, and into the ravine, leaping and barking like mad creatures. One of them had suddenly caught a scent on the breeze; a second later espied

with his keen eye a large tawny animal stealthily crossing the dried-up rivulet below. The trio were on full jump after it at once, like four-legged tornadoes. It seemed to be springing and dashing ahead of them like a beast resolved to get away at any price. Captain Banner threw himself on Huckleberry, and clattered down after the dogs and it.

The dogs gained ground. "After him, Poncho!" shouted the Captain, wondering very much what "him" might stand for. All at once he heard a violent snarl and a loud yelp of pain. Poncho, the black dog, was on his back, struggling to regain his footing. Plainly the foe had bestowed a rousing whack with his paw upon the nearest pursuer, as a caution to come no closer. The chase, too, was slackened. The Captain came plunging along on his horse just in time to see a curious picture.

Rising up from the furze a few yards beyond was another flat rock. Upon that rock, with a thick thorn bush to defend him in the rear, half crouched, half stood, a great California lynx, all muscle, pluck, and grit, and seemingly full of fight from the end of his nose to the tip of his thick tail. The three dogs, including Poncho, leaped and bounded furiously around the rock, and barked with all their might and main; but they warily kept quite out of the reach of a dazzling set of teeth and enormous claws all displayed for action. The lynx remained compressed into the smallest possible space, growling and sputtering, and apparently contriving to look at each one of the three dogs at once. There was no doubt about it; he was clearly master of the field.

"Shame on you!" cried Captain Banner; "and three of you, too! At him, Turco; catch him by the throat, Poncho," he continued calling, while he prepared his lasso. But though, inspired by these encouragements, Turco, Poncho, and Red Jacket bayed and leaped up and about the lynx as if they would part company with their stout legs entirely, the great cat raised his thick paw and sputtered so savagely that all three beat a prudent retreat.

"Steady, Huckleberry!" came the Captain's voice. The



lasso was thrown. Unluckily Huckleberry was nervous in such close relations to a lynx. He whined and started, and not the lynx, but poor Poncho, was successfully encircled by the flying noose, and rolled over, howling dismally and half choked. Nevertheless, this episode changed the current of the battle. The lynx realized that his enemy on horseback was more dangerous than the dogs. He sprang up and bounded away amongst the brush. The two free dogs tore after, and Captain Banner, hastily rescuing the gasping Poncho, spurred on too, coming up to the next battle-ground just when as close a rough-and-tumble fight as ever one could behold was under way.

The lynx had been overtaken. Turco had thrown himself upon him and pulled him down, while Red Jacket also sprang to his companion's help. But theirs was by no means the victory. The ground sloped considerably. The lynx grappled with his antagonists, and dragged them with him in his fall. The attacked and the attackers rolled down the ravine, an undistinguishable mass of legs and bodies, howling, spitting, snarling, and making the hair and fur fly to a degree that completely took away the Captain's breath, and made him wonder in what sort of condition the coveted skin would be when the struggle was over.

At one moment the lynx was under—now the dogs. Here leaped one of them, torn and bleeding, while his brother gladiator was dragged further along into the thicket, tugging to disengage himself from the gripping muscles that were rending and strangling him. But Poncho, comparatively fresh for a new onset, rushed up, and turned the tide of the fray. He fell upon the lynx like a small-sized tiger. Turco was freed, and the lynx, shaking off Poncho, gave a furious bound directly toward the Captain and Huckleberry (it was hard to say which was the more excited by this time), who were charging along well on the left. The lasso fell true at this second cast, though it had been an extremely hasty throw. The cord fell full over the furious creature's neck. It was taut in a second. The lynx struggled and gurgled but it was too late.

Keeping off Poncho and Turco with his whip, the Captain finished up the enemy with the noose, and saved what was uninjured of his fine coat. Its late owner measured some four feet as he lay stiff and still upon the earth, so that the Captain as he rode back up the hill-side did not feel that his time and the chase had been lost. Poncho, Turco, and Red Jacket probably had their own private doubts about the matter, for one had lost an ear, another had suffered a cruel gash in his shoulder, and all of the trio were badly disfigured by scratches, bruises, and bites, and limped along rather dolefully.

The lynx's skin adorned Captain Banner's wall for weeks after, until it went with him up to San Pedro, and was converted into a goodly number of hard dollars.

## THE BEAR AND THE BUTTER.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

**I**T wasn't a regular bear hunt ; that is, I didn't do nearly as much hunting as the bear did. I did not start out intending to hunt. He did. I went to get the butter, when—— But I am getting ahead of my story. It was when I was about thirteen years old that my father took my brother and myself camping with him in the Adirondacks. We pitched our tent at the head of Little Tupper Lake. There was a spring of fine cold water not far back in the woods. So, after making our beds out of pine boughs, building a fire, and setting up the table, we went down to the spring, and put our butter—which was in a tin pail fitted with a water-tight cover—in it to keep cool.

All went well for the first few days. Father and brother Will (who was fifteen) shot a deer, so that we had plenty of venison. The guide caught a quantity of trout, and we were enjoying ourselves so thoroughly that we began to dread the time when we should have to return home.

"Can't we stay longer than two weeks?" I asked father one morning.

"We'll stay until the butter gives out," he replied, laughing.

The nearest place to get butter was twenty miles away, and as it was disappearing rapidly, owing to the appetites of growing boys, father had already warned us of the necessity of economy in that direction. We were, after that, very sparing in our use of butter, and it seemed to bid fair to last longer than the promised two weeks. As the guide was preparing supper one

evening, father said, "Will, I wish that you would go down to the spring and get some water ; and, Charlie, you go, too, and bring up some butter." It was a simple request, but thereby hangs the tale of my first and only bear hunt.

We started off, and soon came to the spring. The path led around it into a thicket of huckleberry bushes. Will proposed that we should pick some for supper. We plunged into the thicket, and soon were busy picking the delicious fruit. We had not been occupied in this manner very long when we heard a crashing in the bushes near the spring, and as we looked back, we saw a great black bear. He was not fifty feet away from us, and was gazing into the spring with a complacent air.

"He's looking at himself," said Will.

"See him grin," I replied, divided between fear and curiosity.

"Thinks he's handsome," whispered Will.

Bruin looked over in our direction with an annoyed expression, and we decided to suspend our remarks as to his personal appearance until some more convenient time—when he was further away, in fact. He continued to peer intently into the spring, and we were beginning to get impatient, when, to our horror, he slowly extended his paw, and without much trouble fished up our butter pail. He calmly seated himself on the ground, and taking the pail between his hind-paws, regarded it reflectively for a few moments. He seemed lost in thought.

Then he smiled blandly, and slowly passed one of his strong fore-claws around the rim of the pail. He repeated the operation, while Will and I looked on in despair.

"Maybe he can't get the top off," whispered Will.

He had hardly spoken, when, with a slight rattle, the cover fell to the ground. Will groaned. The bear paused, looked puzzled, smelled the butter suspiciously, and sat looking at it with the air of a scientific investigator.

"He thinks that it is oleomargarine," whispered Will.

But no. If Bruin did for a moment doubt the integrity of our butter, his doubts had vanished ; for with one sweep of his



great tongue he transferred about two pounds of it into his mouth. Will groaned. Bruin paused, and to our excited imaginations looked in our direction, as if he would have liked some boy to eat with his butter.

We remained perfectly quiet while he finished the contents of the pail. He licked out the last particle, and then carefully turned the pail over and licked off the bottom and sides. After he had satisfied himself that there was no more, he rose and looked into the spring. He seemed discontented for a moment, but the recollection of his supper brightened him up, and casting a loving glance at the empty pail, he trotted off, "the best greased b'ar in the north woods," as our guide afterward remarked.

When he had gone a safe distance, Will and I sadly picked up the pail and walked back to camp. Father was getting uneasy, and had started to meet us. When we told him our adventure, he ran back to camp, and getting the guide, dogs, and his rifle, started in pursuit of the thief.

A little later we heard a shot, and before long father returned, bringing the bear's skin, and some choice pieces of his flesh for supper. Lack of butter compelled us to break up camp next day, and notwithstanding the beautiful bear-skin rug Will and I have in our room, we never quite forgave the thief who stole our butter.

TALES OF FOREIGN LIFE.



THE ROMANCE OF THE KOH-I-NOOR (p. 381).

# TALES OF FOREIGN LIFE.

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## THE LETTRE-DE-CACHET.

“**I**T must come down!” exclaimed Julian. “Frenchmen will no longer endure it. It is enough to have one’s life and liberty at the disposal of bad laws, without holding them at the caprice of a nobleman or a king! What’s a man’s life worth without security of person and property? I may possess health, I may possess honesty, I may be blessed with wife and children, my affairs may thrive, I may have friends on every side of me, and yet may end my days in a dungeon if I happen to displease a man in power. It must come down!”

“What must come down?” demanded Monsieur le Croix, suddenly entering the apartment. “What must come down?” repeated he in a still more authoritative tone.

“The Bastille,” replied Julian, calmly raising his eyes, which at first he had dropped, and fixing them steadily, but respectfully, upon his master. There was a pause.

“Julian,” at length said Monsieur le Croix, “I have heard of this before. Do you know that you are talking treason?”

“Yes,” replied Julian, rather doggedly; “but I also know that I am talking reason and justice.”

“That is, *as you conceive*,” rejoined Monsieur le Croix. He took a turn or two across the apartment. “Julian,” resumed



he, "you are a dissatisfied man, and there are too many such in France. You are a dangerous man too ; for you read, and talk of what you read, and unsettle the opinions of those who know less than you do ; you are tainted with that feeling of jealousy and rancour with which Frenchmen unhappily begin to regard the established and venerable institutions of their country. How came it that you treated with insolence, to-day, the valet of Monsieur le Comte de St. Ange ?"

"Because he treated me with insolence," answered Julian. "He called to me to hold his horse while he alighted ; as though I had been his master's groom !"

"Was it not rather because his master is a nobleman ?" sternly interrogated Monsieur le Croix. "You have been insolent to the Count too," resumed he.

"He threatened to apply his whip to my shoulders," said Julian, "and I told him that he had better reserve it for his horse."

"And had he put his threat into execution what would you have done ?"

Julian was silent.

"Answer me, sir !" cried his master.

Julian folded his arms, and still made no reply.

"Am I to be answered ?" coolly demanded Monsieur le Croix. "I see the future traitor in you, Julian," continued he ; "this insubordination is only mischief in the bud. 'Twill come to more and to worse."

"Maybe," said Julian.

"I command you to answer me !" impatiently exclaimed the former. "What would you have done had the Count struck you ?"

"Struck him again !" indignantly vociferated Julian, "though my hand had been cut off the very next moment."

"So the Count thought" said Monsieur le Croix, resuming his coolness.

"I saw it," said Julian.

"How ?" inquired his master.

"He changed colour," said Julian, "and he changed his

mind too ; for he applied his whip to the shoulders of his valet instead of mine, and walked into the château."

"And you think the Count was afraid of you?" said Monsieur le Croix. "The Count afraid of you! Do you know the power of the Count?"

"I do," replied Julian, "and the character of the Count. He is not fit to be admitted into an honest man's family."

"How!"

"He is the most dissolute young nobleman in Paris."

"Dare you say so?"

"He is a libertine, sir! I can prove it!—what, then, should prevent me from saying it?"

"Respect to me," said Monsieur le Croix. "Julian, you quit my service," added he.

"Very well."

"You quit it to-night!"

"Very well."

"This hour!"

"This minute!" exclaimed Julian, walking coolly to the other side of the apartment, and taking his hat from a peg on which it had been hung. "Good-bye, sir," said he—but he stopped as he was going out of the door, and turning, stood and fixed his eyes full upon Monsieur le Croix—"I have been a faithful servant to you, sir," resumed Julian.

Monsieur le Croix made no reply.

"I always respected you."

Still Monsieur le Croix was silent.

"I always loved you."

Not a word from Monsieur le Croix.

"I always *shall* love you," cried Julian, and turned to go.

"Stay," said his master, "you have lived with me eight years. You *have* been a faithful servant to me—up to this moment. But you are a dangerous *subject*. You have begun to think for yourself, to question the rights of your betters, to make light of the distance which stands between them and you. Because a nobleman happens to lose his temper, you put yourself upon an equal footing with him, you give him word

for word, and *would* give him blow for blow—and in your master's house!" Monsieur le Croix took a purse from his pocket—"I settled with you this morning," continued he, "and thought we had commenced another year; that's out of the question now. Here, Julian, there are eight louis d'ors in this purse, take them for your fidelity. Better to reward it now, and stop, than go on, and have reason to reproach it." Julian mechanically took the purse, but still kept extended the hand which he had reached to receive it, looking his master all the while in the face.

"You think, if I continued to serve you," said Julian, "that I might prove unfaithful to you?"

"Your principles are undermined in other matters," remarked Monsieur le Croix.

"And you think they could be undermined with respect to you?"

"When a part of a foundation gives way," observed Monsieur le Croix, "there is danger of the whole."

"And your confidence in my fidelity is shaken?"

"It is," said Monsieur le Croix.

Julian, whose colour had been gradually mounting as he spoke, stood silent for half a minute, without once withdrawing his eyes from his master's face. At length he broke silence—"It is?" echoed he.

"It is," calmly repeated Monsieur le Croix.

"Then perish your gold!" exclaimed Julian, dashing the purse on the ground, and rushing from the apartment.

Monsieur le Croix was an advocate for the old *régime*. He believed that, like the sun, it fitted the world now as well as in the beginning,—never taking into consideration the difference between the Creator of the one and the framer of the other. He was at the same time a disinterested, conscientious, and most honourable minded man. He was handsome, too, and of a graceful, commanding figure, though now in his fiftieth year. He was married, and the object of a still ardent and devoted attachment to a wife who was nearly twenty years younger than himself. Women are capable of such

love. He had entered his fortieth year when his Adelaide had completed her twentieth one. From particular causes they were frequently thrown into one another's society, and the more intimate they became, the more coldly did Adelaide look upon many a youthful admirer who was a suitor for her hand. This was attributed to absorption in the prosecution of various studies, to which Monsieur le Croix had directed her attention, until the increasing pensiveness of the fair one too plainly indicated an occupation of the heart, far more active and intense than any of the mind could be. Monsieur le Croix was interested. He soon detected, within him, symptoms of the first genuine passion he had ever felt, but not before he was too much fascinated to struggle successfully with wishes which, from excessive disparity of years, he at once concluded must be hopeless. Little did he dream of his good fortune : it came upon him like the arrival of a rich inheritance to one who had lived in penury, and always thought to die so. He entered his Adelaide's boudoir one day when she was so deeply absorbed that she did not perceive him. She was seated at a table with her back towards him, and she held in her hand something which she alternately gazed upon and pressed to her lips. Unconscious of the act of treachery which he was committing, he advanced on tiptoe a step or two—'twas a miniature ! A step or two nearer—'twas his own ! He could not suppress his emotions ; he clasped his hands in an ecstasy of transport. She started up, and, turning, shrieked at beholding him. He extended his arms, and she threw herself into them. In a month she became Madame le Croix. A son, their only issue, blessed their union. He was now nearly nine years old—a promising boy, whose sole instructors were, hitherto, his father and mother. As by preference, as well as full contentment in each other's society, they always resided in the country, receiving occasionally the visits of their Paris friends, among whom was reckoned Monsieur le Comte de St. Ange.

Monsieur le Croix felt too much discomposed to rejoin immediately his wife and the Count. He turned into his study. "Julian is ruined !" exclaimed he to himself ; "I am sorry for



him, but there is no help for it. The moment one of his order begins to dispute, or even to examine, the claims of those above him to his respect, he is fit for nothing but mischief, and sooner or later will think of nothing else. Not hesitate to strike the Count ! ”

“ Papa ! ” cried little Eugène, running into the room, “ you are wanted.”

“ Who wants me ? ” inquired Monsieur le Croix.

“ My mother.”

“ Did she send you for me ? ”

“ No.”

“ Why did you come then, and what do you mean ? ”

“ She threatened the Count to call you.”

Monsieur le Croix started from the chair, into which, upon entering the room, he had thrown himself, and stared upon his son.

“ Threaten the Count ! Why, sir ? ” said Monsieur le Croix lowering his voice.

“ Indeed, I don’t know,” replied the child ; “ but the Count was whispering something to her, and she told him she would call for you ; and, as I thought she looked angry, I came of my own accord to tell you.”

“ Remain here, sir,” said Monsieur le Croix, and left the study—in the act of shutting the door of which behind him he heard a shriek, which was immediately followed by the opening of the drawing-room door. As he was rushing upstairs he heard a scuffling in the room, and presently a noise, as of a person violently thrown to the ground. Frantic with conjecture, alarm, and indignation, he rushed in, his hand upon his sword. The Count was stretched upon the floor, Julian was standing over him with rage and triumph painted in his looks, and on a chair reclined Madame le Croix, half swooning.

“ Rise, villain, and defend yourself ! ” vociferated Monsieur le Croix ; but the Count was either unable to rise, or pretended to be so. The room was presently filled with domestics, the Count’s attendants among the rest, who, obeying the signs of their lord, raised him, and conveyed him to his carriage.

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"His life shall answer for it!" exclaimed Monsieur le Croix, pacing the room, after his wife, upon being left alone with him, had acquainted him with the insult which the Count had offered to her.

"He has been punished sufficiently," said Madame le Croix, "thanks to the brave and faithful Julian."

"Where is Julian?" exclaimed her husband. The bell was rung and answered. Julian was on his way to Paris. He had gone by the diligence which passed the gate of the château.

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"A lovely sunset!" exclaimed Madame le Croix, sitting beside her husband at a window which looked to the west, her head reclining upon his breast, and her little boy on the other side of him—"A lovely sunset!"

"Yes," replied he; "though its beauty is waning fast. The moon, however, will soon be up. Come, throw on your shawl, and let us take a stroll in the grounds." Madame le Croix caught her husband's hand as she rose, and looked up anxiously in his face.

"You are afraid of the stranger whom for the last three nights they have observed about the grounds," said Monsieur le Croix.

"What harm have we to apprehend from him?"

"What brings him here, and at night?"

"What mischief can he do, and alone?"

"He may have associates, who are at hand," said Madame le Croix, after a pause. "Did you not part in anger with Julian?" added she.

"Do you think 'tis Julian?" asked Monsieur le Croix.

"Julian could not meditate any injury to us," said Madame le Croix, musing.

"Do you think it is he?" repeated her husband, more earnestly.

"Would you be uneasy if it was?" inquired his wife. "I should almost think so, from the tone in which you speak."

"He has taken up with companions, I fear," said Monsieur

le Croix, "who are not very scrupulous in the respect which they pay to the laws—some of those vile bands of Republicans who have given rise to the recent ferments in Paris, and caused so much alarm to the court. Do you think it is he?"

"Jacqueline thinks so," replied Madame in a whisper. At that moment a heavy and hurried step was heard in the passage, the door was burst open, and Julian stood before them! Madame le Croix shrieked, her husband half drew his sword, and the little Eugène instinctively sprang forward and clasped Julian round the knees. The man had been always particularly fond of the boy.

"Conceal yourself, sir," cried Julian; "they are here!"

"Conceal myself from the bandits of Paris?" ejaculated Le Croix; "I'll perish first!"

"From the executioners of the Bastille!" rejoined Julian.

"What!" exclaimed Le Croix. Several steps were heard ascending the staircase.

"They are here!" cried Julian, despondingly; "for these three nights I have been expecting them, and hoped to have time to give you warning, but they have taken me by surprise, and you are lost!" The door, which Julian had shut after him, was rudely opened, and a band of armed men entered the apartment. Madame le Croix threw her arms about her husband, while the little boy, quitting Julian, ran back to his father and caught him by the hand.

"Your business?" haughtily demanded Le Croix.

"Your company!" replied the leader, whose sword was drawn.

"Your authority?"

"A Lettre-de-Cachet!" Imagine the conclusion of the scene. That night Monsieur le Croix slept in the Bastille.

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Monsieur le Croix stood at the gate of his château. How he had regained his liberty he knew not, neither was he aware of the means by which he found himself there. He entered his grounds with a feeling of doubt that he was walking in

them, and, short as was the distance from the gate to the door of his mansion, he felt as if he should never traverse it. At length he arrived at the well-known portal, and it opened to him, but there was a strangeness in the countenance of the person who answered his summons and let him in. He ascended the staircase, apprehending at every step that it would vanish from under him! On the landing-place he saw Eugène, but scarcely did his eyes light upon him ere the boy was gone! He opened the door of his drawing-room with an indescribable sense of incertitude and alarm. His wife and the Count were there! They did not seem to perceive him, but to be wholly occupied with one another—how the heart of the husband beat! The next moment swords were drawn, and he and the Count were engaged in mortal combat; but his thrusts were feeble and fell short, or, if they reached his adversary, seemed to make no impression upon him. At last he closed with the Count; they struggled; Le Croix was thrown by his more youthful and powerful antagonist, whose sword was now pointed at the prostrate husband's throat. 'Twas a dream! Monsieur le Croix lay stretched and awake upon his pallet in the Bastille.

He fancied it was morning—not a blink of day was admitted to announce to him the coming or the going of the sun. He rose, and after taking a turn or two of his dungeon—with the dimensions of which an acquaintance of now three weeks had made him familiar—he sat down upon the side of the bed, his frame still vibrating with the effects of his dream. He could have wept, were it not for the presence of his own dignity. He started at the call of a sensation which warned him that the hour of his morning's repast had gone by. He listened—not the whisper of a footstep! “To be starved to death in prison! Such a thing had occurred, and might occur again! Heaven! for an innocent man to be placed, by arbitrary power, in a predicament which would extract compassion for the most guilty one!” He paced his dungeon again. “What was intended?” He leaned against the wall, at the damp and chill of which he shivered, as they struck to his heart. He



listened again,—“Did he not hear something? No!” He resumed his walk. “His wife and child unprotected—ignorant whether he was alive or dead! A kingdom upon the verge of a convulsion! A people broke loose and wild! Rapine! Murder! Houses in flames! All the combustion and havoc of a civil war!” He threw himself upon his pallet. “Well, he was entombed in the Bastille! The moral earthquake might shake the foundations of his prison, and throw down its walls and set him free!” The walls—the very earth on which he stood—began to shake! He sprang upon his feet. “Was it thunder that he heard above him? or the play of cannon?” He could almost hear his heart throb! Shock now followed shock incessantly, and with increasing violence. “Was the Bastille beset? It was!” He thought he could catch the sound of human tumult! He threw himself upon his knees in supplication, imploring Heaven to strengthen the hands of the assailants! He could now distinctly, though faintly, hear the shouts of an immense multitude of people—and presently all was comparatively still. “The Bastille has surrendered!” exclaimed Monsieur le Croix, “or the military have overpowered the people!” He heard the sound of bolts withdrawing and doors flung violently open—presently of voices, numerous, loud, and confused, as of men in high excitement. He clasped his hands convulsively, he stirred not, he scarcely breathed! Footsteps were rapidly approaching, traversing the intricate passages of the underground portion of the prison. A ray of light shot through the keyhole of his dungeon door. “Merciful Providence!” The broadest, brightest sunbeam he had ever gazed upon had not a thousandth part the glory of that little ray. The bolts flew!—the lock!—the hand of liberty swung, light as a feather, the massive door back upon its hinges. The vision of Monsieur le Croix was drowned in a flood of light from the torches of his liberators. He could scarcely distinguish the figure of Julian, who, rushing forward and clasping his almost insensible master in his arms, exclaimed, or rather shrieked,—

“’TIS DOWN!—THE BASTILLE IS DOWN!”

# BENEDETTO MANGONE;

OR,

*THE BRIGAND OF EBOLI.*

BY CHARLES MACFARLANE.

IT was on a fine afternoon early in summer, the day of the annual festival of Santa Maria degli Angioli, that a troop of peasants, coming in the direction of Salerno, took the steep mountain path leading to the far-famed sanctuary of the Madonna, which stands on the loftiest peak of the grand chain of Apennine that extends between Avellino and the Salernitan gulf. They passed on with hurried steps, though they were far too late to witness the miracle performed every year by the uncouth wooden statue of the virgin, or to have any part in the devotions of the day and sport, which were always finished long before noon. Perhaps they were only anxious to lose as little as possible of the feasting and dancing, that always closely follow the offices of religion in the gay south, on days like these; but the wayfarers did not look so gay and careless as men usually do when repairing on such pleasant business.

One among them, indeed, seemed more light-hearted and unconcerned; he went on carolling some simple ditty, but the theme of the song was a robber's exploit, and the boldness depicted on his bronzed countenance, partook of ferocity, and was bordered by an expression of wiliness or cunning. His form was cast in a fine manly mould, and his face, sunburnt as it was, would have been handsome, but for those deep passion-furrows, and that rigidity;—indeed, it was

handsome at moments when some soothing feeling occupied him ; as it would now and then on his way.

When they drew nearer to the sanctuary, the merry sounds of the tabor and zampogna, somewhat cleared up the countenances, and tranquillised the uneasy eyes of the other peasants, who walked towards the attractive scene with quickened steps.

"We shall get a tune and a dance, and a draught of good wine under the shadow of the Virgin, if we get nothing better," said one of the wayfarers.

"Ay, ay, a cup of *Lacrima Christi*, and a slice of *presciutto*, and a *terraglio* or so," said another.

"And a squeeze of the hand, and a smile from a pretty girl or two!" joyfully cried the least ill-looking one of the party.

"Those pretty girls will be thy ruin sooner or later!" said one of the sourest-visaged of the peasantry, "take my word for it, will they, unless thou changest thy fantasies, and ceaseest to be caught by the rustle of female garments after this guise."

"Peace to thee—bird of evil augury!" replied the other, "but we are near the sanctuary!—a prayer to the Madonna, my comrades!"

And in the next moment, these men who seemed occupied by anything rather than sentiments of religion and peace, devoutly crossed themselves, and pronounced an "Ave Maria" with much fervour. They were now in a thick grove of hardy mountain ash, and finishing their prayer to the Virgin, they advanced to its extremity, at which they paused to observe the scene. It was picturesque and animated. Before the snow-white sanctuary which stood on a peak of bare rock, that was ascended by a winding staircase, cut in the rock's face there was an esplanade, partly natural, and in part artificial, of considerable extent. On this elevated flat, the devotees from all the neighbouring country, and many from distant parts of the kingdom, and on the slopes of the mountain, immediately beneath it, were assembled in gay confusion, which was increased and rendered the pleasanter to the eye, by the variety

of costume ; for then, as now, nearly every district had its peculiar mode of dress, and that of the females was frequently graceful and striking to an extreme degree. As nearly all the dresses were of the brightest colours, and as these varied, when mingled in confused crowds, the female peasants looked at a distance like beds of extraordinary tulips or other vivid flowers. There was a variety in their occupations too ; but enjoyment—full, thoughtless enjoyment, seemed to be the business of nearly every one of those gathered thousands. Some groups were refreshing themselves with provisions or dainties, others were exclusively engaged with the wine flask, that passed rapidly round. Conjurers, mountebanks, and storytellers, for whose extravagant narratives the Neapolitans have always had an extreme taste, occupied several of the company. One of these ingenious narrators seemed to be very successful in his calling as he narrated the history of the life and wonderful adventures of the Brigand chief, Benedetto Mangone, the celebrated peasant of Eboli.

The popular *Canta-Storia*, for, like his successors, who captivate the mariners and Lazzaroni at this day, on the Molo of Naples, he sang his themes in a sort of *recitativo*, was near the edge of the little wood of mountain ash, where our acquaintances had so lately arrived, and he went on, in their hearing, to tell how Mangone was a lion in courage, a fox in cunning, a wolf in rapacity, a tiger in cruelty ; how he had attacked whole hosts of travellers ; how he had beaten the nobles and their *armigeri* ; how all the Spanish troops of the Viceroy that had ever gone against him, had been foiled and cut to pieces in detail ; and he wound up the hairbreadth escapes and the surprising adventures of his hero, by an hypothesis of his own, that king Mangone must be the devil, or a direct lineal descendant of his satanic majesty ; for otherwise how could he do such deeds, and escape ?

“I would show to that Don Bugiardo, that Benedetto Mangone has no cloven feet,” said one of the new-comers in the wood.

“Pr’ythee, be still, and don’t let the devil get the upper



hand of thee, here," whispered one of his companions, and pointing to a dancing group, which, one among many others, occupied another part of the esplanade, he added, "by Saint Gennaro, that's a pretty tarantella, and better worth heeding than this old ballad-monger!"

"We will even go nearer, and see these maidens," said the man who had first spoken; "it is clear there are none of the Viceroy's most valiant macaroni eaters here, and as for any of the few peasants who may have the honour to know us personally, why, we are safe in their fears, or indeed just as likely to find friends as foes." Saying this he walked out to the open esplanade, and was followed by some of his companions, whilst others still hesitated in the wood.

As this man, whom I have described as being the handsomest of the party we have seen ascending the mountain, walked through the festive crowd, nobody seemed to notice him, or if they did, it was but to remark that he was a good-natured looking fellow, for he had put on his fair-weather countenance, and smoothed his features to a holiday smile. But as he approached a party of peasants, whom their dress showed to be inhabitants of some of the villages in the vast open plain that extends between Salerno and Eboli and the sea, the faces of every of them waxed pale as death, and an old man muttered unconsciously, "Benedetto Mangone!" "Well! and what of that," said Benedetto in his ear; "cannot I come to the Madonna's shrine, and pray my prayer as well as thou, and dance a turn or two in the tarantella as well as any lout here. Hold thy peace, good master Shepherd—I am not here with evil intentions—my coffers are too well filled with the gold of nobles and Spaniards to feel the want of a peasant's purse of copper, or his wife's trinkets. Hold thy peace, I say, and no harm shall be done here by me or mine!"

"We are thy slaves, and here to do thy bidding!" replied the old man, in a low, faltering voice, to Mangone, who had turned round with a laughing face to watch the merry dance.

"Had we not better retire hence, with the Madonna to our

aid?" inquired one of the pale peasants,—a woman who was but too well acquainted, from the circumstance of near neighbourhood, with the exploits and freaks of the formidable banditti.

"Not so, Annarella," replied the old man. "Mangone always keeps his word; and be it said between us, is often a better friend to the poor peasants than the baron's steward, or the Spaniards, and the tax-gatherers of his Excellency the Viceroy."

The group of dancers which had attracted the attention and admiration of the robbers, reposed for a while, but now began again with a fresh infusion of glee and vigour. There were several pretty girls engaged in this tarantella, but one among them absorbed the faculties of Mangone. She was the most youthful and graceful of the party, and a life of labour and exposure to the scorching sun had not been able to spoil the beauty and delicacy of her face and complexion. There was an expression of innocence mixed with her really heartfelt gaiety, that might have charmed any heart; and, as vice does not necessarily destroy our taste for that quality in others, but on the contrary rather increases it, the bandit gazed on the thoughtless girl with looks of intense interest; and when her joyful, laughing eyes met his, and were fixed, wondering by them, his heart became her captive.

"By San Benedetto, I will try a tarantella with that maiden, though all her kindred should say nay!" whispered Mangone to his companion; and at the very next step in the dance, heedless of the frowns of her previous partner, and of her father and mother, who did not approve of a stranger's attentions, he placed himself before her.

Had the young creature acted as propriety required, she would have refused to dance with a man unknown to her, even though at a public festival; but the robber was a handsome man, and with one momentary, deprecating look at her displeased parents, the innocent creature responded to the animated motions of Mangone.

During the dance the enamoured bandit whispered some

fond words, caught by no ear save that of the young Nicoletta. Whatever they were, they were evidently effective. When the dance was over, Mangone went back to his comrades, who had all now come to the spot.

In the course of the afternoon, Benedetto, in spite of some opposition, contrived to dance another tarantella with Nicoletta, and to pour some words of passion into her innocent ear. He learned from her, moreover, the village she belonged to, and the road she was to take homeward. This was all the information he required; and having obtained it, he despatched one of his trusty band to bring round horses, and to await him at a certain point at the mountain's base.

At the approach of evening, the festive parties began to break up and to take separate roads to their distant homes, whence they had started the preceding night, with the discharge of fireworks and long-echoing acclamations, for the mountain-shrine of the blessed Virgin. Their retreat was picturesque, and otherwise impressive. Long troops were seen, marching two by two, down the steep and narrow mountain paths; they chaunted a hymn to the Madonna as they went. A few flaunting banners were distributed along their lines; and their slowly-moving figures, the rough mountain top, and wooded or rocky bare sides, the white sanctuary high over all, the rapid tolling of the church bell, and the mingling sounds of hundreds and hundreds of voices, produced altogether the most romantic effect.

Benedetto Mangone, with his comrades, mingled with one of these troops, closely following the fair Nicoletta, until the descent of the mountain was performed, and the plain, traversed by numerous diverging paths, was before them. They did not go much further with the peaceful peasants, for at the point fixed they found the messenger and several others of Mangone's robbers armed to the teeth, waiting with a horse for each of them.

The peasants were thrown into consternation; the women screamed;—but Nicoletta, who little suspected the part he had in this sudden and alarming apparition, instinctively

rushed to her bold-looking admirer, to the handsome stranger, —to Mangone himself,—for protection.

“Fear not, my sweet one ! it is pleasanter and fitter for pretty feet like thine to ride than to walk ; this is only an escort for thee, and this thy steed,” said Mangone, bending his face to hers. The next moment his arm was round her waist, and he had leaped into his saddle with the maiden, who had screamed and fainted, before him ; and the movements of his companions being almost as quick, they at once cantered from the peasants, among whom the bereaved parents of Nicoletta shrieked and tore their hair with the wildest demonstrations of grief.

For a quarter of an hour the robbers rode at a rapid pace ; but being then far away from the villagers, and at the foot of a mountain they had to cross, they relaxed their speed, and Mangone stopping for a few minutes, attended to his fair burthen. Nicoletta recovered her senses, but her alarm was extreme, and she piteously begged to know who he was that had such a command of men and of horses, and whither he was carrying her, away from her father and her dear mother.

“I am not what I seem,” said Benedetto ; “instead of this poor labourer’s attire, I can clothe myself in the noble’s mantle, or the cavalier’s inlaid armour, and I am carrying thee where I will deck that pretty head and neck of thine with gold and jewels, such as few princesses possess, an’ thou wilt but love me !”

“I did love thee but now,” said the artless girl, “but tell me who—what art thou ?” and as waiting for his reply she gazed on his face which indeed wore the touching expressions of love, and love for her, she felt her own impetuous feeling revive in spite of her fears and affliction.

“Whatever I may be, I will be thy fond lover, thy husband, an’ thou wilt,” said the bandit—“there ! cheer thee, and tremble no more ! is not wealth better than poverty—ease and luxury, where others shall do thy every bidding, better than hard labour and subjection ? my love better than——”



"True, true," interrupted the maiden; "but how is that wealth acquired? and—oh, tell me! who art thou?"

"The wealth," he replied, "is the bleeding of our oppressors, and I am——"

"Benedetto Mangone! why loiterest thou? brave captain, our road is long," exclaimed one of the banditti, who were all impatient to reach their homes.

"Mangone!—dost thou answer to that dreadful name, thou so gentle?"—wildly inquired the poor girl.

"For want of a better, I do," replied the robber composedly.

The maiden again screamed and fainted, and when she recovered at length in the robber's embrace, she so struggled to escape from him, that they had both well-nigh fallen from the horse. His mild persuasive voice, his vows and assurances that to her he meant nothing but good, and the utter impossibility of doing anything to avert her fate, whatever it might be, at length tranquillised her, and she rode on with him in silence of woe and despair.

Night had now closed in, but the broad bright moon shone on the robbers' mountain paths, which they pursued for many hours, until they crossed the lofty and extended chain, and reached a secluded village on the borders of a far spreading and apparently desolate level. Here they seemed on a perfectly good understanding with the inhabitants, who were all shepherds and goat-herds, and Mangone not only procured refreshment for her, which she refused to partake of, but allowed Nicoletta time for that repose of which she stood in need.

When they continued their journey the day had dawned, and the wondering maiden found that she was crossing a wide plain bounded semicircularly by mountains, and edged afar off, by the blue sea. Nothing could well be wilder or more solitary than these regions. A vast heath, rich in brushwood and shrubs, and in dense *macchioni*, or thickets of gigantic wild myrtle spread before her as far as the eye could reach; but no villages, not a house could she see, and the only living

creatures there, were large herds of savage-looking buffaloes that ranged at will the lords of the wild. As the sun rose higher and dissipated the vapours, so dense in these southern parts on a hot morning of summer, she saw indeed as her fearful eye glanced backward, the white walls of a large town, and some villages in the mountains or at their feet ; but they were distant, and all unknown to her, whose travels from her sequestered home had never extended further than the shrine of the Madonna, where in an evil moment she had attracted the eyes of Mangone.

The robbers went on at a rapid pace ; the mountains on the opposite side of the plain, which had seemed unapproachably remote, gradually became higher, bolder, and nearer to the eye ; a rapid river was crossed by a difficult ferry kept by men, evidently the comrades of Mangone's troop, and the party plunged into a deep thick wood. They had advanced for some time in this mysterious neighbourhood, when Nicoletta's ears were assailed by a tremendous barking of dogs.

"Our faithful friends keep good watch over our woodland homes, where we shall presently be, and where thou shalt be as queen !" said the robber-chief, who had not failed at frequent intervals of the hurried journey, to speak kindly and encouragingly to his prize, and to endeavour to reconcile her to her destiny.

And in a few minutes, having passed a strange-looking edifice, and some ranged columns which seemed to the peasant girl like skeletons of some giant's abode, she found herself in the midst of a group of cabins and huts, that formed a little hamlet in the depth of the wood, where no eye could see them, until so near that the hand might almost touch them. A number of ferocious-looking men and some women and children came out to welcome the returning troop and their chief Mangone, who with briefer courtesy to them than he usually practised, lifted Nicoletta from the horse, and carried her terrified and almost lifeless as she was, into the largest and best of these sylvan abodes.

The interior of this cabin was far different from anything

she had ever seen ; and when with timid eyes she had glanced over the bright arms, and the wolf skins that hung on its walls ; on the huge chests—rich garments, inlaid cuirasses, and massive plate, piled with picturesque confusion in open recesses or in the corners of the room, she threw herself on its earthen floor, and wept for her own poor cottage home among the mountains of Atripalda. Mangone seeing he laboured in vain to cheer her drooping spirits and dissipate her alarm, after he had with difficulty prevailed upon her to take some goat's milk and bread, left her to repose. He did not again intrude upon her for some hours ; but when he did, instead of finding her in the enjoyment of restoring and tranquil sleep, or refreshed by its genial effects, he found his beautiful prize burning with a tremendous fever, and almost delirious.

Every assistance that he, aided by an old woman of the lawless colony, to which she was sole medical practitioner, could bestow, was lavished on the young Nicoletta ; but in spite of all this, which was, perhaps, not always of the most judicious nature, she continued to suffer from the fever brought on by excitement of the mind, and the fatigues of the rapid journey : nor was it until several days had elapsed, that she was so far convalescent as to leave the couch of wolf and sheep skin that her dreaded host had affectionately prepared for her. On the evening of that day that she felt so far recovered, as she was sitting alone in the robber's cabin, wondering at the wealth it contained, and almost forgetting by what unlawful means that wealth had been acquired, Mangone appeared suddenly before her, humanised by the feeling of love, and with the same expression of countenance, the same attitude, and the same sweet tones of voice with which he had captivated her simple heart in the tarantella, at the Monte degli Angioli. She had been sensible of his tender, unwearying care, during her illness—she had heard his sighs—she had seen the tears in his eyes, which had never glanced with their fatal ferocity on her, or on any one in her presence—and it is not surprising if her heart softened somewhat towards her captor.

That night, being possessed with the restlessness which fever generally leaves, and which was increased by her peculiar situation, the young peasant opened the door of the cabin, and remarking that the whole of the robber-hamlet was buried in deep repose, issued from the confined apartment to breathe the cool nocturnal air. It was a calm, lovely night, the broad moon illuminated an open glade of the deep wood, which ran immediately before her hut; she walked along this with slow, meditating steps, until she came to an ancient edifice, like that she had passed in another part of the wood, when carried thither by Mangone. This, like its fellow, was one of the three glorious temples of Pæstum: those sublime remains of antiquity which have since attracted the wondering travellers from all the civilised countries of the world; but which were then, as they remained for many after years, buried in a wild wood, and unknown, save to the robbers who made them their haunt, or to the wandering goat-herd, or the fisherman who might catch a glimpse of them peering over the trees, from the contiguous coast. Ignorant and pre-occupied as was the mind of the lovely maiden, she could not gaze on these solemn grey, massive, firm-set columns, that looked as no mortal hand had ever placed them there—as if nothing but a tremendous earthquake could ever prostrate their pride—she could not see them rising from amidst the dusky wood in the clear moonlight, without a sensation of wonderment and awe. To obtain a nearer view of them, to endeavour to touch what she almost thought might be an illusion of her troubled brain—so sublime did they appear, and so unlike anything that had as yet fallen under the observation of her senses,—she was proceeding with hurried steps, when her attention was distracted by an object that lay on the ground beside one of these moonlit columns. Whatever it was, it gleamed with a wax-like ghastly hue, in the rays of the sweet planet—she stooped to ascertain it, and saw with horror a human body streaked with blood! With her own young blood congealing in her veins, she rushed onward without purpose,—but what other object was that, glaring at her from the diverging branches of an old tree?



It was another human body in the attitude of crucifixion, with the writhed countenance of one who had died in torture, displayed by the pale moonlight. With the fascination of horror—with eyes starting out of her head, she stood rooted to the spot, gazing on the spectacle of atrocity. Then she ran wildly forward to escape its sight, to the temple; but there, even on the holy *ara*, other objects of dread disgust met her sight; and at her sudden intrusion, a swarm of ravens and night-birds that were battenning on the mutilated victims of the robbers' barbarity, flew on high to the architraves of the ancient edifice, where they croaked and screamed in wild, horrific discord. This was too much for Nicoletta to bear, and with a shriek she fainted and fell on the floor of the temple.

How long she remained in this state she knew not; but with her returning senses came the dreary conviction of Mangone's guilt, and the firm determination to escape from him or die. Not knowing whither she went, she ran through the thick wood that closed immediately beyond the open space in which the temple stood. For a long time she wandered in its intricacies, but at length, guided by chance, followed a narrow opening that led to its issue, near the sea shore. Day was now beginning to dawn on the beautiful and tranquil gulf, and she saw by its light the little town of Acropoli, standing on a cliff that is washed by the sea. Thitherward she was directing her steps, when she perceived a fisherman's bark preparing to leave the shore, close at hand. With a supplicating, piteous cry, and with tottering limbs, she ran towards it; she reached it breathless, and a grey-headed mariner was easily persuaded to receive the exhausted, pallid, horror-stricken maiden on board his bark, which instantly glided from the atrocious neighbourhood.

It was not until several hours after her escape, that Mangone, previously to starting on an expedition to intercept the Viceroy's *procaccio*, or mail, repaired to the cabin to commune in gentleness and love with his captive, whom he destined for his wife as soon as she should be well. His consternation and

rage at finding her not in the hut—not in the hamlet, were such as only a fiery, volcanic nature like his could feel with such intensity. The expedition was abandoned, and himself and his somewhat murmuring comrades went off in different directions, to scour the country in quest of the peasant girl.

But Nicoletta was safe with the old fisherman, who carried her to his own town of Salerno, at the opposite end of the gulf; nor was it until weeks after that her tiger-lover, who never gave up his endeavours to recover her, learned from one of his numerous emissaries, that a girl answering to her description had been received into the service of a nobleman in that fair city. With this intimation, and under cover of a skilful disguise, the daring, fearless Mangone flew from his retreat to Salerno, and ventured within the walls of the city, where he soon traced out the fugitive, who, dreading to return among her kindred and friends with the suspicion of dishonour upon her, so readily entertained by these jealous, susceptible people of the south, and so acutely felt by the female peasantry, and by all the *lower* classes of Italians (whatever be the morals of their superiors), had indeed determined to live among strangers, and had obtained service in the noble mansion to which he had traced her. His ever-ready wits, now sharpened by the value he attached to the prize at stake—by the passion that raged in his breast, and aggravated by disappointment—at once busied themselves in devising the means of decoying Nicoletta from the town, and carrying her again off to his haunt. He watched about the nobleman's house in which he supposed her to be during the whole day. A glance he caught of her beautiful face at a window almost maddened him, and his prudence could scarcely prevent him from rushing into the mansion and seizing her at that moment. The gloom and stillness of night fell on the town of Salerno; the inhabitants had gone to their peaceful slumbers, and the robber Mangone was still prowling round the dark walls which contained the object of his fierce affection, when he saw a person enveloped in a large Spanish cloak approach the silent

mansion. He glided into a deep shadow, where he remained unseen, but whence he could watch the proceedings of the mysterious visitor.

Presently, the man in the cloak clapped his hands; the signal was answered by the opening of a window: the man threw up the ends of a rope ladder he carried concealed under his mantle, and in the next instant, before Mangone could reach him and stab him to the heart, he ascended with the active steps of youth and love, and entered the house.

It never entered into Mangone's maddened brain, that in the mansion there must be other women: absorbed himself by one image, he felt that the beautiful Nicoletta must be the object of this visit, and burning with furious jealousy and revenge, he stayed to kill his fancied rival when he should descend into the street. Just, at this moment of absolute madness, a Spanish patrol approached the spot, and the robber bethought himself of a recent and sanguinary law:—to put a stop to the immoralities and intrigues carried to a shameful excess by the lawless young nobles of that day, the Viceroy had decreed that any individual found entering another's house, or even detected carrying a rope ladder by night, should be instantly punished with death; and the Spartan-severity of this law, as the robber well knew, had been really put in practice. Now, therefore, fearful of being apprehended himself—fearful that his rival might escape the vengeance of his arm—blinded and mastered by the jealousy of the moment—he rushed to the guard, and informed them of what he had so unwillingly witnessed. The captain of the Spaniards instantly roused the house, and while he entered with part of the men the gate the porter opened, the rest remained stationary under the window, or went to the rear of the mansion to intercept the retreat of the offending lover. In a few seconds, a young man in the garb of a cavalier, for he had thrown off the large mantle that impeded his flight, appeared at the window where Mangone had seen him enter; and though he perceived but too plainly the Spanish guard in the street, he threw out the cords, and drawing his sword, glided down into the midst of them.

However strong and expert his arm, and valiant his spirit, he could in no respect have offered a successful resistance ; but as he reached the ground, he stumbled and fell, and was at once pinioned by the soldiers. He was scarcely secured, when a young lady—a very different person indeed from Nicoletta—for she was the daughter of the noble owner of the mansion, to escape the first fury of her dishonoured father, and perhaps still more, to witness her lover's fate, or to intercede for him, descended into the street by the same giddy, unsafe rope ladder, and calling piteously on the name of Luigi—her dear Luigi—she rushed to the captive youth.

At this sight, which proved to him his jealousy had committed an awkward mistake, Mangone would have gone off and evaded inquiries as to himself, which he felt would be rather difficult to answer. But as he was slinking round the corner of the mansion, some of the Spanish guards stopped him, and told him he must go with them to the guard-house. And away therefore he went, with the weeping lady and the astounded, enraged knight.

They had scarcely entered this stronghold, whose iron-bound doors and iron gratings somewhat damped the spirit of the impudent robber, when the lady's infuriated father arrived with the captain of the guard. On perceiving who was the lover,—that he was noble as himself, though estranged by a family feud, and unmarried and free,—the old baron's heart relented, and as his passion cooled he listened to the cavalier Luigi, who represented, that not only might he be saved from the law's severity, but the honour of all parties preserved, by his immediate marriage with the young lady, whom he had wooed and won in secrecy, solely because the existing enmities of their families prevented him from pursuing any other course. The captain of the guard, who now found that in arresting Luigi he had placed a friend's life in jeopardy, joined him in his endeavours to conciliate the old nobleman, and to make up matters at once.

"We must thus avoid further scandal and remark," said he ; "none but my faithful men here, and a few of your own



domestics, as yet know aught of the unpleasant occurrence, except indeed this fellow, who turned informer."

"And who is he?" cried Luigi.

"Ay, who is he?" echoed the guard, and some of them rushed to bring the robber (who would have sunk in the earth or buried himself in eternal darkness) to the light of a cresset lamp that hung from the high roof of the apartment.

But though thus caught in his own trap—though confused with the sense of his own folly, and pent up, and surrounded by armed men—the bandit's presence of mind did not quite forsake him; approaching the captain, he said, boldly—"I am a peasant of Apulia, poor and houseless, and seeking for work, but a faithful subject of his Majesty the King of Spain, to whom I did my duty in obeying the orders of his Excellency the Viceroy!"

One thing, however, he forgot; he did not disguise his natural voice, which was but too well known to one present and most deeply interested.

"By the saints! I have heard the tones of that voice before now, and thou art not what thou sayest," exclaimed Luigi, coming forward to the light, and confronting the robber,—"if thou art not he who once held me captive, until released by a ransom,—if thou art not Benedetto Mangone, hold out thy right hand!"

"Benedetto Mangone! on whose head is a *taglio* of a thousand golden ducats! is our fate so fortunate?" cried the Spanish soldiers, closing round the robber, who did not hold out his hand, but pale as ashes, gazed with fixed eyes on the cavalier, whom he indeed, and too late, recognised as one whom he had robbed and captured not many weeks before.

"The villain is well disguised," continued the cavalier; "but I know that peculiar voice, and I could swear to Mangone, among thousands, by an extraordinary wound under his wrist,—let him hold out his right hand!"

"'Tis here!" said the robber, gnashing his teeth, and drawing his arm forth from his bosom on which it had been crossed; but he drew a dagger from beneath his vest with it,

and would have stabbed his detector to the heart, but for one of the guards, who levelled him to the earth with a tremendous blow of his halbert.

In falling, his high conical cap, and a quantity of false red hair, flew from his bleeding head ; the soldiers who stooped to remove him, found a breastplate under his peasant's dress, and Luigi recognised the wounded hand of Mangone.

When the robber came to his senses, he muttered, " Old Pasquale's prediction is verified, and I am lost for woman ! " but no other words could be forced from him. On the morrow, when hundreds of the Salernitans, attracted by the astounding news, that the long dreaded Mangone was at length taken, thronged to the prison, his person was sworn to by many, and he was sent under a formidable guard to Naples, to meet the death he so richly merited. But the horrid tortures that preceded that death, and the mode in which it was finally inflicted, are such as humanity shudders to think of. He was dragged through the street on a hurdle, executioners tearing his skin as he went, with iron pincers, and after months of captivity, was broken on a wheel by blows of hammers, in the Mercato, or great market-place of Naples. " And of no avail," says the Neapolitan historian, Giannone, " was this dreadful spectacle, and horrid example, for others : almost immediately after Mangone's death, another famous robber, called Marco Sciarra, took the field, and in imitation of King Marcone of Calabria, another bandit styled himself the King of Campagna, and with a troop of six hundred men, surpassed the exploits and the atrocities of his predecessors."

But, to conclude my tale with pleasanter matter, the young cavalier Luigi was united to the fair daughter of the Salernitan baron, and the pretty Nicoletta, instead of being a robber's wife, soon made a more fitting match with one of the pages of her mistress's husband.

## A MYSTERIOUS COMMISSION.

**I**T was almost dusk on a winter afternoon when I was sitting in my studio wondering if, after all, I had not been a fool in believing I was ever destined to make a living as an artist. My dear old father—a small manufacturer of silks at Lyons—had spared all that was possible from his savings to give me an art education in Paris. I had entered myself as a pupil at the Académie, and had been a most diligent student at the life classes. There the rapidity with which I worked, and the general correctness of drawing and truth of colour in my sketches, earned for me much praise. When my funds were almost exhausted—and I knew that except under the most urgent necessity I must not ask for more from home—I sought to fill my pockets by selling pictures to the minor dealers. They gave me little encouragement; all that the most favourable was willing to do was to put a picture in his window and try to dispose of it—in which case I was to receive three-fourths of the purchase-money. Day after day I called to inquire if a keen discernor of unrecognised genius had found out the merit of my work. The same statement was always made to me—"a gentleman had looked at it and promised to call again." But the mysterious promisers never did return.

While I was meditating on my gloomy prospects I heard a low knock at the door. I rose and opened it. The gentleman who stood outside was tall and thin, and dressed in black or very dark clothes—in the dim light I could not tell which.

"M. Paul Godin?" he inquired.

"Yes, monsieur; will you not do me the favour to enter?"

He bowed and passed in.

"I must apologise for asking you into a dark room," I said, as I moved towards the table, on which stood a lamp. "I had almost fallen asleep in the twilight."

"Pray do not light the lamp; my eyes are weak, and what I have to say to you I can say better as we are."

My curiosity was thoroughly aroused. My visitor was evidently a gentleman; his manner and accent proclaimed that. In his voice there was a sadness which at once evoked sympathy.

"As you will, monsieur. To whom have I the honour of speaking?"

"I do not wish to give my name. I am here on business that can be transacted without disclosing it. I must ask you to excuse the customary formality."

I bowed and pointed to a chair. My visitor took it, paused a moment as if thinking how he should begin, then spoke quickly, almost abruptly, as if he was anxious to lose as little time as possible.

"M. Godin, I have been told by some one who knows you well—no matter who—that you can paint from life with great quickness and accuracy. I want a figure painted to-night."

"To-night!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, by candlelight, and it must be done before daylight to-morrow morning; that is, in the rough; you can finish it here afterward. The subject is a strange one, and the conditions on which I shall give the commission are: that you submit to be taken to, and brought from, my house blindfolded; that you shall not ask any questions; that you shall never tell any one what you may see there; that you shall never show any one the picture you paint, or reveal its subject; and that if you should ever meet me after to-night you shall make no sign of recognition. I know that these are startling conditions, but I am willing to pay liberally. I will pay you one thousand francs now and another thousand when I send for the finished picture. Do you accept?"

For the moment I was stunned. Here was what seemed to



be a fortune placed suddenly within my grasp. The conditions were certainly "startling," but I was young; I had no fear, and the mystery piqued me. It seemed as if I had suddenly been transported back to the days of the Tour de Nesle, to which Marguerite de Valois summoned her lovers, who arrived blindfolded and were borne away dead by the silent waters. If some such tragedy were in store for me I was poor enough and desperate enough to take all the chances.

"Well," said he, somewhat impatiently, "do you accept?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Good! Here are one thousand francs."

"I will give you a receipt."

"It is not necessary. Now gather your materials and select the largest canvas you have here."

I got together what was needed.

"I am ready, monsieur."

"Then you must allow me to blindfold you. Give me your handkerchief. There! Does that hurt you?"

"No."

My hat was fortunately a soft one. He turned the brim down so as to conceal the fact that my eyes were covered.

"Now follow me to the carriage, and remember, M. Godin, I trust to your honour as a gentleman to fulfil all the conditions I imposed."

It was with no little difficulty that I managed to descend the stairs with my load. At the landings the stranger took hold of an elbow and gently guided me. As we passed into the street my companion spoke in a whisper to some one who was evidently waiting for him.

I was then put into a carriage and driven rapidly away, but so many turns were made that I could not determine in what direction we were going. Some one was sitting by my side. I presumed it was my visitor, but he did not seem inclined to speak, and I had plenty to occupy my thoughts. Where was I being taken, and for what purpose? The more I pondered the more uneasy I became. My only comfort lay in the certainty that I had a thousand francs in my pocket.

After a while the carriage stopped, and I was told to get out. Some one took my arm and led me up a flight of steps, then along a hall, then up a staircase, and finally along a corridor. I judged from the height and width of the staircase, which was of stone or marble, and the rich carpeting of the passage or corridor, that I was in a grand mansion.

"Sit down, M. Godin. There is a chair immediately behind you. When you hear me close the door of this room you may uncover your eyes and begin work. You are to paint precisely as it is the—what is lying on that bed. You must finish before five o'clock to-morrow morning. When you are ready to go away you must re-bandage your eyes, then sound a bell you will find on the table. A person will come and conduct you to your studio. In ten or twelve days I will send for the picture; it must be packed so that no one can see it, and you must pack it yourself. The person who will come for it will pay you the second thousand francs. You will find refreshments on the table. Now I leave you. Do not forget the conditions you have promised to keep."

I heard him close the door. Then I eagerly tore the bandage from my face. The glare of a brilliantly-lighted room oppressed my eyes for a few seconds, and I could only distinguish that the apartment was large and magnificently furnished. As my vision grew clearer I saw that almost immediately in front of me was a very handsome coffin, standing on a platform or dais covered with black velvet. I had been prepared for something strange, but the sudden sight of the coffin made me shudder. In a moment or two, however, I gathered courage enough to walk toward it. It was empty, the lid stood by the side, and some of the silver screws had fallen on the floor. I picked one up and looked at it. The head was badly mauled. Evidently the coffin had been opened by some unpractised hand. Where was its former occupant? Instinctively I turned towards the bed. On it was lying the body of a woman. I looked at the face. I think it was the most beautiful I ever saw. The expression was so calm and happy it was difficult to believe she was not merely sleeping. I had only noticed

the face. As my eyes passed from that to the figure a sight met them which drew from me a cry of horror and rage.

Her breast was bared, and through her heart a jewelled-handled dagger was buried to the hilt!

I felt ill and faint. I went to the table and took a long draught of brandy. Then I came back to the bedside. It was not, as I had tried to persuade myself, a horrid dream, a phantasy. There was the dagger, driven with unerring aim and deadly force. I noticed that so skilfully had the blow been given that only two clots of blood had escaped from the wound. The bleeding must have been wholly internal. Again I glanced at the sweet, peaceful face. There was nothing to indicate the agony which I had been taught to look for in painful and sudden death.

Where was I? Upon what frightful tragedy had I lighted? Had this murdered woman been a faithless wife, or was she some innocent girl who had been enticed here to meet ruin and death? What should I do? What could I do?

My first impulse was to raise an alarm, but a moment's reflection convinced me of the uselessness and danger of such a proceeding. It was evident that the person or persons who had committed this crime would not hesitate at another to secure safety. I had no idea in what quarter of Paris I was, nor of how to gain egress from the house. Beside, I had heard the door locked behind me.

But why should any one desire to perpetuate that terrible sight? This was a question I could not answer, though I racked my brain for a response. Then I looked again at the body, and the frightful fascination of the subject began to enthrall me. Its grim awfulness appealed to something in my artistic nature, and urged me with irresistible force to begin work. I had always had a touch of morbidness in my inspirations, yet I had never conceived such a combination of the beautiful and the horrible. Yes; whatever I might feel it my duty to do on the morrow, I would work my best that night.

An absorbing desire to express not only what I saw but what I felt took possession of me. Never before had I

painted so quickly or so well. I obtained with a few touches effects that I had before vainly laboured to produce. It almost seemed as if I were controlled by some overwhelming force. The soul and power of a great artist had temporarily passed into me, and my poor hands and eyes were but the means through which another was working.

The hours flew rapidly by, but I laboured unremittingly. The figure grew upon the canvas, and began to look lifelike in its deathlike fidelity. At last my aching hands and arms compelled me to rest. I looked everywhere for some mark or sign by which I could discover in whose house I was. Not the faintest clue rewarded my search—nothing bearing a name, initial, or monogram was to be found. Everything was of the most costly and luxurious description. Money had been lavishly spent in every direction. The coffin was almost a work of art: its chased handles and bars were of silver and gold, but the name-plate had not been attached. I noticed every detail with great minuteness, because I determined that the maker of so unusually splendid a coffin could easily be found, and that through him was the clearest and easiest way of bringing to justice the perpetrators of this foul crime.

Then I went back to my painting, and again the fever of inspired work seized me. I was scarcely sensible of the lapse of time till the clock upon the mantelpiece warned me that it was already five. After considerable trouble I managed to pack my sketch in a way that would cover it without injuring the moist colours. I collected my brushes and tubes, tied the handkerchief over my eyes, and rang the bell. Almost immediately I heard the door unlocked, and the sad voice whose tones had become so thoroughly impressed on my memory asked—

“How have you succeeded?”

“Well.”

“I am very glad. I will now take you to your studio. Come with me.”

He led me through the passage, down the staircase, and to the carriage. When I had seated myself he took his place by



my side. The horses were urged to a very rapid pace, so fast, indeed, that I wondered the police did not interfere. My companion did not utter a word. When the carriage stopped he helped me to descend, took me as far as the first staircase, and said,—

“When you reach the next landing you can uncover your eyes. I shall send for the picture in twelve days. Remember your promises; keep faith with me, and you may secure a more powerful friend than you imagine. Good-day.”

I heard him pass away. The temptation to follow and instantly denounce him was almost irresistible. But sober second-thought came to my aid. I reflected that he had at least one and probably two confederates in the carriage, and that at so early an hour it was unlikely I should find any one to render me efficient assistance. I passed up the stairs and took off the handkerchief.

When I was once safe in my own room I was torn by distracting doubts as to what I ought to do. If I held my tongue I should make two thousand francs certain, and possibly more in the future. Could I afford to throw away this wonderful opportunity? Moreover, this was the course which had the great recommendation of safety. If I should inform the police I might very possibly be regarded as a madman; or if my story was believed, and the murderer or murderers traced, I should undoubtedly incur the vengeance of rich and powerful villains. My solemn promise, too, bound me to secrecy. But then I told myself I was not compelled to keep that when the doing so would involve the escape of a murderer. At last exhausted nature, which had been subjected to the most severe tension for twelve hours, claimed her rights. I slept; but my dreams were hideous. The figure of the dead woman rose ever before my fancy. She pointed to the dagger in her breast; and seemed to entreat me to speak, although I heard no words and could not distinguish any sound.

It was again nearly dusk when I awoke, troubled and unrefreshed, but with my mind fully made up to tell the police all I knew. I understood the necessity for acting with all

possible despatch, but I was hungry, and felt that I needed something to give me strength and confidence before I undertook to make my extraordinary revelation. After I had once decided on a plan of action I felt easier. The dread of the ever-haunting presence of the dead woman began to disappear. I went to a restaurant I had been in the habit of frequenting when richer. Some of that villain's thousand francs should help to give me the strength to denounce him. This idea pleased me, for it seemed to savour of retribution. I took up *Le Soir*, turned over the pages carelessly, almost unconsciously, and was just about to lay it down when on the last page my eye caught this heading:

*"Funeral of the Beautiful Marquise de Bienville."*

The words startled me, for I had heard of the beauty of the lady about whom all male Paris had been raving for some months. I had never had an opportunity of seeing her, though I had much wished to do so. I did not know she had been ill, and to learn suddenly that she was dead and buried shocked me not a little. I read the article with considerable interest. It stated that the Marquise had died four days before of diphtheria, after only a short illness. The last part of the article gave a brief description of the lady's appearance. As I read on I became more and more engrossed, for I could not but believe that the murdered woman and the Marquise were one. The recognition of this fact frightened me. I could not help seeing that such a charge made against a man occupying the rank and station of the Marquise de Bienville would need more substantial proof than was to be found in my extraordinary story.

It was with great difficulty that I could manage to eat a part of my dinner. That done I went back to my studio, took my sketch, and set off for the office of the Minister of Police. I inquired for him, and after having stated to one or two minor officials that my business was of the utmost secrecy and importance, I was informed that he had gone home.

"Could I not communicate my wishes to his representative?"

On my replying negatively I was told that if I particularly desired it I could be taken to the Minister's house, or I could see him at his office the next morning. I dreaded a night with that fearful secret still undisclosed, so I chose the former alternative.

I trembled a little when I was ushered into the presence of the famous Minister, but his calm, quiet manner soon reassured me.

"What is it that you have to disclose, monsieur?" he asked.

"The secret of a murder, monsieur."

"Well?"

"I wish to confide it to you alone," I said, as I glanced at the gentleman who had accompanied me from the office.

"That is impossible. M. Bonteaux is in possession of all the secrets of my department. Even if I were to hear you alone now, I should be compelled to confide in others before I could act upon your story. Why do you hesitate?"

"Because, monsieur, my accusation will appear almost incredible. I charge the Marquise de Bienville with being the murderer of his wife."

The Minister, who prided himself on his imperturbability, could not resist showing his surprise. He glanced at M. Bonteaux with an air of pity and contempt. I am sure he thought that I was mad.

"Madame la Marquise died of diphtheria. My wife knew her well, and was greatly grieved at her illness and death. On what grounds do you base such a charge?"

I told my story as briefly as I could. Both my hearers listened attentively, but, I felt, incredulously. When I had finished the Minister asked,—

"What proof have you of the truth of this extraordinary tale?"

"None," I answered, "except the sketch I made; I had

never seen the Marquise in life ; if it be indeed her likeness, no other proof of my truth is needed."

"I knew her well," said the Minister. "Show me the sketch."

I unpacked it and placed it before him. He started as if he had been violently struck.

"It is indeed the Marquise," he murmured. Then, turning to me, he said, "Describe the man who came to your studio."

"I could not see him well. I think he had a moustache ; he was tall and thin, and spoke in a low, sad voice."

"That would be a rough description of the Marquis, eh, M. Bonteaux?"

"Yes, monsieur, I have heard that the Marquis was overwhelmed with grief, and that some of his friends feared for his reason."

"A needless fear," said I ; "his grief is only remorse, or perhaps dread of discovery."

The instincts of the detective, who distrusts everybody and everything, were beginning to be aroused in me.

"M. Godin, justice is indebted to you. All that can be done to-night shall be done. In the morning I shall again claim your aid. Go to your rooms at once, and do not leave them or speak to any one till I send for you ; and lest you should be in any personal danger, I will have the entrance to your apartment watched."

I thanked him for his courtesy, though I could not help knowing that he was actuated quite as much by a desire not to have me escape as by his wish to protect me.

\* \* \* \* \*

M. Bonteaux called for me in the morning. He told me I should have to accompany him to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, as the Minister had decided to have the coffin of the Marquise taken from the family vault and opened. It had been brought into a room of the mortuary chapel when we arrived. The Minister and two or three assistants were examining the body. The wound had been found exactly as I described.

I was cordially received by the Minister, and told that the



Marquis had been sent for under the pretext that there had been some informality about the register of the interment. Orders had also been given to bring the doctor who had signed the certificate of death, and also one of the surgeons attached to the department of justice.

I felt elated at my success and importance, and had no longer any qualms about my broken promises. All Paris, I was sure, would soon be ringing with praises of my shrewdness and courage.

Presently a gentleman entered, whispered to the Minister, and handed him something wrapped in paper. It proved to be the dagger I had described.

"Let the Marquis be brought in," said the Minister.

All eyes were on the door. The Marquis entered, looking pale and thoughtful. When he saw me his look changed to one that I tried hard to think showed fear, but still it seemed to me only like contempt.

"Ah, M. Godin ! I thought you were a gentleman. I see I made a mistake. You have betrayed me."

"It is not betrayal to give a criminal to justice."

He looked at me and smiled, ever so faintly, yet still perceptibly.

"M. le Marquis," said the Minister, "I regret to be compelled to inform you that you are charged with having murdered your wife."

"Who makes this charge ?"

"M. Godin, who states that he saw her lying with a dagger buried in her heart."

"That is true."

"He confesses. Officers, arrest that man !"

"One moment, M. le Ministre. When that dagger was driven into my wife's heart it had ceased to beat for more than two days."

"Explain yourself, Monsieur."

"My words can easily be verified by any surgeon. Madame la Marquise had a morbid dread of being buried alive. She made me swear to her that if she died before me I would not

allow her to be buried until her heart had been punctured. I could not bear to tell this to any one else, or to allow any other hand than mine to strike the blow. After I had done so the strangeness of the sight began to overpower me. Sometimes I think my great grief has made me half mad. I felt that I must have a record that I had been faithful to her last wish. In this state I sought out M. Godin. He has doubtless told you all else that you wish to know. The reason I desired to keep the matter secret can be easily understood."

The two doctors had arrived in time to hear the Marquis's explanation. They needed only to glance at the body to confirm his words.

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Oh, how poor and mean and miserable I felt ! I crossed over to where the Marquis stood, and I knelt at his feet.

"Monsieur," I cried, "take back your money and the sketch and try to forgive me."

"Rise, monsieur ; I have forgiven you. I asked and expected more trust than I had a right to believe a stranger could have given to a stranger. Keep the money ; finish the picture, and I hope it will not be the last you shall paint for me."

## THE OUTLAW OF CORSICA.

THE interior of the island of Corsica presents a number of steep hills intermingled with desolate ravines, and here and there plains which are capable of cultivation ; many of these places are inaccessible, except by winding paths strewn with fragments of rocks that have in the lapse of ages fallen from the higher parts of the mountains. The whole district is clothed with dense woods, which are frequently burnt for the purpose of manuring the land and bringing it into culture ; the roots which are left in the ground still vegetate, and in a few years form a copse called a *maquis*, and frequently so impenetrable that the only means of entering is by cutting your way with a hatchet.

These thickets are the sanctorum of all the bandits, the murderers, and offenders against the law who can escape from justice—the shepherds supply them necessaries, and they are never without a rifle, for the purposes of self-defence or plunder ; no effectual pursuit from officers of justice can be made, the few pathways there are being known only to those refugees, who would be sure to *pick off* any one who might have the hardihood to undertake such an enterprise.

On the borders of this district lived Mateo Falcone, as a gentleman, on the produce of his flocks. Picture to yourself a robust, but short man, about fifty years of age, with jet black frizzled hair, an aquiline nose, small lips, large sparkling eyes, and a deep brown complexion. His skill as a marksman was considered extraordinary. He made use of his arms as easily at night as in the daytime. Together with

his transcendent merit as a marksman, Mateo had also acquired a good reputation; but his early life had been distinguished by many deeds of a dark nature, and the most daring of the brigands were proud to call him their chieftain. He passed for as excellent a friend as he was a dangerous enemy; besides which he was kind and charitable, and lived at peace with all the world. But it is related of him that at Corte, where he married, he boldly got rid of an enemy who was as formidable in battle as he was in love: at least Mateo had the credit of lodging a ball in his rival as he was shaving before a small glass hung in his window. The affair was hushed up, and Mateo was married. His wife Giuseppa at first brought him three daughters, and at last a son, named Fortunato, and who had attained the age of ten years; he was the hope of the family, and the heir to his name. The daughters were well married; and their father could, in time of need, reckon upon the poniards and rifles of his sons-in-law.

Fortunato possessed all the cunning of his father, and every act showed greater intelligence than is usual among children of his age. His parents, in the autumn, went to visit their flocks in the *maquis*, and left him to take care of their house.

Little Fortunato was quietly stretched in the sun, looking at the blue mountains, and thinking that he should dine in the town next Sunday with his uncle the caporale, when he was suddenly interrupted in his meditations by the explosion of some firearms. He jumped up, and looked towards the plain whence the sound proceeded; others followed at irregular intervals, and approached nearer and nearer; at last, in the path which led to Mateo's house, appeared a man with a pointed cap, such as is worn by the mountaineers, his beard hanging upon his breast, and covered with rags, scarcely able to crawl, supporting himself with his gun. He had just received a shot in his thigh.

This was an outlaw, who having set out at night to buy powder in the town, fell in with an ambuscade of Corsican voltigeurs. After a noble defence, he was obliged to retreat, hotly pursued, and firing, from rock to rock. But he was very



little in advance of the soldiers, and his wound disabled him from gaining the *maquis* before he could be overtaken.

He approached Fortunato, and said,—

“You are the son of Mateo Falcone?”

“I am.”

“I am Gianetto Sampiero. I am pursued by the yellow collars. Hide me, for I can go no farther; your father will approve of your conduct, and reward you.”

“What will *you* give me?” said young Fortunato, approaching him.

The outlaw pulled a five-franc piece from a leather pocket which hung at his girdle, out of which he had intended to buy powder. Fortunato smiled at the sight of the money, seized it, and said to Gianetto, “Fear nothing!”

He immediately made a large hole in a heap of straw, placed near the house. Gianetto squatted himself in it, and the boy covered him so well, at the same time leaving him enough air to breathe, that it was impossible to suspect a man to be hid beneath it. He also ingeniously bethought himself of placing a cat and her kittens on the straw, so as to make it appear that it had not been moved for some time. After this, having remarked traces of blood in the path near the house, he carefully covered them over with dust, and stretched himself in the sun again with the greatest tranquillity.

In a few minutes after six men in brown uniforms with yellow collars, commanded by an adjutant, were before Mateo's door. Theodore Gamba, their adjutant, was a distant relation of Falcone—an active man, held in great awe by the outlaws, of whom he had already taken several.

“Good-morning, little cousin,” said he to Fortunato, accosting him; “how tall you are grown! Have you not just seen a man pass by?”

“Oh, I am not so tall as you yet, cousin!” replied the boy, with a simple look.

“All in good time. But, tell me, have you not seen a man pass by?”

“Have I seen a man pass by?”

"Yes, a man with a pointed goat-skin cap, and a jacket turned up with red and yellow."

"A man with a pointed cap, and a jacket turned up with red and yellow?"

"Yes, answer quickly, and don't repeat my questions."

"This morning the curate passed by on his horse Pietro. He asked me how papa was, and I told him——"

"Ah, my master, you are jeering me! Tell me quickly where Gianetto passed, for I am certain he took this path."

"How can I tell?"

"How can you tell! I am sure that you have seen him."

"How can one see passengers when one is asleep?"

"You were not asleep, you good-for-nothing cur—the musket-shots awoke you."

"And do you think, cousin, that your guns make so much noise? My father's rifle makes a great deal more."

"Confound you, you imp of Satan! I am positive you have seen Gianetto, and perhaps have hidden him. Come, lads, search the house, and see if our man is not in it, for the traces of blood stop here."

"And what will my father say?" asked Fortunato, with a sneer. "What will he say, when he knows his house has been entered during his absence?"

"Mischievous urchin!" said the adjutant, pulling his ear, "do you know that I can make you change your tune? Perhaps a few strokes with the flat of my sabre will make you speak."

Fortunato, still sneering, said with emphasis,—

"My father is Mateo Falcone!"

"Do you know, you little blackguard, that I can take you to Corte or Bastia? I'll make you sleep in a dungeon, on straw, with irons on your feet; and I'll have you guillotined if you don't tell me where Gianetto Sampiero is!"

The boy burst out laughing at this ridiculous threat. He repeated, "Mateo Falcone is my father!"

"Adjutant," said one of the soldiers, in a whisper, "do not let us embroil ourselves with Mateo."

Gamba was evidently embarrassed. He spoke to his soldiers, who had already searched the house—an operation soon performed, as a Corsican's hut consists of but one square room, furnished with a table, which answers the place of a bed, some stools, chests, kitchen and hunting utensils. All this time Fortunato was playing with the cat, maliciously enjoying his cousin's confusion. A soldier approached the straw. He saw the cat, and negligently stuck his bayonet into the straw, at the same time shrugging up his shoulders, as if his precaution was ridiculous. Nothing moved ; and the child's countenance did not betray the slightest emotion. The adjutant and his men were in despair : they already began to think of returning to the plain, when their chief, convinced that threats would have no effect upon Mateo's son, resolved, as a last effort, to try the effect of kindness and bribery.

"Little cousin," said he, "you are a knowing dog ! but you are playing a slippery game with me, and if I did not fear giving my cousin Mateo pain, the mischief is in it if you shouldn't come with me !"

"Bah !"

"When my cousin comes home I'll tell him the whole affair, and he'll give you a good flogging for having told a lie."

"Do it !"

"You'll see—but, stop, be honest, and I'll give you something."

"I'll *give you* a bit of advice, cousin ; that is, if you stay here any longer Gianetto will gain the *maquis*, and it will require a better man than you to seek him there."

The adjutant pulled a silver watch out of his pocket, worth about six crowns ; and observing that little Fortunato's eyes sparkled whilst looking at it, he said, holding the watch by the end of its steel chain,—

"Tell me where Gianetto is, and the watch shall be yours."

While he was thus speaking, he held the watch nearer and nearer, until it touched the pale cheek of the boy, which showed distinctly how strongly desire, and the respect due to hospitality, were struggling within him. His chest heaved,

and he seemed breathless. By degrees he raised his hand towards the watch, his fingers touched it, he held it in his hand; but still the adjutant kept the chain—the dial was enamelled, the case fresh polished, in the sun it appeared all on fire. The temptation was too strong.

Fortunato lifted his left hand, and pointed with his thumb towards the straw on which he was stretched. The adjutant instantly understood him. He let go of the chain: Fortunato jumped up with the agility of a deer, and went some ten paces from the straw, which the soldiers began to tumble about. Presently it moved, and a man bathed in blood rose out of it, with a poniard in his hand; but when he tried to stand, his wound prevented him. He fell. The adjutant jumped upon him, wrenched his stiletto from him, and he was immediately bound, in spite of his resistance.

Gianetto, lying on the ground, and bound like a faggot, turned his head towards Fortunato, who had approached. "Traitor!" said he, with more disdain than anger. The boy threw down the piece of money which he had received, feeling that he did not deserve it; but the outlaw did not seem to pay attention to this motion. He said to the adjutant, with the greatest coolness, "My dear Gamba, I cannot walk; you will be obliged to carry me to the town."

"You ran just now as fast as a deer," replied the cruel captor; "but make yourself easy; I am so rejoiced at having caught you that I could carry you a league without being tired. Besides, we are going to make you a litter, and at the farm of Crespoli we shall get horses."

"Very well," replied the prisoner; "only put a little straw in your litter, that I may be more comfortable."

Whilst the soldiers were busy, some making a kind of litter with the branches of a chestnut-tree, the rest staunching Gianetto's wound, Mateo Falcone and his wife suddenly appeared round a corner of the path which led to the *maquis*. His wife came first, almost bent double under the weight of an enormous sack of chestnuts; while her husband stalked after her, carrying a gun in one hand, and another slung on



his back—since it is thought unbecoming for a man to carry anything but his arms.

At the sight of the soldiers, Mateo's first thought was that they were come to arrest him. But why this idea? Mateo had not offended against the laws? He enjoyed a good reputation; but still he was a Corsican mountaineer, of whom there were none but, in searching their memories, could find some peccadillo, such as a musket shot, a stab with the stiletto, or some similar trifle. Although Mateo had not pointed a gun at any one for the last ten years, he was nevertheless prudent, and made arrangements for a good defence if he needed it.

"Wife," said he to Giuseppa, "put down your sack, and hold yourself in readiness." She instantly obeyed. He gave her the gun which was slung on his shoulder, primed the one in his hand, and advanced gently towards his house, gliding by the trees on the side of the path, and ready at the first hostile demonstration to throw himself behind the largest trunk, whence he could fire in safety. She followed closely behind him, holding his charged gun and his cartouche-box. The employment of a good wife is, in case of battle, to re-load her husband's muskets.

On the other hand, the adjutant was very much surprised to see Mateo advancing with measured steps, his gun cocked, and his finger on the trigger. Perhaps, thought he, Mateo is some relation of Gianetto's, or at least his friend; and if he had a mind to defend him, the bullets of his two guns would reach some two of us, as sure as a post-letter.

In this perplexity he took the most courageous part, which was to advance alone towards Mateo, and tell him the whole affair; but the short interval between them appeared terribly long.

"Ho there! my old comrade," said he; "how are you, my brave fellow? 'Tis I, your cousin Gamba."

Mateo, without making any answer, had stopped, and, as the other spoke, gently raised the muzzle of his gun; so that when the adjutant joined him it pointed to the heavens.

"Good-morning, brother," said the adjutant, stretching out his hand; "it's a long time since I have seen you."

"Good-morning, brother."

"I came to wish you and my cousin Pepa good-morning, as I passed by. We have had a long journey this morning, but we must not complain of fatigue; for we have got a famous prize—we have just caught Gianetto Sampiero——"

"God be praised!" cried Giuseppa; "he stole one of our milch goats last week."

Gamba was somewhat pleased with these words.

"Poor fellow!" said Mateo; "he was hungry."

"The thief defended himself like a lion," pursued Gamba, a little mortified; "he has killed one of my voltigeurs; and, not content with that, has broken Corporal Chardon's arm; but that's no great harm, for he is only a Frenchman. Then he was so well hid, that no one could have found him, and, but for my little cousin Fortunato, I should have been run off the scent."

"Fortunato!" cried Mateo.

"Fortunato!" repeated Giuseppa.

"Yes; Gianetto was hid in the straw there, but my little-cousin showed me the thief. I shall tell his uncle of it, and he will send him a handsome present for his trouble; and both his and your name shall be mentioned in the report I shall send to the advocate-general."

"Curse upon it!" said Mateo, aside.

They had rejoined the detachment. Gianetto was already on the litter, and ready to start. When he saw Mateo with Gamba, he smiled strangely; and turning towards the door of the house, he spat upon the threshold, saying, "This is the house of a traitor!"

No one, who was not desirous to die, would have dared to apply the epithet of traitor to Mateo. A stab of the stiletto, which would have needed no repetition, would have immediately paid for the insult. However, Falcone did nothing but put his hand on his brow, like one overwhelmed with sorrow. Fortunato had entered the house on his father's arrival; he

soon re-appeared with a bowl of milk, which he presented with downcast eyes to Gianetto.

"Away!" cried the outlaw in a thundering tone; then turning towards one of the voltigeurs, he said, "Comrade, give me something to drink." The soldier gave him his gourd, and the bandit drank the water, which was given to him by one with whom he had a short time before exchanged shots. He then asked them to tie his hands before him, "for I like to lie at my ease," said he. This wish was speedily satisfied; the adjutant gave the signal for departing, wished Mateo farewell, and descended towards the plain in double quick time.

It was nearly ten minutes before Mateo opened his mouth. The boy looked, first at his mother, and then at his father, with a restless eye, the latter of whom, leaning on his gun, considered him with an expression of concentrated rage.

"You have made a pretty beginning!" said Mateo, at last, in a calm but terrible voice for those who knew the man.

"Father!" cried the child, with tears in his eyes, advancing towards him to throw himself at his knees; but Mateo cried, "Get behind me!" and the child stopped, and sobbed, at a few paces from his father.

Giuseppa approached him. She had just perceived the end of the watch-chain hanging out of Fortunato's breast.

"Who gave you that watch?" she asked, in a severe tone.

"My cousin, the adjutant."

Falcone seized the watch, and throwing it against a stone, dashed it in a thousand pieces.

"Wife," said he, "is this my child?"

Giuseppa's brown cheek became of a blood-red.

"What do you say, Mateo? Do you know whom you are speaking to?"

"Well! this is the first traitor of his family."

The sobs of the boy redoubled as Falcone kept his lynx eyes steadfastly fixed on him. At length he struck the butt-end of his gun on the ground, shouldered it again, and re-took

the road to the *maquis*, crying out to Fortunato to follow him. The boy obeyed.

Giuseppa ran after Mateo, and caught him by the arm. "Remember that he is your son," said she, with a trembling voice, at the same time fixing her dark eyes on those of her husband, as if to read what was passing in his soul. "Leave me," replied Mateo; "I am his father!"

Giuseppa embraced her son, and re-entered her hut crying; she threw herself on her knees before an image of the Virgin Mary, and prayed fervently. However, Falcone walked some two hundred yards from the house, and stopped at a ravine, which he descended. He sounded the earth with the stock of his gun, and found it soft, and easy to dig. The place seemed favourable for his design.

"Fortunato, go near that large stone."

The boy did as he was commanded; he then knelt down.

"Say your prayers."

"Father, father, do not kill me!"

"Say your prayers," repeated Mateo, in a terrible voice.

The boy, stammering and sobbing, repeated the Lord's Prayer and the Belief. His father, in a loud voice, responded "Amen!" at the end of each prayer.

"Are those all the prayers you know?"

"Father, I still know the Ave Maria, and the Litany, which my aunt taught me."

"It's very long; but go on!"

The boy finished the Litany in a stifled voice.

"Have you finished?"

"Oh, father, father, forgive me! I'll never do so again! I'll entreat my uncle the caporale to pardon Gianetto."

He spoke still; Mateo had primed his gun, and cocked it, saying, "May God forgive you!" The boy made a desperate effort to rise, and embrace the knees of his father, but he had not time—Mateo fired, and Fortunato fell dead.

Without casting a glance on the corpse, Mateo returned towards his house to fetch a spade, in order that he might bury his son. He had scarcely walked a few steps, before he



met Giuseppa, who ran out, alarmed by the report of the gun.

"What have you done?" cried she.

"Justice!"

"Where is he?"

"In the ravine. I'm going to bury him. He died a Christian, and I shall have a Mass sung for him. Let my son-in-law Theodore Bianchi be told to come and live with us."

## THE CHÂTEAU OF NICOSIA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALFRED AURIOL.

I WAS unwilling to quit Palermo without visiting the ancient château of Nicosia, which has been the theme of many a conversation. The day on which I rode to this aged pile was dull and lowering; my restive mule was only urged by incessant blows to traverse the dreary heath, and the heaviness of the air cast a corresponding gloom upon my spirits. Far in the horizon I could perceive a few arid rocks, scattered here and there with straggling pines; but no living creature met my gaze; all was silent as the grave.

I feared that I had missed my road, thinking it improbable that there should be a dwelling in such a desert, when I fortunately observed a goatherd crossing the plain. I called to him, and when he approached, in answer to my inquiries, he assured me that the path would lead me directly to the ancient residence of Lanucci, Duke of Nicosia; and I rode forward with increased haste, as the darkening clouds threatened an immediate storm.

At length through the murky air arose a greyish mass, in which, as I drew near, I could distinguish turrets and parapets. This was the château, a time-worn mansion, into which the light entered through small loop-holes, few and far between; a feeble and flickering light alone admonished me that a human being was not far distant. I advanced to the door and knocked; the only answer was the echo of the blow; again I knocked,

and still there was no answer. The light, however, disappeared, then, gleaming through the other casements, appeared to pass through the corridors, till it paused exactly opposite to the spot where I stood. I heard a window cautiously opened, and through the gloom I fancied I discerned the outlines of the head of an old woman. It examined me for some time, then withdrew, and shortly appeared again, a gruff voice at the same time demanding my name and business, and whether I had any companions. I mentioned my name, and my being a traveller, and concluded by requesting lodging for the night. I was then admitted.

The long courts lay extended in sombre grandeur before me. The iron gates were closed with a clang, my mule was led to the stable, and I myself was conducted to a large hall, the capacious grate of which was piled high with a cheering fire. I examined my host attentively, and his appearance bespoke him honest. He led me with great civility to a seat, and laid supper before me, of which I stood in much need. The sparkling wine he pressed me to partake of revived my spirits, and awakened my curiosity.

Wine unlocks the heart. We soon became as merry as if we were old friends, little regarding the beating of the rain and the howling of contending winds without. My host and hostess informed me that they were guardians of the mansion, and that a few field labourers only dwelt with them.

"And do you fear nothing," said I, "friend Giacomo, living, as you do, in such an isolated situation? There have been many reports abroad."

"Sir Stranger, by the grace of the Virgin, and the protection of our patron saint, we have no apprehensions. Habit is everything. To confess the truth, when I first came to live here, some vague fears would take possession of me about nightfall. But let us no longer talk of such trifles. The wine is capital; is it not? Ah, sir, the Duke took a pride in his cellar; it was stocked from the best wine-presses in Sicily."

"The Duke? And pray, why does he not live here?"

"He has been dead some time."

"But the actual proprietor?"

"His nephew, the Count Astolpho! I suspect he little cares to visit this secluded place; for it has been hateful to him ever since the tragic fate of his uncle and aunt, whose souls may Heaven bless." And Giacomo crossed himself; then, as if wishing to dismiss some disagreeable reminiscence, "You have let us run short of wine, Marguerita," said he, turning suddenly towards his wife; "go, fill the flasks."

"The tragic fate of his uncle, say you; and pray how came that to pass?"

"As to that, sir; it is a tale of wickedness; we do not like to mention it, especially in the evening. It was at this hour—in this—your health, sir. Is there any news stirring at Palermo?"

"None at all; but cannot you, my good host, conduct me over the château this evening? for I must leave you to-morrow at dawn."

"Holy Virgin! Merciful Heaven! this evening? What are you dreaming of?" shrieked the old woman, shuddering.

"Silence, Marguerita, you are a great coward," said Giacomo: then in a lower tone to me, "In good truth, you can see everything much better in the broad daylight; by torch-light the apartments will excite sensations of horror. Let it be to-morrow, I entreat you."

"To-morrow? Now I am absolutely compelled to depart at break of day, and we have nothing better to do at this present moment. Come, Giacomo, let me persuade you."

So saying, I slipped a ducat into his hand.

"Ah! sir, why did you not tell me this before? I am entirely at your service. Come, wife, light your lamp, and follow us; call Paolo."

The labourer soon entered. When he saw the torch that was put into his hands, and understood whither he was to go, he became restless and timid. The old woman, muttering, took her station by the side of Giacomo. As to myself, I looked upon these three beings, unnerved by their superstitious fears, and blushed for the weakness of humanity.



So spacious were the rooms through which we passed that the torches scarcely afforded us sufficient light to distinguish objects. My companions conducted me through long galleries filled with family portraits, and covered with antique hangings, and through halls, for the purposes of festivity and the administration of justice, faded remnants of former pomp and glory, which now excited terror rather than admiration. As we proceeded I again said,—

“You have mentioned, Giacomo, the tragical fate of the possessor of this property ; I would thank you to relate to me the particulars of his death.”

“If you absolutely wish it, sir.”

And we entered a grand hall, furnished with greater elegance than any of the preceding, and whose walls, hung with tapestry, were still covered with the massy armour of the knights of Nicosia.

“Behold these cuirasses,” said Giacomo to me, “these casques, gauntlets, and swords. This was the hall of audience ; in this hall was the duke assassinated !—Marguerita, what ails you ?”

“Nothing, Giacomo ; and you—you tremble !”

“Did you hear nothing ?”

“No.”

“No. Ah, sir, Marguerita will tell you the story of our unhappy masters.”

And the old woman, sitting down between Giacomo and myself, spoke as follows :

“Duke Lanucci of Nicosia fell deeply in love at Naples with a young Italian. He obtained her hand, and soon afterwards brought her to this château. The Duchess Elvira, whose attendant I had the honour to be, was handsome, light-hearted, and gay. She quitted Naples, the court, and its amusements ; she left parents, friends, all, to follow her much-loved Lanucci. The duchess was strangely surprised, it is true, on coming so suddenly from the luxuriant palaces of Italy to this gloomy mansion. Her spirits, however, were in nowise damped ; she was so young and lively—she loved her husband so dearly.

“A month after their marriage the young couple went to Palermo. It was late when they returned to the château. The duchess wished to write to a friend, and she came to this apartment, where she was in the habit of sitting on account of its coolness, for it was the height of summer. My lord the duke was busy below preparing for a hunt the next day. The duchess approached the small table which you see there, before that mirror with the gilded frame ; she then seated herself to write to a friend of her childhood. She told her all her joys, her love, her happiness ; and sometimes threw a wandering look at the glass ; but suddenly she thought she perceived a keen and piercing eye flashing from one of the suits of armour which were reflected in it. A cold shudder ran through her whole frame. She dared not stir ; and she experienced still more intense horror when she observed the same terrible and mysterious glances from *all* the suits of armour. Her breath almost failed her. Surrounded by brigands, by assassins, what would become of her ? Should she fly—should she call for help ? They are numerous ; she is in their power ; in a moment they would destroy her. The Duke would come, would defend her—himself, alone, against so many—he would perish. Such thoughts rushed rapidly through her bewildered brain, and it was by a strong effort that she constrained herself to silence. One method alone remained for her to pursue ; it was to persuade them that she had not discovered them. And thus the giddy and laughing Elvira, when real danger was apprehended, acted with as much coolness and prudence as could be expected from the most courageous. Leaning upon the table, she appeared absorbed in the contents of her letter, speaking at first in a low voice, then gradually raising her tone, as if carried away by the subject. She related to her friend all the events of her voyage, the innumerable nothings that happened during her journey. She endeavoured to bury herself in her reminiscences of former times, to hear herself speaking, in order as much as possible to avert the dizziness and shuddering which threatened to overpower her. But she often cast an involuntary look at the glass. She observed, with increasing terror,

that a lance which had been placed to the right of one of the suits of armour had been passed to the other, and a moment after the slow and fearful motion of an arm, which was directed towards her and then drawn back, intended to assure those who were concealed that they had not been observed by her. Although trembling lest the duke should enter, and a prey to the most harassing reflections, she contrived to preserve her presence of mind, till she suddenly burst out with 'Holy Virgin ! it is too late ! Giacomo ought to have gone, and my letter will not arrive in time at Palermo. I must send some one to overtake him.' Folding the paper hastily, she rushed out of the room. Nothing stirred. Hardly was she out of danger when she met the duke. The terrible mental struggle she had sustained overcame her bodily strength ; covered with a cold sweat she fell heavily at his feet. My lord, affrighted, called for assistance. His people hurriedly entered the hall. The brigands, believing themselves discovered and pursued, dashed upon the crowd of retainers, and endeavoured to open a passage for their retreat. Some of them had already effected their escape through the windows, when the duke, carried away by his valour, pursued and attacked them, and fell dead in the struggle from the stroke of a lance.

"Thus died Lanucci, Duke of Nicosia, at the age of eight-and-twenty. His unfortunate bride soon followed him to the grave. About a year and a half after these events took place, the police having discovered the assassins they were hanged. Before their execution, they confessed that they had been attracted by the immense wealth laid up in the château, and they had contrived to introduce and conceal themselves during the absence of the proprietors."

Marguerita ceased. During the recital she had cast many timid glances at the suits of armour around, which had been placed in their original situation. As she perceived no cause of alarm, she recovered her spirits ; when, suddenly rising, she exclaimed, "The Lord have mercy upon their souls !—let us go hence." The next day I returned to Palermo, deeply meditating upon the story I had heard.

## THE ROMANCE OF THE KOH-I-NOOR.

*TOLD BY ITSELF.*

ALFRED H. MILES.

**O**F things remarkable some are treasured for their intrinsic worth, and others for the associations, historical or otherwise, which time has grouped around them.

I think I may boast of both these claims to fame. In myself every one says I am one of the most valuable and beautiful of creatures, while the romance of my history clothes me with a lustre other than my own.

Tradition commences the story of my marvellous career more than three thousand years ago, when I am said to have been worn by Carna, Rajah of Angar, who fell in the "great war."

By some accounts I am connected with an ancient legend of the Talmud, which ascribes my creation to the Hindoo god Krischna, though another theory declares me to have been discovered in the bed of the Godavery, near Masulipatam.

Apart from traditions, however, some people say it is more than probable that at a very remote period I was in the possession of the Hindoo priesthood, and possibly adorned the shrine of the deity to whom my creation was ascribed.

Of course it would be very easy for me to put matters right by a simple statement of the truth concerning my earlier years, but so many nice stories have been written about me that it would be a great pity to spoil them; besides which it must be remembered that at the time referred to I was very young, and it is possible my memory might not serve me accurately.

In the "Memories of the Mogul Baber," written about 1531,



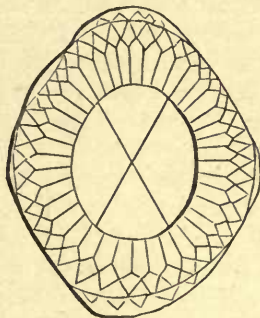
I am affirmed to have passed into the treasury of Delhi, after the subjugation of Malwa by Ala-ud-deen, about the year 1304, and am described as weighing the equivalent of one hundred and eighty-four carats of modern weight. Here, it is said, I remained after the death of Baber, until the days of the Great Mogul, when, in 1738, Nadir Shah, incensed by the protection afforded by the Mogul to a number of Afghan refugees who sought refuge from his vengeance within the walls of Delhi, laid siege to the city, and ultimately forced its surrender.

As usual in uncivilised warfare, the town was sacked, and the rich collection of gems and jewels acquired under the Mogul sovereigns passed into the hands of Nadir Shah. This accomplished, the Nadir restored the Great Mogul to the throne of the despoiled city, to hold the same in vassalage to himself, and it was while granting this small favour that a very important incident in my career occurred. The Nadir having noticed me in the turban of the Great Mogul, and not wishing to acquire me by force, suggested to his new vassal that they should exchange turbans in token of friendship, and in this way I passed into the hands of Nadir Shah.

On the death of Nadir by assassination I came into the possession of his nephew, Ali Rokh Shah, a man of small capacity and little vigour, who presented me to Ahmed Shah El Aldahy, a most successful soldier, as a reward for military services rendered to him.

From Ahmed Shah I descended to his sons, Shah Soujah, the eldest, being my next possessor. Runjeet Singh, the younger son, however, a fierce and violent man, renowned in war, and consequently popular with the army, greatly coveted his brother's dominions, and notwithstanding the fact that Shah Soujah had rewarded his military services by making him King of Lahore, declared war against his brother, and ultimately conquered him. Shah Soujah fled to Cabul, of which city Runjeet allowed him to be styled king, and in his flight managed to carry me off. Runjeet, however, had not forgotten me, and he determined by some means to obtain possession of me. To this end he adopted a truly Eastern method, and

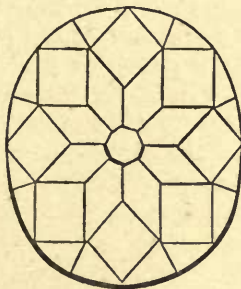
"made a feast," at which he invited the attendance of his brother, but Shah Soujah suspecting the designs of Runjeet, took the precaution to have a crystal made of the same size and shape as my-  
on his person in



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king's lapidary soon detected the cheat, and Runjeet's rejoicing was turned into mortification and hate. The palace of the Soujah was immediately invested and searched from top to bottom, and at length, through the treachery of a slave, I was found beneath a heap of ashes.

Upon the death of Runjeet I came into the possession of Khurruck Singh and Shew Singh successively, both of whom were killed short time, "battle, death" seeming from my possession. its valuables next son of Runjeet youth, whose mo-acted as regent. In while under the assumed so serious British authorities self-defence, to assume a share in the government of the kingdom, and in 1849, after every other expediency had been tried in vain, Lord Dalhousie, the Governor-General, formerly annexed the Punjaub to the British dominions.



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The terms upon which Dhuleep Singh resigned for himself, his heirs, and successors all right, title, and claim to the sovereignty of the Punjaub, were as follows : that the property of the State should be confiscated to the Honourable East India Company, that the gem called the Koh-i-noor (that's me, you know) should be surrendered to the Queen of England, and that H.R.H. Dhuleep Singh should receive an annual pension of four lacs of rupees for the support of himself and his relatives, conditionally upon his remaining obedient to the British Government, and residing at such place as the Governor-General might select.

In this way I became a British possession, and on June 3rd, 1850, I was presented to H.M. the Queen. In the following year I was exhibited at the Great Exhibition, where I attracted a great deal of attention. The accompanying portraits will show how I looked when I first came to England, and my appearance now I am one of the court beauties.

Shortly after my arrival the authorities determined on having me re-cut, and the Great Duke of Wellington placed me on the mill for that purpose. The wisdom of thus destroying my identity and depreciating my value has been much disputed, and doubtless there was much to be said in favour of my maintaining the form in which I had passed through my romantic history. Prior to my re-cutting I ranked second only to the Orloff of European gems, but now I rank sixth, the Mogul, the Orloff, the Grand Tuscan, the Regent, and the Star of the South all taking precedence of me in size and weight.

Ah me ! to think of the thrones and dominions that I have seen overthrown. God grant that my days of strife may be over, and that I may long remain in peace and honour to lend lustre to the British crown.

## A STORY OF FREIBURG CATHEDRAL.

BY MARY HARRIOTT NORRIS.

OTTO was a little Freiburg boy. He knew all of the steep streets of the old cathedral town by heart, and wandered everywhere at will. He liked his night rambles better than his day ones. He had no mother. His father was a Swiss soldier who had fallen in the defence of the Tuileries during the Franco-Prussian War.

Otto lived with his grandfather, who was a cobbler; as he was too small to learn to mend either shoes or harness, whenever his grandfather became drunk, which was often, Otto went off on one of the excursions for which he had a town reputation.

No one ever searched for him when he was missing, although everybody gave a crust of bread to the little wanderer whenever hunger led him to beg food.

Otto had grown to ten years of age, a delicate-looking but healthy boy, not much of a talker, but with an infinite number of weird fancies lurking in his dreamy brain, and he consequently found no company quite so good as his own.

His favourite resort was the church of St. Nicholas, a small but quaint cathedral built in the twelfth century. On summer evenings the great organ was played, and the organist let Otto sit beside him in the dim light, while he performed all kinds of grand and tender music for the strangers who came from foreign lands to hear the famous organ of Freiburg.

When the organist practised through the day Otto was



always on hand. Thus it happened that the child lived half the time, people said, in the cobbler's shop and on the street, and half the time in the cathedral.

The summer drew to a close. The concerts ended. The great hotel ceased to look gay. The wild strawberries on the mountain-sides were all gone. The autumn rains began.

Otto sat on a pile of hides in the dark little cobbler's shop, and time hung heavy on his hands, one lowering afternoon. The organist had gone to Berne to play on the great organ on the occasion of a *fête*. The bigger boys, whose society he preferred if he had any, had thrust him aside an hour ago, as they started off to the woods to gather fagots. His grandfather glowered over a brimming mug of beer. Otto wondered what there was for him to do.

He buried his face in his hands, rubbing his eyes with his fists until great green holes with red linings appeared before him. He rubbed harder till the holes were full of shooting stars. Even this usually fruitful means of amusement failed.

He went to the open, rickety door that the wind every now and then creaked on its leathern hinges, and looked down the narrow winding street which led to the cathedral square.

Hans Weber ran past him. Hans carried a piece of odorous cheese in one hand, and a loaf of bread a yard long under his arm.

"Hello, dreamer!" cried Hans, as he turned the corner, hurrying home with a hungry stomach for his evening meal.

Otto was not hungry in his stomach, but his little heart was hungry, and he heaved a long sigh just as his grandfather breathed a prolonged snore. Otto could not stand snoring, so he went out into the street.

Presently the rain began to fall. Soon it came with a heavy thud. In a few minutes the gutters were running with small streams. All at once Otto found plenty to do. He would not stop till he had walked astride his "gutter" all the way down to the "suspension bridge." He was not at all forgetful that he would have to pass his dear cathedral. Perhaps, after all,

he might linger just long enough to take a peep at the organ. It is true, he was half afraid of the solemn interior, with its two rows of altars down the sides, its dim choir, and its sunken, stone-paved floor. But he would not have had this fear dispelled for the world. The fear translated half the music, and surrounded with a halo all the pictures of suffering before which he had uplifted his curly, golden head and dropped a silent tear more than once, as he bent his knee and made a sign of the cross on his white forehead and slender breast. The cathedral was the very gate of heaven to his yearning loneliness.

Now and then a face looked out at Otto through a beaded window-pane, as his little body swayed from side to side over the gutter. A priest in a long black robe, so long that it swept the watery pavement, shook his head warningly as Otto came careering along.

The child's wet and mud-stained feet, his coarse shirt sticking to his breast and arms, his far-away, sunny smile, his curls growing curlier in the dampness, gave no pang to any heart. Each passer-by was absorbed in himself, and nothing ever had happened to the boy.

How the rain poured down when Otto paused in the cathedral square! Not a soul there in the wet besides himself. The watery waste was quite his own, unless the pomegranates, still aglow with fiery blossoms, in a long row in front of an hotel near by, had a feeling of fellowship with him. Otto glanced at them, and believed they were sorry that they could not go in and out of his cathedral.

He drew nearer to his idol. It looked as if it would rain a long time yet. The suspension bridge and his gutter would keep. He would go in for just one precious look.

No one saw the little boy mount the flight of low steps that led up into the grim and curious porch. No one saw him as he stood a second, shaking the water out of his soaked clothes, his keen, large eyes scanning meanwhile with familiar and delightful awe the rows on rows of figures carved in stone above his head. Otto had been told that they represented the

bliss of saints and the pangs of the damned; but they had little personal meaning for him. He was such a vagrant that no one had ever taught him "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not."

So he stood gazing fearlessly at bishops and holy women, and then at the circular pediment they inclosed, filled with more grotesque carvings still.

The rising wind blew his yellow curls straight out behind his head as he contemplated a small basket, in this pediment, filled with human beings, held over a fire by a severe and dismal ghoul.

"That fire must be very hot," said Otto to himself, regarding the goblin that fanned it with a bellows. He forgot where he was, as he had a hundred times before, while watching two agonised souls confined in a box and begging a wicked spirit just outside for mercy.

Little thrills of sympathy crept through Otto, but he gazed on, attracted now by two buckets suspended from a balance and filled with the just and the unjust. Then the blue eyes rested on a procession of men and women with happy faces, led by St. Peter carrying a huge key, all walking in a straight line to a great door—the door of heaven, he had been told—and there was an angel with long, high wings, bringing up the rear.

Otto drew a deep breath when the survey was finished, and if the delightful interior had not awaited him he would then and there have gone over the whole portal again.

He lifted the latch of the great oak door. A wing swung open. How dim the light was! Far away by a distant altar knelt the woman who showed strangers the cathedral, collected chance fees, and locked the heavy doors at night. She would not interfere with Otto's dreams.

His little feet tripped over the cold stones with noiseless tread. Half-way up the nave he paused, and gazed with tearful eyes on the life-size effigy of the Saviour suspended on the cross in mid-air over the choir. He made a little prayer, all his own, and then turned back to his favourite chapel,

crossing himself as he went—the chapel he had never entered, but whose mysteries, with each distant, fleeting view, grew clearer. Whenever he had tried those iron doors before they had been locked, or some one had been too near. He tried them again to-day stealthily. Oh, joy! the doors swung open. Without a compunction Otto glided in, pushed them shut, and gazed around him.

Meanwhile the woman at the altar finished her prayer, heard the rain pouring outside with a steady drip, and, realising that the afternoon was waning, hurried out of the cathedral and locked the great doors for the night.

Otto did not hear the closing doors. He was in an ecstasy of mingled awe and delight, afraid to go forward, not dreaming of retreating.

He stood in a room with a low, arched ceiling, the dull light of a stormy day falling, through a small barred window high up in the wall, upon a plaster group upon a platform.

To Otto these life-size white figures were veritable men and women. Nearer to him stood a snowy-robed sentinel against the wall. Just behind him, in a corner, was a small table, holding ten huge candles. In the corner farthest removed from all these mute figures were two narrow stone steps projecting from the wall. Otto sat down on them to take breath and gather courage. He wished that there were more light, for the chapel grew rapidly dimmer.

Curiosity at length getting the better of reverence, he stepped forward into the tomb-like, vaulted room; he passed the sentinel, who turned neither to right nor left, and finally one childish form and golden head lent a bit of colour to the snowy group.

Otto stood lost in wonder. His lonely, dreamy little heart loved the grand and tender and sorrowful faces all around him. What was the matter?

Presently, out of very sympathy with their sadness, sobs shook his slight frame, and his hot tears fell all over a still, sad face that looked tired out and seemed to be sleeping while all the others watched and mourned. A tall man stood at the



foot of the sleeping one in the act of folding a cloth over his feet.

All at once Otto saw a great hole in one of the hands, hanging down near him, and stooping laid his little head on it and kissed it, and as he did so knelt down, believing that, at last, he was close to the dead Christ, and laying his head upon the bosom of the figure he fell asleep.

When he awoke it was dark, but he was not afraid. The figure of one whom he had hoped to see ever since he could remember, whenever he had looked up into the blue sky, was there close beside him.

Otto longed to see the face again, though, to make sure. So he crept out to the table where the candles were, took the tall, thick tapers down one by one, scratched the matches lying beside them, and presently the gloomy grey walls and the glorious white forms were flooded with mellow light.

Yes, there was his Christ. Otto sat down beside the recumbent form again, laid his head again where it had rested, and again fell asleep.

When the woman came early in the morning to open the cathedral she found the organist at the door, anxiously waiting to be admitted. He had received an appointment to a great church in Paris, and he had come to play upon his beloved instrument for the last time. He passed up the nave to say his morning prayer, but, as he turned away from the altar after his devotions, he saw a mellow light, like sunlight, far away in the gloomy chapel of the holy sepulchre.

He hastened forward, and, looking through the iron gratings of the doors, thought at first he saw a miracle. But it was only Otto's golden head. While he looked the boy awoke.

Otto is a great organist himself now, and lives in Vienna.

But the Freiburg women to this day, when they talk about the solemn group in the dim chapel of the holy sepulchre, call the recumbent Saviour Otto's Christ.

TALES OF LIFE AND  
EXPERIENCE.



GIBRALTAR (*p.* 393).

# TALES OF LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

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## AN INCIDENT AT GIBRALTAR.

BY H. D. INGLIS.

THERE needs no extraordinary incident to impress upon the traveller a recollection of Gibraltar. Even if Spain were a country devoid of interest, a journey across the Peninsula would be repaid by the first view of this celebrated spot. For my own part, if I had never seen Emily Waring, or rescued her lover from his great peril, or been present at the trial of the unhappy Donovan,—this majestic object would, nevertheless, be distinguished, among the many scenes upon which I have looked with wonder and delight, as that one which is the most vividly pictured upon my memory.

But, with my recollections of Gibraltar, some passages of human life are mixed; and when, some years ago, I visited this spot for the second time, the glorious scene that burst upon me as I sailed through the Straits,—the Barbary mountains on one hand, the Bay of Algeiras and the Sierra of Granada on the other, the placid waters of the Mediterranean spreading towards the east, and the gigantic rock guarding its entrance,—were lost in the recollection of mingled sorrow and joy that annihilated the intervening years; and placed me again beside Emily Waring, and showed me—but I will not anticipate.



It was in the month of June that I sailed from England in the *Levant Packet*, with the intention of spending a few weeks in Cadiz and Gibraltar, and of then proceeding to Corfu. I think it was the 15th of June when I stepped upon the mole of Gibraltar; and the same evening I presented my letters to Sir G—— D——, then Governor; and to Colonel Waring, of the Royal Engineers, to whose family, indeed, I am distantly related. Sir G—— D—— invited me to a ball, to be given at the Government House the following evening; and Colonel Waring,—as fine an old man as ever served the Crown,—shaking me heartily by the hand, and discovering a family likeness, told me I had arrived at a most fortunate time, for that his daughter Emily would next week be united to Captain L——, of the Royal Navy.

“He’s a noble fellow,” said the Colonel, “else he should not have my girl; dine with us to-morrow, and you’ll meet him, and stay and sup with us; you must see Emily; and take care you don’t fall in love with her.” The injunction was necessary; for never do female charms appear so seductive as when we know that they all but belong to another: and Emily Waring was the only truly lovely girl I have ever beheld. I will not attempt any description of her countenance—the most captivating is the most indescribable; and of her figure I will only say that, to an almost infantine lightness, were added those gracious contours that belong to maturer years. Captain L—— I found all that the Colonel had depicted him.

Next evening I went to the ball at the Government House; and while Emily Waring was dancing with her betrothed I chanced to observe the eyes of a gentleman intently fixed upon the pair; he was evidently deeply interested; and in the expression of a very handsome countenance it was not difficult to discover that the most deadly jealousy was mingled with the most intense admiration. “Who is that gentleman?” said I to a friend whom I had accidentally discovered among the officers of the garrison. “His name,” said he, in a whisper, “is Donovan: you have, of course, remarked that his eyes con-

stantly pursue the Colonel's daughter and her partner ; there are some curious facts, and rather unpleasant suspicions, connected with the history of this Donovan. I need scarcely tell you what are his feelings towards Miss Waring and Captain L—— ; that he loves the one and hates the other ; and yet you will be surprised to be told that Donovan and Captain L—— are apparently the best friends in the world. Three years ago Donovan saved the Captain's life by an act of extraordinary daring ; and although Donovan has, since that time, twice forced Captain L—— to fight a duel with him, under the most suspicious circumstances, and, as every one believed, with the express intent of shooting him, Captain L—— still remembers the benefit conferred upon him, and persists in believing in the nice honour of Donovan, and in his friendship."

Donovan now approached the spot where we stood, and our conversation was interrupted ; but when it was afterwards renewed, my friend informed me that Donovan had formerly been married ; that some years ago he was put upon his trial on suspicion of having poisoned his wife ; and that, although he was acquitted, strong doubt yet rests upon the minds of many. "He has high interest," added my friend, "and holds an important Government employment ; and etiquette obliges the Governor to invite him."

This ball took place on Thursday ; and on Monday morning Emily Waring and Captain L—— were to have been united. On Friday, and on Saturday, I dined with Colonel Waring, his daughter, and Captain L—— ; who on Saturday evening said, in taking leave, that he had promised to dine the next day with Donovan. I noticed a cloud—a shade not of displeasure, but uneasiness, pass over Emily's countenance ; and the Colonel said, "Emily looks as if she thought you ought not to run away from us to-morrow ; and besides, I cannot bring myself to like Donovan." "He is misunderstood," said Captain L—— ; "I can never forget," continued he, turning to Emily, and taking her hand, "that but for Donovan this could never have been mine ; I could not refuse him." "Well,

well," said the Colonel, "we'll see you at all events in the morning;" and we took leave.

Next morning we went to parade, which, in Gibraltar, is the morning lounge. When it was over the Colonel complained of fatigue, and returned home; I seated myself beside the statue of General Elliot; and the two betrothed strolled into the Alameda, the most charming labyrinth of geranium, and acacia, and orange trees; and they stayed in it so long that I left my seat and returned to the Colonel's house, where I afterwards dined. We expected that Captain L—— would have passed the evening with us after leaving Donovan; but he did not appear. The Colonel was evidently piqued; and Emily betrayed some uneasiness—and, perhaps, a little disappointment. I took my leave about eleven, and promised to accompany the wedding party at nine o'clock next morning to the Government House, where the ceremony was to take place. I was punctual to my time. Emily looked, as a lovely bride ought to look—modest and enchanting; the Colonel was impatient, for Captain L—— had not arrived. It was now nine o'clock; half-past nine—ten o'clock came; but the bridegroom was still absent. The Colonel's pique began to yield to uneasiness; Emily's uneasiness was changed for agitation. I offered to go to Captain L——; and I learned at his hotel that he had not been seen since five o'clock the day before. A message was then sent to Mr. Donovan, who returned for answer that after dinner he and Captain L—— walked up the rock; but that, having taken different paths, they had missed each other; and he had not seen Captain L—— since.

I need not describe the change which a few hours had wrought upon Emily. I saw her sitting in her bridal dress, pale and tearless, and the old Colonel stood beside her; one hand inclosed his daughter's, and with the other he brushed away the tear that now and then started to his own eye. At this moment the Governor, Sir G—— D——, was announced; and the Colonel and myself received him. "The unaccountable disappearance of Captain L——," said he, "has been made known to me some hours ago; I have used every means to

penetrate the mystery, but without success ; the sentinels on the eastern piquet saw him pass up in company with Mr. Donovan ; and, under all the circumstances, I have thought it my duty 'to order Mr. Donovan's arrest."

By a singular, and, for Mr. Donovan, unfortunate fatality, the court, for the judgment of civil and criminal causes, commenced its sittings at Gibraltar on the day following ; and from some further evidence which had been tendered, it was thought necessary to send Mr. Donovan to trial. There was no direct evidence ; but there were strong presumptions against him. His hatred of Captain L—— was proved by many witnesses ; the cause of it, the preference of Miss Waring, was proved by her father ; the circumstances attending the two duels were inquired into ; and the result of the inquiry militated more strongly against the character of Mr. Donovan than had even been expected. It was proved, moreover, that when Mr. Donovan left his house in company with Captain L——, he carried a concealed stiletto ; and it was proved that they were last seen together, walking towards the eastern extremity of the rock ; more than half a mile beyond the farthest piquet. The reader perhaps requires to be informed, that the highest summit of the rock of Gibraltar is its eastern extremity, which terminates in a precipice of fifteen hundred feet ; and that about half a mile beyond the farthest sentinel the road to the summit branches into two ; one branch gaining the height by an easy zig-zag path ; the other, skirting the angle of the rock, and passing near the mouth of the excavations.

It was of course irregular, upon the trial of Mr. Donovan, to refer to his former trial, but this had no doubt its weight ; and he was adjudged guilty of murder, and sentenced to die. The sentence was pronounced on Friday, and on Monday it was to be carried into execution.

When the morning of the day arrived, Mr. Donovan desired to make a confession ; and his confession was to this effect : that although innocent of the crime on suspicion of which he was about to forfeit his life, punishment was nevertheless justly due, both on account of the former murder of which he had



been acquitted, but of which he had in reality been guilty, and on account of the crime he had meditated, though not perpetrated, against Captain L——. He admitted that he had resolved upon his destruction, that in order to accomplish his purpose he had proposed a walk to the eastern summit of the rock ; and that his design had been frustrated only by Captain L—— having taken a different path, and having never arrived at the summit.

The same night, while lying in bed, and revolving in my mind the extraordinary events of the last few days, I could not resist the conclusion, that Donovan was guiltless of the blood of Captain L——. Why should he have confessed only to the intention, if he had been guilty of the act ? why confess one murder and not another ?—and a vague suspicion floated upon my fancy, that Captain L—— might yet be living. In this mood I fell asleep ; and dreamed that Donovan stood by my bedside : I thought he said, three several times, and in a tone of great solemnity, such as might be the tone of one who had passed from the state of the living, “ I suffered justly : but I did not murder *him*—he yet lives.” I am far from meaning to infer, that the dream is to be looked upon as any supernatural visitation ; it was the result, and a very natural result, of my waking thoughts : nevertheless, it impressed the conviction more strongly upon my mind ; and when I awoke, and saw the grey dawn, I started from my bed with the resolution of acting upon its intimation.

I crossed the drawbridge, which was then just lowered, traversed the Alameda, and followed the path that leads to Europa Point. Some houses skirt the southern side of the rock near to the sea ; and several boats were moored close to the shore. No one was stirring ; it was not then five o'clock, for the morning gun had not fired ; but I stepped into a boat, unfastened its moorings, and rowed under the great rock towards the eastern extremity. I soon doubled the south-eastern point, and found myself in front of the great precipice ; and now I backed from the rock, keeping my eyes steadfastly fixed upon the fissures and projections ; and the reader will

scarcely be inclined to credit me, if I assert, that when I first descried, upon a distant projection, something that bore the resemblance of a human figure, I felt more joy than surprise, so strongly was I impressed with the belief that Captain L—— might yet be living. A nearer and closer inspection almost convinced me that I was not deceived ; and I need scarcely say, that my boat shot swiftly through the water as I returned towards Europa Point.

It is unnecessary that I should detail the further steps that were taken, in order to discover whether the information I had given was correct, or the means resorted to, to rescue Captain L—— from his perilous situation, or the measures which were adopted to restore him to consciousness and strength. I can never forget the visit I made to the house of Colonel Waring, the evening upon which it had been slowly broken to Emily that Captain L—— yet lived. Never did smiles and tears meet under happier auspices,—for joy had unlocked the fountain that sorrow had choked up ; and every tear was gilded by a smile. As for the old Colonel, his delight knew no bounds,—he alternately shook me by the hand, and kissed the wet, though smiling, cheek of his daughter. “I am not a man of many words,” said he, “but, by Heaven, all I can say is this, that if Captain L—— had perished, you should have been the man.”

It was some days before Captain L—— was sufficiently recovered to see his bride. I was present at the meeting. It was one of those scenes that can never pass from the memory of him who has witnessed such. Never was happiness so prodigal of tears ; never were tears less bitter. It was now evening ; we had left the house, and were seated in the Colonel’s garden, which overlooks the Alameda, and the Bay of Algeiras, which lay in perfect calm, coloured with the gorgeous hues reflected from Andalusian skies. Captain L—— had not yet been requested to relate those particulars which he alone knew, but he guessed our wish ; and when Emily had seated herself in an obscure corner of the summer-house, he gave us the following relation.

"I left Griffith's hotel about five o'clock, to dine with poor Donovan, as I had promised : he received me, as usual, with apparent kindness ; but during dinner he was often abstracted—there was evident agitation in his tone and manner,—and for the first time in my life I felt uncomfortable in his company. After dinner he proposed a walk ; I left the house first ; and chancing to glance in at the window as I passed round the angle, I saw him place a short dagger in his bosom. Suspicion then, for the first time, entered into my mind ; and the manner of Donovan, as we ascended, was calculated to increase it. You recollect, that about half a mile beyond the highest piquet station, the road to the eastern point branches into two ? I proposed that we should go different ways. Donovan took the zig-zag path ; I followed the narrow steep path, intending to shun another meeting, and to scramble down the southern side. In passing the entrance to the excavations, I noticed that the iron gate was open,—left open probably accidentally,—and the coolness of these subterranean galleries invited me to enter. While walking through them, I stopped to look out at one of the port-holes ; and seeing, upon a little platform of the rock, about nine feet below, some stalks of white narcissus, I felt a strong desire to possess myself of them,—in fact, I thought Emily would like them, for we had often, when walking on the rock, or rowing under it, noticed these pretty flowers in inaccessible spots, and regretted the impossibility of reaching them. Betwixt the port-hole and the platform there was a small square projection, and a geranium root twining round it, by which I saw that I could easily and safely accomplish my purpose. I accordingly stepped, or rather dropped upon the projection, and, only lightly touching it, descended to the platform. Having possessed myself of the flowers, I seized the projection to raise myself up ; but, to my inexpressible horror, the mass gave way and, with the geranium-root, bounded from point to point into the sea. The separation of this fragment left the face of the rock entirely bare,—without point, fissure, or root ; it was at least nine feet from the spot where I stood to the lower part of the port-hole. It was impossible, by any exertion, to reach

this ; and the face of the rock was so smooth that even a bird could not have found a footing upon it. I saw that I was lost, —I saw that no effort of mine could save me, and that no human eye could see me ; and the roaring of the waves below drowned all cries for succour. I was placed about the middle of the precipice, with seven or eight hundred feet both above and below. Above, the rock projected, so that no one could see me from the summit ; and the bulging of the rock on both sides, I saw, must prevent any one discovering me from the sea, unless a boat should chance to come directly under the spot.

“ Evening passed away, it grew dark, and when night came I sat down upon the platform, leaning my back against the rock. Night passed, too, and morning dawned—this was the morning when Emily would have given herself to me ; the morning from which I had in imagination dated the commencement of happiness. I renewed my vain efforts ; I sprang up to the port-hole, but fell back upon the platform, and was nearly precipitated into the ocean ; I cried aloud for help ; but my cry was answered only by some monkeys that jabbered from an opposite cliff. I thought of leaping into the sea, which would have been certain death ; I prayed to God ; I called wildly and insanelly, called upon Emily ; I roared, and bewailed my fate, and even wept like a child ; and then I sank down exhausted. Oh, how I envied the great birds that sailed by, and that sank down in safety upon the bosom of the deep ! The history of one day is the history of all, until weakness bereaved me of my powers. Hunger assailed me ; I ate the scanty grasses that covered the platform, and gradually became weaker ; and as the sufferings of the body increased, that of the mind diminished. Reason often wandered ; I fancied that strange music, and sometimes the voice of Emily, mingled with the roar of the waves. I saw the face of Donovan looking at me through the port-hole ; and I fancied that I was married, and that the flowers in my bosom were my bride, and I spoke to her, and told her not to fear the depth or the roar of the sea. I have kept the flowers, Emily ; I found them in my bosom when I was rescued ; here they are,” said Captain L——, rising, and



laying them upon Emily's lap. But the recital had been too much for her feelings ; she had striven to repress them, but they could bear no more control : " Hated flowers ! " said she, as, throwing herself upon the neck of her betrothed, she found relief in a flood of tears. " My sweet girl, my dear Emily," said the Colonel, as he gently raised her from her resting-place, and pressed her to a father's bosom, "'tis past now ; and I propose that next Monday we'll "—but Emily had left the summer-house—"next Monday," resumed the Colonel, addressing Captain L——, " we'll have the wedding."

And so it was. Oh, how soon are sorrows forgotten ! I saw Emily led to the altar ; I saw her afterwards a happy and beloved wife. Between my first and second visit to Gibraltar the Colonel had paid the debt of nature ; but Emily's house is always my home. I found her as beautiful as ever ; as gentle and good ; as much loved.

## “THE FIRST MEET OF THE SEASON,”

*AND WHAT CAME OF IT.*

BY J. PERCY GROVES.

### CHAPTER I.

**T**WENTY years ago the 8th “Princess’s Own” Dragoon Guards—in which gallant corps I, Frederick Holbeche, then held a captain’s commission—lay at Threadborough, a manufacturing town of some importance in North Cottonshire.

The 8th had relieved a Lancer regiment early in February, and before the next leave season came round—that is, ere we had been at Threadborough eight months—it was the unanimous opinion of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, that a more miserable, inhospitable place was not to be found in the United Kingdom. In truth, this Cottonshire borough was an unpopular quarter! The townsfolk were anything but well disposed towards Her Majesty’s troops, and scarcely a week passed without two or three of our men being set upon and brutally mauled by the mill-hands—who were a thriftless, loafing, cowardly lot; there was little or no society in the neighbourhood; neither fishing nor shooting were to be got for love or money; and, as the nearest meet of the only pack of hounds in the district was eighteen miles from our barracks, as the crow flies, hunting was almost out of the question—except for a favoured few, whose incomes were proportionate to their keenness. Therefore very thankful indeed

did I feel when, my application to take "first leave" (14th October to 31st December) having been granted, I was able to bid farewell to Threadborough for a while, and start off on a long-promised visit to my old friend, Richard Travers, the Chief Constable of West Coastshire.

Dick Travers had sold out of the "Princess's Own" some three and a half years before my story commences, and his retirement was considered a regimental calamity. We all looked on Dick as quite an "institution" in the 8th; he had been born in the regiment, of which his father was formerly surgeon; he joined us as junior cornet, and, after twenty years' service at home and abroad, he left us as senior captain; while his only sister had married one of "Ours"—Major George Willan. It was in order to provide a permanent home for Mrs. Willan and her daughter Grace, after the Major's death, that Dick Travers accepted a civil appointment, and retired from the old corps, to command which had been the ambition of his life. How great the wrench was none but himself ever knew!

I went straight down into Coastshire, reaching Whitbury—the county town—on the evening of October 15th. Travers met me at the station, but his sister and niece were away from home.

First greetings over, and notes compared, I noticed that my friend was not nearly in such good case as when we last met; he looked careworn and dejected, and he was paler and thinner than of yore.

After dinner, when we were smoking our cigars in his "den," I remarked on his want of condition, and Travers then confided to me that he was very much out of spirits, and had a great deal to worry and annoy him.

"In the first place, my dear Fred," said he, "several robberies have taken place in the county during the past twelve months. Houses have been broken into and valuable property stolen; and do what we will, we can neither lay hands on the culprits, nor trace any of the stolen goods. There was a lull in this 'burgling' epidemic during August and September

but the week before last, a yacht laying in the river, near Helmstone, was boarded, and a quantity of plate carried off; and on Monday there was an attempt made on Fairholm Park—old Temporley's place."

"And who may old Temporley be?" I asked.

"Well, he's Chairman of Quarter Sessions, an influential member of the County Police Committee, and a cantankerous old fellow to boot. Confound his impudence! I had a letter from him on Thursday, in which he as much as stated that I and my men were not worth our salt."

"Poor Dick!" I laughed; "you had far better have stuck to the Service. You're too good for a policeman."

"It seems I'm very little good *as* a policeman," retorted my friend, with a shrug of his shoulders. "If matters don't mend, I shall certainly resign."

"Don't be in a hurry, old fellow," I answered. "Give these rascals—I suppose there's a regular gang of them—give these rascals rope enough, and they're bound to hang themselves sooner or later. Having escaped detection so long they'll get careless."

"Perhaps so," rejoined Travers, carelessly. "I should like to lay them by the heels; but as far as retaining the chief constableness, I confess I'm not very hot upon it—*that* doesn't cause me any great amount of anxiety. I have other troubles, Fred. You remember Gracie?"

"To be sure I do," was my reply. To tell the honest truth I had always felt a sort of cousinly affection for Miss Gracie Willan, whom I had known since she was a child, and who, when her uncle left the 8th, was a very pretty girl of "sweet seventeen."

"She's engaged, or at any rate half engaged, to a man I don't like."

"Engaged to a man you don't like!" I exclaimed. "Who is he, and what's your objection to him?"

"His name is Dudgeon—Hamilton Dudgeon," answered Travers. "He took a small place on the banks of the Colne, about three miles below Helmstone, eighteen months ago, and



has lived there with his mother and sister ever since. Mrs. Willan and Gracie are staying there now."

"But why don't you like him, Dick?"

"I couldn't tell you, old fellow—it's a case of 'Doctor Fell,'" rejoined Travers. "He's a good-looking, amusing beggar, and the women-folk are pleasant enough; indeed, though they brought no introductions, everybody in the neighbourhood has called, and they have become decidedly popular; but—but I can't stand him, and the more I see——"

"What says your sister?" I interrupted.

"Oh! she thinks the fellow charming, and declares that Gracie is a lucky girl. The fact is, Dudgeon is well off—very well off, I should say. That yacht I told you about belongs to him. A nice vessel she is too—small, but beautifully fitted up. The burglars did a deal of mischief in her cabin the other night; and, what is worse, half-murdered the only man who was on board at the time."

"Where were the crew then?"

"Gone ashore—into Helmstone. The *Mabel* lays farther down the river, just off Dudgeon's place."

"Queer notion—keeping a quantity of plate on board a small yacht," I observed.

"Very queer notion," assented my host; "but Hamilton Dudgeon is fond of display. Confound the fellow!" he added, with a sudden burst of anger; "I wish he'd clear out, bag and baggage! The mere idea of his marrying my little Gracie enrages me. However, I'm her guardian, and nothing shall induce me to allow the marriage to take place until she is of age; moreover, her five thousand pounds shall be tied up, as tightly as the lawyers can tie it."

"You mean to do your best to choke Mr. Dudgeon off, I see."

"Yes, indeed," replied Travers, with a determined expression on his handsome face. "It won't be my fault if Grace Willan becomes his wife."

"Quite right," said I, approvingly.

We then changed the conversation, and chatted over old times and old comrades until long past midnight.

## CHAPTER II.

THE "Briars"—as my friend Travers' modest residence was designated—stood back from the Whitbury-Helmstone Road, a few yards beyond the first milestone out of Whitbury.

Helmstone was seventeen miles from the county town, with which it was connected by a branch line of the London and West Coastshire Railway. The river Colne flowed through the centre of Helmstone, and after following a sinuous course for some thirty miles, through a well-wooded but sparsely inhabited district, emptied itself into the sea near the fishing-village of Colnemouth.

The Colne was navigable for vessels of light draught right up to Helmstone, which had of late years become a favourite resort for small yacht owners, and was the headquarters of the "Royal Colne and West Coastshire Yacht Club."

On the third day after my arrival at Whitbury, Mrs. Willan and her daughter returned home. They were very pleased to see me again—Miss Gracie especially so; in fact, the warr with which that young lady greeted me evidently annoyed Mr. Hamilton Dudgeon, who had accompanied them from Helmstone, and who stayed at the "Briars" until the following evening.

Hamilton Dudgeon was a good-looking man of two or three-and-thirty; tall, well-built, and of a rather foreign appearance. He had plenty to say for himself, was full of anecdotes, and did his utmost to make himself agreeable; but, in spite of his entertaining qualities, I quite sympathised with Travers' dislike to him; and after being a few hours in his company, it was a puzzle to me how he had managed to worm himself into the good graces of the county families—for, to my mind, Dudgeon, though a very fair imitation, was certainly not a gentleman.

I had but little opportunity of observing Grace Willan and her would-be suitor, but from what I did see, I came to the

conclusion that she might easily be persuaded to give him up, even if there was an engagement between them—which I very much doubted.

“I don’t think your niece cares for that fellow, Dick,” was my first remark, when Travers and I returned to the smoking-room, after seeing Mr. Dudgeon off.

“Don’t you?” rejoined Travers, with a grimace expressive of extreme dislike for his departed guest. “Anyhow, Gracie and her mother are going to stay with Mr. Dudgeon for the Helmstone Bachelors’ Ball, which comes off on the 29th. That will be two visits to Riverside in one month!”

“H’m—they must be on pretty intimate terms!”

“Confound it, yes!” said my host, angrily. “Dudgeon asked me, too, and hoped that I would bring you; but I excused myself on the plea of duty, and——”

“Refused for me as well?” I put in.

“Just so.”

“I’m sorry for that, Dick. I should rather like to see a little more of this Mr. Hamilton Dudgeon.”

“Would you?” retorted my friend. “There’s no accounting for tastes. The less I see of the fellow, the better I’m pleased. By the way, Fred—when do you expect your horse down?”

“To-morrow or the next day. I want to get a day’s cub-hunting and see something of the country before the regular season commences. I suppose there’s not much doing before the first week in November?”

“Well, for the last three years the Colne Valley Hounds have met at their kennels on the first Wednesday in November; but this year our Master—Charles Larcom, who was in the 10th—has some Canadian cousins staying with him, and as they’re bound to sail on the 3rd, Larcom has fixed on Friday, 30th, as his opening day.”

“The day after the Bachelors’ Ball?”

“Yes; they’re to meet at Colne Manor.”

“Where’s Colne Manor?” I inquired.

“Seven miles from Helmstone, and twenty-three from here,”

answered Travers. "You'll have to lay out all night if you go—which of course you must do."

"Suppose I accept Dudgeon's invitation, go to the ball, and start from his place in the morning?"

"You couldn't do that, Fred," was the reply. "Riverside is on the north bank of the Colne; and there's no bridge nearer than Helmstone. Go to the ball by all means, but put up for the night at the 'Hen and Chickens,' where the Assembly Rooms are."

"You'll not go then?"

"No, my dear fellow," said Travers. "I should like to—but to tell the truth, I am going to meet a Scotland Yard detective at Lifford Junction on the 29th. I have engaged him at my own expense, and do not want any one to know that he is coming down—so do not mention it."

"Of course not," I answered. "On second thoughts, I don't think I'll go to the ball, but will run over to Helmstone by the last train on the 29th. Stubbs can take the mare in the morning. By the way—is there any other decent hotel in the place?"

"Yes," my host replied, "you can put up at the 'Red Lion'—they've excellent stabling there."

And this I settled to do; and on the 28th, instead of accompanying Mrs. Willan and her daughter to Riverside, I remained at the "Briars" until the following evening, when, having seen my friend off to Lifford Junction, I started for Helmstone by the 11 p.m. train, and slept that night at the "Red Lion."

### CHAPTER III.

THE early morning of October 30th broke dull and murky, with spongy clouds overhead, and on peering out of my bedroom window I saw that it had been raining heavily during the night; but away to the westward—the quarter from whence a gentle breeze was blowing—it looked more promising; and when my worthy groom and acting-valet brought my bath



and shaving-water, he informed me there was every prospect of its clearing up.

"'Twon't be too fine, you know, sir," said John Stubbs, qualifying his first statement, as he proceeded to strop my razor in the most approved fashion. "No, sir, 'twon't be *too* fine, but just nice 'unting weather,—cloudy sky, cool atmosphere, and wind enough to dry up the muck. It's ten minutes to seven, sir," he added, consulting a huge warming-pan-looking watch before leaving the room; "and breakfast 'll be ready at 'alf-past; coffee, grilled 'am, toast, and a hegg—biled."

The meet was fixed for eleven, and as I had the better part of seven miles to ride to cover, I decided to make an early start from the "Red Lion;" so half-past eight saw me riding at a leisurely pace along a well-kept cross-country road, on my way to Colne Manor, where I arrived just as the pack—which consisted of fifteen couple of even-sized, old-fashioned hounds, with well-clothed ribs, empty bellies, and good short limbs—appeared on the scene.

For some reason or other (possibly on account of the Helmstone Bachelors' Ball, which had been a very late affair) there were comparatively few people out:—the Master and half a dozen of his friends, including two well-mounted, well-turned-out ladies, who were staying at the Manor; seven or eight red-coated members of "C.V.H."—keen hands, whom nothing but sickness or other absolutely unavoidable cause would have kept at home; a couple of hard-riding dragoons from the neighbouring barracks; with the usual sprinkling of farmers, yeomen, well-to-do tradesmen, and horse-dealing vets, made up the field.

I had not much opportunity to take stock of my fellow-sportsmen, for punctually at the appointed hour Mr. Larcom gave the signal to throw off. Ten minutes' jog-trot brought us to Cranbourne Wood—an inclosed warm-lying covert, with a good deal of gorse amongst its thick tangled underwood; and without loss of time or unnecessary noise, Peter Rowe, the huntsman, got his hounds to work; whilst his first whip made

for a far corner, and there sat, like an equestrian statue, eagerly watching for a view.

The hounds draw the covert well, spreading and snuffing in all directions.

Listen ! Wasn't that a challenge in the thickest part of the wood ?

Yes, sure enough ; and now we hear Peter Rowe cheering the hound to the echo.

"Hark ! hark to old Tomboy !" exclaims the Master, recognising the opening notes of a favourite hound. "A fox for a thousand !"

Presently Tomboy speaks more confidently, and his eager comrades own to the scent.

A ruddy-coated dog-fox now steals out of cover, and crosses the adjoining pasture—running down-wind ; but before he is well away he is viewed by the too eager whip posted at the corner, who instantly "proclaims the audacious felon."

At the sound of the well-known "halloa," Reynard—who is evidently an old customer—quickness his pace, slips through a high ragged hedge, and makes for his point.

"He's away for Beachboro' !" cries Mr. Larcom, as Tomboy, Blusterer, and Resolute crash through the underwood, and hitting off the scent, race across the field.

I got a bad start, and found myself with the ruck ; but seeing a well-mounted, gentlemanly-looking man turn sharp to the right, and canter along a hedgerow, I made bold to follow him (at a respectful distance), judging by his appearance that he was one who knew the country, and the probable line our fox would take.

"That's right, sir," this stranger said, when he saw my manœuvre. "I'll pilot you with pleasure. Over here, if you please."

Jumping a low thorn fence, we entered a ploughed field, inclosed on three sides by a stiff bullfinch.

"Follow me ; there's a gap yonder," cried my good-natured friend. "Gently over this heavy land ! We've plenty of time, for the hounds seem a little at fault."

The hounds had their noses down, and were hunting every yard they went ; but just as we got into the same field with them, the scent became stronger, and they went off at score, filling the air with joyful melody.

“Fo-o-rard !” was again the cry.

The pace was now very severe, and the field began to lengthen out.

Soon we got into a more open, uncultivated country, where fences were few and far between, and another fifteen minutes’ hard riding brought us to the confines of a wild, undulating moor.

By this time the field was reduced to eleven persons, including my “pilot” and myself. Hitherto my little mare had gone strong and well, but a mile over the moor took it out of her, and she began to show symptoms of distress.

A check gave us a moment’s breathing time. ’Twas only a moment, though, for Peter Rowe lifting his hounds over the bad scenting-ground, they again changed from hunting to racing.

I pressed on, but was rapidly left astern ; and my mare floundering along in a slovenly, about-beaten fashion, I felt it was useless to urge her forward, so reluctantly drew rein just as the last of the field disappeared over the brow of a low heather-clad hill.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THERE are pleasanter situations than being thrown out in a strange, wild country, you can’t tell how many miles from home, with the knowledge that you have about got through your horse, and that you are left to find your way to the nearest habitation as best you may. Such was now my position.

My poor mare’s distended nostrils and heaving foam-flecked flanks bore unmistakable evidence that she was completely played out, and unable to carry me another mile, even at a foot’s pace ; then I had not the remotest idea where I was, neither could I make anything of the landmarks, and there

was not a soul in sight of whom I could inquire in which direction to turn my steps: added to this, there was a change for the worse in the weather, and the darkening clouds, beginning to lower, brought with them fog and drizzling rain.

Looking at my watch, I found it was close on two o'clock, so we had been running nearly two hours, for it was twelve when our fox broke cover.

"Judging by the pace we came, it must be every yard of twelve miles to Colne Manor," I muttered, dismounting and slackening the girths; "but the question is how far, and in what direction, is the nearest house where I can put up the mare?"

Casting about me, I presently hit upon a half-obliterated cart-track, which I thought it as well to follow, trusting that it must lead to *somewhere*.

After an hour's trudge through the now soaking rain, I reached a wretched tumble-down hovel, inhabited by an old woman and a sick man—her son. Of the old woman I could make nothing, but the man was both civil and intelligent; and in reply to my inquiries, he informed me that the nearest place where shelter for man and beast could be obtained was at the "Anchor," a solitary public-house on the banks of the Colne.

"Follow this cart-track, sir, till ye come to the road which runs along the river-bank," said the man; "then turn to your right, and the first house you come to is the 'Anchor.'"

"And how far is it from here?" was my anxious question.

"A matter o' five mile, sir," answered the man. "It bain't much of a place," he added; "but they've got a dry, warm stable, and they've got good ale."

"How far is Helmstone from the 'Anchor'?"

"All of seven mile, sir," was the reply. "It be thirteen from here, even 'cross Buckberry Common. Maybe, sir," he added, "the landlord could send you into Helmstone in his market-cart. I know he's got 'un."

So I resolved to make for the inn, and, having bestowed a gratuity upon my informant, I once again set out on my travels.

Reader, did you ever tramp four long miles across a moor,



in the face of a drenching rain, leading a tired horse? If so, you'll not be surprised to hear that it was six o'clock ere I struck into the "Queen's Highway," and half-past before I reached the "Anchor."

The "Anchor" was a small roadside public, with scant accommodation for travellers; but there was a fairly decent stable and there was an ostler. Having seen my mare well done for—gruelled, blanketed, and littered down—I repaired to the house, and inquired whether they could take me on to Helmstone. The landlord civilly replied that his horse was lame, but suggested that he should send a messenger to the "Red Lion" for a fly. Approving of this suggestion, I wrote a few lines to Stubbs, directing him to come over in the fly, so that he might see to the mare, and ride her home in the morning.

"Now," said I, when the messenger had departed, "can you let me have a room, the loan of some clothes—for I'm soaked to the skin—and something to eat?"

"Certainly, sir," the landlord replied. "My missus has lighted a fire in the parlour, and Sally is doing a dish of 'am and eggs. As for clothes, sir, if you don't mind wearing some o' mine, I can oblige you. We're about the same size and build."

So presently I found myself seated in a comfortable arm-chair in front of a blazing fire, discussing a jorum of hot brandy and water, and enjoying an undeniably good cigar, which my obliging host produced from his private store, and which I strongly suspect had never paid duty.

Excellent though that cigar was, it was never finished, for before I had got half through it I fell fast asleep.

## CHAPTER V.

My nap had lasted little more than an hour, when I was disturbed by somebody conversing in the next room, which was separated from the "parlour" only by a screen—a papered partition. Unwilling to play the eavesdropper, I was about to

make my presence known, when, to my astonishment, I heard one of the speakers say,—

"So this girl is staying at Riverside?"

"Yes; her mother too," replied a voice, which sounded somewhat familiar to me.

"Well, take my advice, just drop it," continued the first speaker. "She has refused you, and a good job too. A precious idiot you'd look when they came to inquire into your antecedents."

"You may say what you like, Phillips," interrupted the other, who I now knew must be Travers' obnoxious acquaintance, Hamilton Dudgeon; "but marry this girl I will! I intend to carry her off this very night."

"You fool!" exclaimed the man called Phillips; "you shall do nothing of the kind. Are we to sacrifice everything because of your fancy for this cursed wench?"

"I'm no fool," retorted Dudgeon; "that you well know. This girl will have £5,000, which nobody can keep from her—or from her husband! As for sacrificing everything, let me tell you that our game here is played out. Josh Baggs went off on Thursday, and I fear he intends to betray us."

"Baggs does?" said Phillips, with an imprecation.

"Yes; so if we wish to save ourselves and—and property, the sooner we're clear of England the better."

"But if you take this girl with you, you'll raise the whole county," observed Phillips, after a pause. "It's sheer madness."

"Not at all," said Dudgeon, confidently. "People will suppose that she went off of her own accord, and her friends will be only too glad to hush the matter up. I propose to bring her on board this evening—Nell will manage that; and we shall drop down to Colnemouth with the ebb tide. We shall be at sea before daybreak."

"And where will you make for?"

"For Coruña, to be sure; once in a Spanish port, we're safe."

"Suppose the girl makes a disturbance and claims the protection of the English consul—what then?"

"She'll not do that," answered Dudgeon, with a coarse laugh. "Marry me, she must, to save her reputation."

"What about Nell and the old woman?"

"Nell comes with us to look after my bride-elect," answered Dudgeon. "My mother remains at Riverside for——"

Here the conversation came to an abrupt termination, and I heard the two scoundrels leave the room.

I at once went into the bar, and calling the landlord told him all I had overheard. He was unmistakably astonished.

"We always thought Mr. Phillips was quite the gentleman," said he. "He's had that room for the last two months, and goes in and out as he pleases; there's a door opens into the back yard."

"Does he sleep there?"

"No, sir; he uses it as an office, I believe," answered Boniface. "I understood he was an agent or a traveller, or something in that line. As for Mr. Dudgeon, he's an independent——"

"Yes; I know all about *him*," I interrupted. "The question is, where have these fellows gone to? because we must follow them."

"They'll have gone down to the river, sir," was the reply. "Mr. Dudgeon always pulls over from t'other bank in——"

At that moment we heard footsteps in the tap-room, and some one called out,—

"Potts—Mr. Potts! my boat has got adrift. You must lend me yours."

"All right, sir—coming, sir," cried the landlord; adding in a whisper, "that's Dudgeon himself."

"Will you stand by me?" said I, hurriedly.

"Ye-es, yes, sir," was the hesitating reply. "There's a sailor chap in the tap, perhaps he'll give a hand as well."

"Certainly, I will," said a voice at my elbow; and turning round I saw a short, stout-built man, dressed in sailor's slops, close beside me. "I'll lend a hand, never fear; you just leave them to me." And as he spoke I heard a sharp "click."

The next moment Dudgeon and his accomplice entered the bar.

"Look out for squalls, and mind the door," whispered the sailor; and walking coolly up to Dudgeon, he said, "Come, Mr. Harry Johnson, the game's up. I've a warrant for your arrest."

Then, quick as lightning, he sprang upon the astonished Dudgeon, and snapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists, before he could offer the slightest resistance.

"It's Mason, of Scotland Yard!" cried Phillips, with a terrible oath; and he made a rush for the door.

Host Potts tried to stop him, but received a crushing blow in the face which sent him sprawling across the bar. I then closed with the ruffian, and endeavoured to throw him, but he was a tall, powerful fellow, and more than my match.

He had almost wrenched himself loose from my grasp, and having got his left arm free was pounding away at my face—and any other part of my body within his reach—when aid came from an unexpected quarter; for Mrs. Boniface, who had appeared on the scene at the first alarm, snatched up an iron shovel, and dealt my adversary a blow on the back of the head that put an end to further resistance on his part.

\* \* \* \* \*

As soon as the prisoners were secured, and locked up in a coal-cellar, I took the landlord's boat and pulled to the other side of the river. There was a county policeman stationed close by, and having found him, I took him off to Riverside, which was some two and a half miles distant.

We arrived there shortly after ten, and sending in my card to Mrs. Willan, I begged her to come down and see me.

She had not retired to rest, and came at once—thinking that her brother must have met with an accident. In a few words I explained what had happened and the true character of the Dudgeons, and begged her to leave Riverside at once.

She of course consented, and Dudgeon's coachman—who was a respectable man, and knew nothing of his master's misdoings—offered to drive us to Helmstone. We accepted the offer,



and started off as soon as the carriage was ready ; whilst the constable took possession of Riverside.

Next morning the yacht *Mabel* was searched by the county police, and on board, hidden away in different parts of the vessel, was found the plate, jewellery, and other property—the proceeds of the recent burglaries in Coastshire.

The burglary in the yacht was, I need hardly say, a made-up affair.

From Mason, the detective, I heard some particulars of the life of Mr. Hamilton Dudgeon, alias Johnson. He was the son of a naval officer, by a Spanish actress—the Mrs. Dudgeon who did the honours of Riverside. Johnson had, from his youth, preyed upon society, and being a clever fellow had made a good deal of money. Unlike the generality of criminals, he had not wasted his ill-gotten gains ; moreover, he had been unusually fortunate in averting suspicion from himself. Having saved nearly a thousand pounds, he conceived the idea of passing himself off as a man of property, and taking advantage of his position to carry out a series of cleverly-executed burglaries. His accomplices were Phillips (his sister's husband), his mother, and the five men who formed the yacht's crew. The yacht was used to stow away the "swag ;" for naturally nobody would have dreamt of searching her.

Dudgeon might have carried on his nefarious operations for a long time, had it not been for the defection of Mr. Josh Baggs, who made his way to Scotland Yard, and after stipulating for a free pardon and half the reward, betrayed his companions to Mr. Mason, the detective.

Thankful, indeed, was Grace Willan when she heard of her narrow escape from a fate worse than death. She had refused Mr. Dudgeon at the "Bachelors' Ball," having, so she said, conceived an affection for —, but I must not tell tales. Suffice it to say that Miss Grace Willan is now Mrs. Holbeche, and I congratulate myself most heartily that the master of the C. V. H. changed his opening day from the first Thursday in November to the last in October.

## A WOODEN WITNESS.

### *THE STORY OF AN OLD TABLE.*

BY EDWIN PAXTON HOOD.

I WAS sitting at an old table in the twilight yesterday, writing, as well as my poor old eyes would let me, a list of the trifles that I wished to give to the friends I must leave behind. I had allotted most things, and I thought of the old table that served me for a desk. It was of little worth, I thought, and I said so half aloud, and you should have heard the old table creak and groan as I leaned forward to write its name. But the evening shadows had fallen quickly, and I could not see even to write so small a word as table, and as I leaned back in my chair the creaking seemed to shape itself into words, but what I heard the old table shall tell you for itself.

“Seven times ten are seventy—that’s my age ; I am seventy years old, and I am oak, all oak ; these are two things to be proud of, otherwise I am not much to look at—a little old round table—and I am about five feet in my circumference, so you may easily find out how much I am in diameter ; I am seventy years old, and I tell you—I remember things. Many a time those table-rapping people have sat round me, and put out their hands upon me, and tried to make me speak, and rap out something with my old legs, but I wouldn’t ! But how I did chuckle in my inside, and I thought, Ah ! if you could only hear me tell out all my history, all I have known, and seen, and felt ! I believe I should have scared the inquisitive ones,

and made them start from their seats, and all their hairs stand on end. For it is a very curious thing that I know I am oak ; I come, you see, of a very good family—of a very old stock—hundreds of years old, I believe ; but I don't remember anything about myself until I became a table, and I remember all that has happened to me ever since. People call me an old thing, and treat me as if I had no feeling, and I do expect the end of me will be to be chopped up for fire-wood—not a pleasant outlook. And people think I have no feeling ; well, I know better ; feeling and memory go together, and where there is little of the one there will be little of the other, and where there is a living memory there will be a living heart—and I am real heart of oak, I am, and I know that we, inanimate things, as people call us, retain so much of the memory of what has happened in our lives that we are able to wake up memories that had been asleep for many years in men and women. Why, it is not long since I was seen by a man who remembered what he had used me for, what he had done on me, many years ago, and he started with terror, he was frightened. I am an innocent-looking old thing, but, just then, a ghost slipped out of me, and made his cheeks white and his hands tremble. I am full of ghosts ; I have sweet spirits to soothe, and spectres to appal, when the right eyes look at me. Inanimate, they call me ; how do they know what is animate and what is inanimate ? All that was tender, and all that was terrible, that has happened on me has gone into me, and starts out of me at times. I have been in one family during my life as a table, in one family and only two masters all that time.

“I belonged to old Faithful Joy ; he was my first master ; I am as old now as old Faithful was when I knew him first, or when he first knew me, whichever way you like to put it. He kept a curious old shop at a corner of the old Broadway, in the village of Riverbrook. What was a little village then is, I hear, a large and crowded borough now, and has a Mayor and Aldermen, and sends Members to Parliament ; and all its pleasant lanes are built up into streets, and the little brook

which ran through the village is seen no more. Old Joy had a good bit of money ; I don't know how he made it, nor does that matter ; he was a good man, and it is quite certain he came honestly by it. My story is rather of how he left it. You see, he had one son, but he had also two nephews. I think there must always have been some ghostly blood, or life, in me, for, you see, I stood always by the old man's bedside ; we had heard that his son, who was working out his indentures in an office in London, was unwell ; and I remember it well, how, one night, while the old man was lying wakeful—I dare-say thinking about his son—I felt something pass into me, and three distinct strokes—heavy blows—came down upon me ; not long was it, you may depend, before lights were struck ; those were the old days of tinder-box and flint and steel, and these were found standing quiet enough, and undisturbed, on me, the table, by the side of the bed. Old Faithful was what you call superstitious, and took the warning and started off early next day to inquire after his son, and he brought him home ; but the excitement of the journey hastened the disease, and I tell you, and you must believe the old table or not, as you please, but on the third night he died, and at just about the same time as those warning blows were struck on the table. The old man was alone in the world. His wife had left him years before ; an antique old piece of human furniture, old Mercy Peppercorn, kept house for him, and now his two nephews, Luke and Giles, were as much at our house, perhaps more, than at their own ; their business permitted it, for they followed their father's trade. His name was Girling ; he had married a sister of old Faithful, and it came to be pretty well understood that when old Faithful made his will he would leave all that he had, and it was pretty sure that it would be a few thousands of pounds, between those two boys. As to me, I believe the old man was half frightened when he looked at me, and I was removed from the side of the bed to a corner of the household room. We had another constant visitor at the old house—pretty Amice Thorpe. Amice was looked upon as a little lady of a rather superior order ; her father was a post-



captain in the navy, and, I believe, only had his half-pay to live on, and some little annuity from a trifle of prize-money; old Faithful Joy had also been a subaltern officer in the navy, so that the two old men had a good many memories in common which served to lessen the distance which all navy men feel for all that smacks of trade; moreover, old Faithful had, somehow, become possessed of a good deal more of this world's gear than the captain, although he never gave himself any airs on account of this; and the two boys were often invited to the house of the old captain, an odd little house of three gables, as I heard, like a three-cornered hat. It stood by itself on the corner of a little common, close by, with a large garden round it, and the inside full of all those marvellous curiosities which sailors gather in their voyages from all parts of the world, and which made it look like a museum. I know all about it, for the time came when I went to live there. Alas the day! Both of the boys, Luke and Giles, I have said were often there, but it was no secret which was the favourite, not only with the captain, but with somebody else as well. Luke was the boy for the captain's heart; he must have been a favourite from the first, I daresay, because he listened with rapture to his stories of sea-fights, and visits to foreign climes, and strange people; to the West Indies, when they were not so well known as now. I heard how the captain gave to Luke his midshipman's dirk, and his midshipman's cocked hat, and an old tarnished epaulette, in which the boy attired himself, and performed feats to his own great satisfaction, I assure you, and it made the bright eyes of the pretty Amice dance very pleasantly even when they were only children. But Giles loved her too; I used to wonder, stupid old table that I am, who could see her from day to day, and all her pretty and innocent ways, and not love her; and all the mischief he wrought came out of his jealousy and disappointment for the loss of her love; for the passion for money is strong, but it is not the strongest; and I suppose, from what I have seen, that the passion of hate, which springs out of unrequited love, is the deepest passion, and the most dangerous which can sway human souls; and my spirits have

told me that, in its sharp agonies, and most terrible tempests, and reckless acts, it most resembles the insanity of lost spirits.

“The death of the old captain brought about affairs which might otherwise have loitered long. Amice still lived in the old cottage on the common. The two brothers carried on their business together. I remember—the old table remembers—one evening Amice came to our old house in the Broadway; I believe it was to speak to the uncle about the attentions of Giles, which were becoming something more than annoying to the young girl. There was no one in the house save old Mercy, when Luke came, full of passion, from some cross interview with his brother. Oh, I remember it all so well! He sat down by the side of the old table. Amice went up to him and put her hand upon his shoulder, and their eyes met; she also sat down in a chair on the other side of the table; I don’t think there was a word spoken between them; but he threw himself down at her feet—she bent her head over his and kissed him. It was that moment which a pure young girl loves to know once in her life, when she sees before her the heart of a subject—not a slave. I was there, as if between them, like a marriage altar; that moment had transformed them into new beings; they rose up man and wife. Well, of course, it was very soon known, and, so far from any opposition, their engagement seemed to be accepted as the most natural and desirable of events; it was, indeed, expected, and it seemed certain that, before long, we should have the bells of our old church ringing out the merry wedding-peal. Old Faithful Joy was in a right joyful state, for he loved the pretty Amice, and Luke, who seemed to have the faculty of winning hearts, was, no doubt, the favourite nephew of the old man. I have, in my quiet way, and from my quiet post of observation, seen that there are spirits whose business it is to make opportunities for evil natures; and there are circumstances which do seem to help such opportunities. Before the joy bells could be rung for the wedding, the village had to hearken to the tolling of the bells. Old Faithful Joy received the message which called him far away, beyond the funeral sounds

or the wedding festivities ; there were tears shed over him, but it was not supposed that his death would make any great change in the future of the young folks,—only one bright face the less to greet them, but, no doubt, a legacy of love left behind to bless them. Ah, but the old table knows—the old table remembers ! The old man's will was in the old-world bureau, with the few papers he had thought it worth while to keep ; the bureau stood opposite to the place in which I stood in the household room. The will was, I fancy, scarcely a fair one, for he had made it, not so much a fair and equal as an affectionate division of his property. It was in the dead of night, six nights after the old man's death—the beloved dead were kept longer then in their old house of sojourn than they are kept now—when Giles, somehow, came into the room ; he was generally supposed to be away from the village ;—the old man was lying in the death chamber, upstairs ;—nor, again, was any one in the house but old Mercy Peppercorn, and an old friend who was with her to break the solemn solitude of the house where the dead one lay in waiting for his removal. I have no doubt, by the agility with which all proceeded, that all had been cleverly planned. The will was soon drawn forth from its place in the old bureau. Giles sat down by my side, and spread the sheet of foolscap paper out upon the old table, and, by the aid of a light, the means of which he carried with him, he hurriedly scanned the paper ; it was the work of a few moments, it seemed as if he returned the same paper to the bureau—and he was gone. I was the silent witness, and I had no eyes and no tongue, but—I had the secret ; I knew by a shudder, and a thrill that passed through me, that late or early it would be through me that this night's work would pass out into the light of day.

“ So Luke was disinherited when the will came to be read. All seemed to be quite fair. It was turned over and over again in amazement. Luke was worth nothing ; but, if Giles thought that would make any difference in Amice Thorpe, and lead her to turn her affections on him, he was mistaken ; moreover, Amice suspected foul play, and had good reasons for her

suspicious from what old Faithful had told her when she had waited on him, and received his farewell kisses only a few hours before he died.

“So they were married; but there were no wedding bells, and there was no wedding breakfast; they went to live in the old house on the common which belonged to Amice; and, poor as she had seemed compared with the expectations of Luke, she was richer than her husband now; and, before long, the brothers parted company in business, and all things seemed prosperous for Giles, and all the world seemed dark for Luke, save for the bright light of love which shone in the old house on the common. Luke had been permitted to take some things—chattels and household furniture, from his uncle’s house, and amongst others I was removed, and, once more, from a household room, I was in my old place by the bedside. By the bedside—ah, well-a-day! For the lamp of love did not burn long in the old house on the common; there came a time when I was covered with medicines, and Amice was ill,—and a little cry—an infant cry—was heard in the bedroom; and Amice did not recover, and she went, and did not know her husband as she was passing; he knelt by me, and spread his hands out over me, and sobbed and cried aloud; it was terrible to hear, and his tears fell on me, and they passed into me, and I longed for the time to come when he should be revenged;—I remember it all.

“As I have stood alone, and kept silence, I have said to myself, how slow dooms are in coming! I have said to myself, those judgments are asleep again! For years passed away, and the bright merry young Luke became a very sorrowful man; he kept life and business together for the sake of the little Amice, for he called her after her mother’s name; and I must say that Giles would often have helped him, and, once or twice, broached the going into partnership again, but Luke very quietly pushed all such offers aside, and by-and-bye Giles himself became an altered man; his wealth had quite failed to make him a happy man, and now some mysterious disease seemed to make him a very sickly one. As for me, I had got



downstairs again, and I was now pleasantly covered with the cotton and needles and maidenly work of another pretty Amice ; and so, by the old table, her uncle found her one day. He had scarcely ever been in the cottage since the death of the old captain, and what brought him now no one could know beside myself. Only I know that we, inanimate things and silent witnesses, have our secret spells which work, like a prophet's staff, although no one knows how ; so I knew that the hour was come, and the clock of judgment would strike ; for all judgments are like the hammer of the clock, and they will not strike before the time. Luke was away from home, and the man had scarcely sat himself down before his eye fell on me—the old table. ‘Ah!’ he said, ‘that is the table. *That* is the table on which I did it.’ I seemed to him to be full of eyes ; forth from me there started to him the spectre of a man—not that worn, and sick, and wasted one, but a young man—in the dark room, in the house of the dead, in the dark night, by the aid of a ghastly light perpetrating, in mere revenge, a fearful crime. I could but laugh—and I almost think they heard me laugh—as I thought that I, which people thought a dead piece of wood, could do such things. He staggered home, and there, by-and-bye, his brother followed him ; but only in time to take his outstretched hand, and to hear him say, ‘Forgive me, brother, if you can, for I—altered—the—will.’ The pretty Amice will be rich, for she and her father share, by will, all the property ; but I, who have had my share in bringing things to this pass, I believe they again regard with fear and terror ; and perhaps little imagine that the world—that the universe—is full of things, like myself, only waiting the moment when, through them, although regarded as inanimate, things covered shall be revealed, and things secret be made known.”

## THE LITTLE CHERUB.

### A LAY VICAR'S STORY.

BY HALL BYRNE.

"Then sing him home."—*Shakespeare.*

MANY years ago, when I was one of the tenors at Southminster Cathedral, my father paid me a visit, and as he stood in the close, drinking in the exquisite fairy-like beauty of the spire, and felt the soothing influence of that reverent calm which seems to hang like a soft cloud over the "precincts," he sighed, as he crooned in a low voice a couplet from Moore's pretty song, "The Woodpecker":—

"And I said, 'If there's peace to be found in the world,  
A heart that was humble might hope for it here.'"

Then dropping into prose, he said,—

"I tell you what, Master Tom, if you can't find peace here, and stop that rolling stone of yours, I shall have to believe one of these two things: either that peace is *not* 'to be found in the world,' or that your heart is not humble enough to enjoy it. Now, which is it?"

I repressed a smile, as I thought of *his* deprecating "rolling stones": he who had been a wanderer all his life—partly because it was his trade (he was a commercial traveller), and partly because he was nomadic by nature.

"There's an opposition proverb to that one against 'rolling stones,'" I said; "something about 'a tethered goat never getting fat.' Besides, what says your favourite Goethe?—

‘Keep not standing fix’d and rooted,  
Briskly venture, briskly roam,  
Head, and hand, where’er thou foot it,  
And stout heart are still at home.  
In each land the sun doth visit,  
We are gay whate’er betide,  
To give space for wand’ring is it  
That the world was made so wide.’”

This hit the old gentleman hard, but he “came up smiling,” as he replied,—

“Yes, I know all about that, and I know also that you are laughing in your sleeve, you dog, at my finger-post style of pointing the way I never go; but I fancy you have less of the gipsy temperament than I have, and, as the parson said, ‘I want you to do as I *say*, not as I *do*.’ And let me tell you this, I’ve travelled half over the world, as you know, and have found that after the novelty and excitement have worn off, ‘there’s no place like home,’ and *there’s no home like England*. There was once an old man—in your line of business, too—who had trod every rung of the ladder from bottom to top, who gave this piece of advice to another, ‘Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition.’ Now, I don’t know what your ambition may be, but if it soars to anything higher than the daily performance of a delightful duty beneath the roof of this lovely church, by all means fling it away. However, I want to speak to you on business, and the business is one which will necessitate your playing the ‘tethered goat’ for some little time longer, at all events. As I came through Bristol the other day, I ran against a very old friend of mine, Captain Graham, who wishes his wife and child, a boy about ten years old, to come down here to live. It appears the boy is passionately fond of music, and has a very pretty voice. Mrs. Graham has some relatives living a few miles off, and her idea is to get the youngster into the cathedral choir, and thus secure for him an education, and the indulgence of his passion for music at the same time. I told Jack Graham I would come down and see you, and promised him, moreover, I

would enlist your aid in the matter ; now, as soon as he has cleared his cargo, he and his wife and boy will run down ; so, what can be done ? Firstly, do you want a boy in the choir ? secondly, is the choir school a good one ? and thirdly, can you secure part of a house hard by the cathedral for Mrs. Graham and the child ? The captain is seldom at home, but of course wishes to place his belongings with kind, comfortable folk."

[*Did we want a boy !* Was there ever a time when we did *not* want a boy ?]

"Chorister boys, dad, are hard to catch, hard to teach when caught, and when caught and taught, lose their sweetness as quickly as daffodils—at least, that's the rule ; however, if little Graham is of the right sort, our doctor will snap him up gladly. So that disposes of your firstly."

"Your doctor !" said my father, "who's he ? We don't want the boy dissected."

"Our doctor is the organist, dad, a doctor of music, not of medicine. Then, secondly, the choir school *is* a good one, and the master ditto. As to the thirdly, I don't at the moment know of any 'kind, comfortable folk' who have lodgings to let ; but, doubtless, that part of the business can soon be arranged, and I suppose you want me to look after this interesting couple while the captain is on the seas ?"

"That's it, Tom ; not that I think they will require much 'looking after,' but Jack Graham is my dear old friend, and I shall be glad if you can be of service in any way to his loved ones during his absence. You are not thinking of changing again, are you ?"

"Well, I *was* thinking of 'rolling' away to fresh fields ; not that I've anything to complain of here ; the country and the cathedral are alike beautiful, the Dean and most of the clergy exceedingly kind, the organist everything an organist should be, and, more than that, everything a gentleman *could* be, my brethren of the choir jolly good fellows, and the service, which I love so much, rendered perhaps as well as at any cathedral in England, but——"

"But what ?" said my father. "Are you in love ? and



does the fair one live at Northminster? or is the pay insufficient?"

"No, I'm perfectly heart-whole at present, and what with my salary and a little teaching, and a few pickings there are in the matter of concerts, I'm in no want of money; but I fancy there must be 'growing pains' of the mind as well as of the body, for when I'm not in the cathedral I seem like Hotspur, 'cribb'd, cabin'd, and confined'—Southminster is such a veritable 'sleepy hollow.'"

"H'm, *toujours perdrix*, eh?" said my father; "but stay a bit longer; if these people elect to place their boy here, they may give you a fresh interest, and enlarge your sphere; and, as I said before, I should like to show Jack Graham a kindness, so rest in sleepy hollow awhile, *and oblige me*."

"Done, dad," said I, "if 'twere twice as sleepy, and thrice as hollow; and now 'all in to service.'"

When, a few days later, the Grahams made their appearance in Southminster, they found the preliminaries so far arranged that after little Archie's voice had been tried by Dr. Cantab, and highly approved of, they agreed to place him in the choir, and to rent the upper part of the house of old Crump, the head verger.

Captain Graham was a tall, handsome, fair-haired man, about forty years of age—part owner of the vessel he commanded, and the very personification of a British sailor; joined to the bluff, hearty manner typical of his class, there were noticeable in him refinements of feature, taste, and language, which were exceptional; his wife matched him, that is, she was *petite* in person, and of dark complexion—"not like to like, but like in difference."

Archie, their son, was without exception the prettiest and most winsome little fellow I had met, and I had had a large experience of boys.

His nature seemed a curious blend of ardent, exuberant vitality, with what, for want of a better word, I will call spirituality.

It was arranged that in a month from then—during which

time they would have leisure to settle down in their new abode and look about them a little—Archie was to enter both school and choir.

Long before that time expired, my father and the captain had started on their respective journeys, the one to “bog-trot the earth,” the other to “plough the seas.”

On the evening prior to their departure, the captain jocularly appointed me guardian of his “other two-thirds” during his absence.

“It is lucky I have a good first and second mate,” he said, “for the *Dolphin* only carries a third of a captain when I’m aboard.”

I had in fancy likened this loving little family to a musical triad—so perfectly in accord were they, and so dependent upon each other for the full harmony and sweetness of their lives—and had mentioned the fancy to my father, who now published it.

“Tom divides you differently, Jack ; he says you are—— Here, Tom, tell them yourself ; I shall spoil it.”

I explained that I had pictured them as forming a triad, of which the captain was the “tonic,” Mrs. Graham the “dominant,” and Archie the “third,” sometimes major, and sometimes minor.

“Good,” said the captain. “I particularly like the idea of Jenny there being the ‘dominant,’ for she *dominates* us all, and *domineers* over us fearfully, doesn’t she, Archie ? Oh yes ; she’s ‘the *dominant*’ for certain. Well, then, Archie’s the ‘third,’ you say ; sometimes what ?”

“Sometimes major—bright and cheerful,” I explained ; “sometimes minor—sad and pensive.”

“Ah ! and that’s good too ; only, Archie, my mannie, you must keep the minor mood for the 29ths February ; and I’m—what did you say I am ?”

“The tonic, the fundamental note, on which the other two depend for support, and without which they are incomplete, though not discordant,” I replied, and I illustrated my meaning by striking the notes of a triad on the piano.

"Ah, I see," said the captain; "I'm the drone of the bagpipe, and they bring the tune and the joy. Bravo, Tom, ye're as poetical as your father there, and I like your idea well. 'Tonic, third, and dominant?' I shall remember that, and you'll do what you can to keep little 'third' major, won't you? As for the 'dominant'—and he cast a glance of mock terror at his smiling wife—"I can only wish you well 'through,' as the Yankees say."

By favour of their landlord, "old Crump," the mother and child were allowed to sit in a pew close to the choir on my side whenever they came to the service during the time preceding Archie's *début* as a chorister, and it was a source of constant pleasure to me to watch their devout attention to the service, and their rapt enjoyment of the music; as for their love for each other, it manifested itself in a thousand little ways, delightful to notice. The glances of their eyes—so marvellously alike in colour and expression—their gestures, the furtive pressure of hands, when some beautiful phrase of poetry or music stirred them simultaneously, were like so many inaudible cooings; and after watching them, I no longer wondered at the predilections of the old masters for painting "The Madonna and Child." Yet there was none of the ordinary weakness of doting maternity on one side, nor the least trace of the spoilt child on the other; perfect love and perfect trust were the links which bound them to each other.

I was speedily quite at home with my wards, and they with me. After service we would explore the cathedral from crypt to spire, the town, the cricket-field, the river, and all that was explorable, so that when the day arrived on which Archie was to don a surplice, he knew every nook of the building, and seemed quite familiar with his new duties—having already attended the rehearsals of the choir, and been introduced to his future school-fellows and mates.

I knew what a cold bath it always is to a sensitive boy when he enters a new school, and so took care that the first plunge should be taken under protection, as it were, before he was given over unreservedly to the tormentors.

Be sure the hearts of both "Madonna and Child" beat high when Archie marched into the choir for the first time, "clothed in white raiment;" but they soon became reconciled to the new order of things, and Mrs. Graham was well pleased that, from his place on the "Cantoris" side, Archie could see and be seen by her.

Time rolled on—even at *Southminster*—rolled on faster and more pleasantly than of old, and my junior ward became popular. He was one of those rare boys to whom everything comes easily; his schoolmaster told the doctor he was his most promising pupil; the doctor told the schoolmaster that he was astonished at the quickness of his apprehension.

"Why," said he, "it takes me six months to teach the average boy how to sing a chant, and by the time the rascal gets nous enough to sing a solo passably, his voice goes—pop! but this little cherub seems to have an intuition of everything, and he will have an angel's voice in another year; it only wants a little more fulness now; so that I am looking forward to getting four years' good work from him at least."

He was popular with the other boys, for although small, he was smart at all games and sports, could throw a ball well up in the cricket-field, run like a deer, and swim like a duck.

Very popular was he also with the lay vicars, and visited at all their houses, where each one taught him some new thing.

Trumbull, the alto, who had a pretty melodious little pipe of a voice, swathed and bandaged by sixteen stone of adipose tissue, taught him drawing; Gimson, the cantoris bass, a dapper little fellow, with a powerful voice which ought to have been Trumbull's, and who had been a sort of amateur champion of "light weights," taught him "the noble art of self-defence;" Craddock, my opposite tenor, if he taught him nothing, gave him infinite amusement. He was a baker in the town, and Archie used to make his mother laugh by descriptions of the humours or the bakehouse, when the poor folk would fetch their Sunday dinners from the oven.

Poor Craddock! how he would sit and fume in his stall on



a Sunday morning as one o'clock drew near, and the preacher gave no sign of "lastly, my brethren!"

"What *does* he want to go pounding away like that for?" he would whisper to his next neighbour; "no one is paying any attention to him. I know what it'll be, that stupid boy o' mine 'll go an' mix up the joints and things, an' it'll take me half an hour to put 'em straight."

"Ma," said Archie, on his return from his first Sunday visit to the bakehouse, to which Craddock and he had run all the way from the cathedral, it being past one ere they left, "poor Mr. Craddock has been in such trouble. When we got to the bakery, there were crowds of people waiting for their dinners, and Mr. Craddock's young man had spoilt some of them. You know they have some long, flat, wooden shovels—'peels,' Mr. Craddock calls them—which they poke into the great oven, and slide the dinners in and out; and they put a lamp on one, and push that about, so that they can see right at the back, you know. Well, the young man had upset the lamp into Mrs. Somebody's batter pudding, and had tilted a sucking-pig into a fruit pie, and, worst of all, had burnt a bullock's heart to a cinder, and a little girl who came for it burst out crying. I *was* sorry. Mr. Craddock says the Dean's sermons always cost him a pound."

Popular was he, too, with the clergy, from the Dean down to the very minorest Canon, while the Precentor's little daughter, aged eight, who looked like one of Millais' child-pictures very much over-framed in the carved Prebendal stall, used coyly to devour him with her large, dreamy eyes.

As might be expected, all this popularity was not attained without exciting some jealousy. Bullivant, the senior boy, a strapping fellow of nearly sixteen and a son of one of the vergers, was a bit of a tyrant, and used to torment the younger ones by many ingenious methods imaginable only by boys—or imps. Archie's curls were a constant temptation to this young gentleman, and he was eternally pulling them, or making disparaging comments upon them.

One day Archie came to me looking angry and troubled.

"Tom," he said (both he and the Madonna always called me "Tom"), "what am I to do? Bullivant is always pulling my hair and says I'm a girl; just now he put his dirty hands on each side of my head, and rumped my ears backwards and forwards, hurting me very much."

"Oh, he did, did he?" said I; "then I'll give him a thrashing—no, upon second thoughts, I won't, but *you* shall; come along with me, we'll talk this over with Gimson. Bullivant's twice your size, but science beats weight, and though I disapprove of boys fighting, there are occasions when it is necessary to stand up for one's self."

We found Gimson at his lodgings, doing wonderful things with a pair of Indian clubs.

"Hullo, you two, what's up?" said he.

I stated the cause of our visit, and asked his advice.

"I thought it would come to this," he said. "Now, Archie, boy, off with your jacket and on with the gloves, and let Mr. Parker see what you can do. Now then, I'm going to be Bullivant; I come behind you (as he does, the young cur—I've had my eye on him for some time), and I pull your hair, so; now then, you face round sharp, and say, '*Bullivant, leave me alone; if you pull my hair again I'll knock you down!*' This'll astonish him, and he'll most likely laugh, and say something about 'how fierce Miss Matilda is'—I know him—then he'll come up to you again to show off before the other boys, so, while he's coming, clench your fists tight, like this"—and Gimson made his own hands into two carved wood specimens—"look him straight in the face, keep quite calm, and say 'guard'; then plant your left just below his right eye, follow up sharp with your right on his great flat nose, you know how—'rat-tat;,' steer clear of his teeth, or you'll bark your knuckles. Now then, let's see how you're going to work."

"Guard," said Archie, laughing, while Gimson, on his knees, assumed the astonishment of the big boy, and was promptly knocked over in the manner he had prescribed.

"Capital!" he said! "I say, Archie, you're getting on; I

couldn't have done that neater myself. Parker, come and play Bullivant for a bit, just to give 'the novice' confidence."

Not many days after this the drama was performed almost as I have described the rehearsal of it, with this addition, that when Bullivant had received his "rat-tat," and was rushing forward to annihilate his little opponent, Archie turned very pale, and stepping back a pace or two, pointed a tiny forefinger at him, saying, "*Stop where you are!*"

To the surprise of the boys, and of Gimson, who "happened" to be present, the bully stood stock still, as though he were mesmerized; for a moment they both seemed turned into statues; then Archie dropped his hand and said,—

"I won't fight, and I'm sorry I've hurt you; but you mustn't pull my hair and hurt *me*. Will you shake hands?" (This was a part of the boxing lesson.)

"No, I won't," said Bullivant, as he wiped his bleeding face. "I'll tell the Dean, you spiteful little cat."

And he did, too, or rather his father did, for owing to the postman's knock it had received, Bullivant junior's face was not presentable for a fortnight.

After service that afternoon Gimson and I were sent for to the Chapter House, where we found assembled the Dean, one of the Minor Canons, the Precentor, the organist, and the schoolmaster. Bullivant senior had told the Dean that Gimson and I "spoilt young Graham," and had instigated him to "fly at," his son when the latter had but "just touched him in play."

I gave the true version of the story (omitting the rehearsal), and owned that I had advised Archie to do as he did.

"Very reprehensible indeed, Mr. Parker," said the Dean; "you should have informed me, or the master of the boys."

Here Gimson struck in, "I beg pardon, Mr. Dean, I've been a chorister boy myself, and know what it is to have my ears pulled by the bully of the school; it doesn't do for the little one to tell tales, he only gets the worst of it afterwards, and is called 'sneak' and 'blab.' Little Graham's the most lovable little chap in the choir, and I've given him a few lessons in—

er—gymnastics, as I thought he had too much mind and too little muscle for a hectoring chap like Bullivant to knock about ; but,” continued Gimson, warming with his subject, and forgetting to whom he was speaking, “he’s coming on well, and the way he planted his left on the heavy-weight’s peeper was a caution, and”—here I managed to tread on Gimson’s toe, for the Dean looked angry, and the Canon shocked—“I beg pardon,” sued Gimson, “I oughtn’t to speak like that ; but you may depend on it, Mr. Dean, there will be no more bullying in the school—a boy *must* learn to take his own part, or the others ’ll make his life miserable.”

Ultimately we were dismissed with a mild rebuke, and as Bullivant junior’s voice was of no further use in the choir, and his face certainly no ornament, he left us, and there was peace in the school.

Fortunately the Madonna was spending a few days with her relatives just then, and heard nothing of the affair till time had rounded the ugly corners somewhat.

In due course the captain returned, making his first appearance in the cathedral as we were singing the Psalms. By a strange coincidence I saw him just as I had sung, “These men see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep.” Archie saw him also at the same moment, and I wouldn’t have missed the glow of pleasure in their faces for anything. The “Dominant” saw only Archie’s face, for her husband was at some distance behind her ; but the glow instantly suffused her beautiful features, and she knew without turning round that the “Triad” was complete again.

“Why, Archie,” the captain said, as they walked home, “you look like a little cherub, singing away there. Do you know what the little cherub’s duty is ?”

“Why, of course I do,” laughed Archie, “to keep watch o’er the life of poor Jack ; and I do, I often see you—do you see me ?”

“See you ? Yes, and hear you, too.”

“Do you, though ?” answered Archie, quickly. “I’m so glad, for I often sing *right out to sea*, and whenever there’s



anything in the Psalms about ships and that, like this morning. you know, I see you quite plainly. So don't you mind the storms; I'll sing you home, as I did just now. You said in your letter you wouldn't be home till to-morrow, perhaps; but yesterday, when we were rehearsing the Psalms for to-day, I sung out to Bristol, and hoped you'd come to-day, and lo! here you are."

This "singing him home" was a quaint fancy of Archie's. He had been once or twice with Trumbull, Gimson, and me to the Precentor's house to sing glees, and on one occasion had heard us do Bishop's "What shall he have that kill'd the deer?" in which occurs the phrase, "Then sing him home." The pretty melody haunted him, and as he trotted home at my side that night he said, "Tom, what do they mean by 'singing him home'?" I explained that after decking the deer-slayer with the trophies of the chase—the "leathern skin and horns"—his companions would serenade him as they trudged homewards.

"Oh, that's not what *I* fancied. I thought perhaps the huntsmen missed the one who had killed the deer, and sang to him to *come* home."

And ever afterwards, when his father was longer away than usual, his mother and I would say, "Now, cherub, sing the daddy home."

During the captain's flying visits he was a regular attendant at the cathedral services, and if it would not seem like a breach of privilege, I would dilate upon the "cooings" which were now carried on in "three part harmony"; but the pride they had *in* each other, their love *for* each other, and their perfect content were things to see and rejoice at in silence.

No need for the cherub to "sing out to sea" then, and the wistful, far-away expression of his eyes gave place to the sparkle of present happiness.

Time rolled on, and Archie moved up several steps in the choir. His voice had increased in power and compass, and great were the anticipations of Dr. Cantab and our good Precentor as to his future, and the reputation of Southminster

choir, which in the matter of trebles had suffered somewhat of late from a dead level of mediocrity.

Brown would follow Jones, and Smith succeed Brown, each one perpetuating the Jones style with Chinese faithfulness as to blemishes, but at last we were promised a genius.

I believe singers, like poets, are "born, not made." It is all very well to define genius as an unlimited capacity for taking pains, but now and then—once in a blue moon or so—a Burns or a Mozart appears, and dazzles the world with flashes of inspiration—as far beyond the power of "unlimited pains" as the performance of an overture by Richter's Orchestra is superior to the same overture ground out of a piano *mécanique*.

Archie was in many things, but especially in musical expression, far above his teachers; he had the gift of seeing at a glance the *soul* as well as the body of the music he had to sing; tremblingly sensitive to every zephyr of feeling, he translated to others the various emotions excited in himself by the divine poetry of the Psalms, and their scarcely less divine musical settings. Entreaty, praise, grief, joy, consolation, despair, smiles, and tears were so many "stops" of his marvellously sympathetic organ.

Had he been born twenty years later he would have been interviewed, puffed, advertised, paragraphed, and photographed into that monstrosity known as a "youthful prodigy"; but as it was, although his voice, and the exceptional use he made of it, made him famous within the radius of the three choirs, at whose festivals he more than once sang solos, praise never spoilt him, and his simplicity and boyish charm never diminished. Thanks to him and the new interest he had awakened in my life, Southminster was now neither "sleepy" nor "hollow" in my estimation. The daily duty was indeed a delight, as my wandering dad had said, and from Advent to "Stir up Sunday" there was always something to look forward to, some old favourite of Weldon, Wise, Blow, or Purcell, to which the Cherub's voice lent new charms; or haply some new composition of our Doctor's, which would be sung with a

zeal and pleasure enhanced by the knowledge that it had been "written specially for *us*." Then there were our pleasant nights at the Precentor's, to which the "Dominant" was now always invited, and where the demure little Millais-maiden before mentioned, being figuratively and literally "quite at home," would prattle away to Archie between the glees.

There were outdoor sports, too, in the summer, and in the winter Gimson's gymnastics, not limited to "planting the left," but including drill, fencing, and any sort of exercise that would encourage and stimulate the *corpore sano* in our cherub; he was now thirteen, and ought to have been taller and heavier, yet he was still a very "*little* cherub."

Time rolled on, and the captain came home again, rejoicing our hearts with the announcement that, if his next voyage were a prosperous one, he should "cast anchor in Southminster." "All drone and no tune gets monotonous," he said to me one day, "so I mean to relieve you of your wards, my boy Tammie. I fear they've been a tie to you."

"A very pleasant one," I replied.

Yet I was very glad to hear of his intention to relinquish the sea, not for the sake of my being "relieved," but because I felt uneasy at Archie's slow growth of body, and hothouse development of nervous sensibility.

"While you are away," I said, "his spirit leaves him, and not only does he *sing* 'out to sea,' but he goes there. Has there been any 'second sight' in your family or Mrs. Graham's?"

"Second sight!" said the captain. "Oh, ay; plenty o't. My great-grandmother was near being burnt for a witch; I know Archie sees me, and I see him and hear him, too. You may think it fancy, or that I dream it, but ever since I first saw him in his white surplice and called him 'little cherub,' there's never been a gale o' wind or a storm that I haven't seen him aloft, and heard his little silver pipe above the wind and the thunder.

"'Second sight!' Ay, I wish we hadn't it—why, you remember the fight Archie had with the big boy when he first joined the school? Well, *I saw it all!* I had been up night

and day for nearly a week, owing to bad weather, but had sunk into a doze one day, when I saw Archie hit the big boy—saw the other rushing on him with murder in his eyes, and I stretched out my hand to save him; then I awoke, and saw my second mate standing by me smiling. ‘What’s happened?’ I said. ‘Nothing at all,’ said he; ‘but you told me to *stop where I was*.’ When I received your letter with the account of the fight I compared notes, and found, as I expected, that my ‘dream’ tallied exactly in time and circumstance; but when, like ‘you gentlemen of England,’ I can ‘live at home at ease,’ we’ll have no occasion for second sight—it’s an uncanny sort o’ gift I’ll be glad to put aside.”

It was in June when he sailed again, and we were all light-hearted as we bade him good-bye; for, “with luck and fair winds,” he said he would eat his Christmas pudding *at home*.

The next few months passed pleasantly; Archie still “sang out to sea,” but with at least “one foot on shore,” and his eyes were less strained, and his spirits more buoyant.

The “Dominant” and he were constantly planning and building castles, with all sorts of extra rooms in them for the coming “Tonic.”

Autumn came, and the harvest,—Advent, and “Prepare ye the way” (Wise).

I wonder if other lay vicars are affected as I am by that beautiful though quaint old anthem. We always sang it in the afternoon, and the voices of the boys repeating after each other, “All flesh is grass,” seemed to me to proceed from the recumbent warriors, bishops, knights, and ladies who inhabited the shadowy gloom of the nave.

Poor old Wise! “Killed in a brawl by a watchman at Salisbury.” Somehow that little piece of biography, which is recorded in the anthem books, used to mix itself up with his music, in my mind, and “Prepare ye the way” invariably produced a “creepy” feeling and a “goosey” skin.

The “creepiness” was extended all through this particular Advent, though not solely by Wise.



We had heard from the captain that it was doubtful whether he could reach home by Christmas ; he was waiting for a cargo at San Francisco ; but we were to " save him some pudding," and not to be fidgety, for he knew that not only his " little cherub" but He to whom the " cherubs cried " were keeping watch over him and his darlings.

Christmas came, but no captain. We acted a cheerfulness before each other, but there was disappointment at our hearts. The weather was depressing—not the orthodox Christmas weather, with picturesque (if uncomfortable) snow and frost, but dull, damp, and dreary. *Short* days? never were days so long.

One morning in January, Archie was absent from the choir, and a horrible dread took possession of me. I ran round as soon as service was over to see what had happened, and found Mrs. Graham in great grief.

Archie had woke her up in the night by a piercing scream, and when she rushed into his room, she had found him sitting up in bed blanched with terror, and with wide open eyes staring into vacancy. After a time he came to himself, but would only say he had " had a dream."

A day or two after, I received a letter from my father, telling me he had heard of the loss of the *Dolphin*, which had been burnt to the water's edge. This was confirmed by Captain Graham's partner, who, however, gave hopes that no lives were lost. I hope never again to endure such an agony of suspense as that which lasted during the next few days. Archie lay dangerously ill with brain fever. Mrs. Graham, almost worn out with watching and anxiety, seemed to have aged ten years, and her beautiful black hair was silvered.

Then came news that a boat had been picked up at sea containing the *Dolphin's* first mate and some of the crew, with the further intelligence that the captain and the rest had got safely off the burning ship, and would doubtless soon be heard of ; but day after day and week after week passed without tidings. Yet, to my great astonishment, Archie recovered, and, as he regained bodily strength, seemed full of hope respecting

the fate of his father. It was as though his illness had been a dream, which had obliterated the dreadful one which had caused it.

One morning in February I called to see him, and found him sitting by the fire looking thin and wasted, but with something of the sparkle in his eyes which used to be there when his father was expected home.

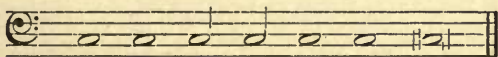
His mother left the room for a while, and he said, "Tom, I've not told mamma what I saw that night; oh, it was dreadful!"—and he put his hands before his face and shuddered—"but dad is quite safe now, and will soon be home. I see him constantly, but cannot understand where he is; he is on land somewhere, and he has 'old Snowball' with him." (This was a negro cook who had been with the captain many years.)

"But you tell mamma what you see now, don't you?" I said.

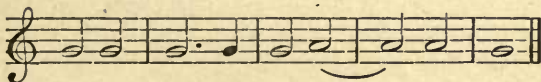
"Oh yes! and she thinks as I do, that dad 'll soon be home. Poor Jack! I wonder what he's thought of his little cherub being silent all this time. I say, Tom, shall I be able to sing again? Mamma won't let me try much, but I couldn't get a sound out yesterday."

"Mamma is right," said I. "You mustn't try yet; wait till you are stronger."

"Oh, but, Tom, you don't know how I *want* to sing. I think if you were to take the Precentor's part, I could manage the responses. *Let* me try, there's a good Tom. I'll sing very piano." He looked so entreatingly in my face, that I couldn't resist, and so intoned straight from my heart,



"O Lord, o - pen Thou our lips,"

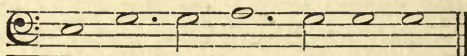


"And our mouth shall shew forth Thy praise,"

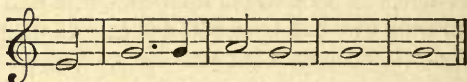
came the response, faintly, but in tune, and with just a whiff of his peculiar *timbre* of voice.

"Oh, please, Tom, go on ; it's coming back, and I can pray better singing."

He remembered how specially the next sentence fitted our needs, and with a tremor I could not subdue I continued "the priest's part."



"O God, make speed to save us."



"O Lord, make haste to help us."

chanted Archie, with a perceptible increase of tone—while his look of happiness as he realised that his voice was spared him made him look indeed a "cherub."

"I won't try any more now, Tom, but I'll soon sing dad home again ; he's listening for me, I know. Poor Jack !"

After this he regained strength daily, and on the fourth Sunday in Lent was well enough to take his place in the choir.

Still no further tidings from sea, and I watched with alarm how the mother seemed to lose confidence in the child's visions.

On Good Friday I myself collapsed, and dared not go through that agonising service. As I lay in bed I thought with sorrow of the poor loving wife and highly-strung, sensitive boy trying to hide from each other their dying hopes, and eating out their hearts in the attempt.

I summoned up strength and courage to attend next day

(Easter Eve), and found Archie strangely excited, and with a keen expectancy in his eyes.

The anthem for Easter Day was one which our Doctor had written specially for Archie's voice two years previously ; the words were selected from the 118th Psalm. It commenced with a jubilant chorus, "The Lord is my strength and my song, and is become my salvation," followed by a trio for treble, alto, and tenor, "The voice of joy and health is in the dwellings of the righteous ;" then a unison chorus to the words, "The right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass ;" then a tenor recitative, "I shall not die, but live ; and declare the works of the Lord. The Lord hath chastened and corrected me ; but He hath not given me over unto death," leading into a brilliant aria for soprano, "Open me the gates of righteousness, that I may go into them, and give thanks unto the Lord," and concluding with a return to the first chorus. This was such a favourite, that it was done on many occasions other than Easter, and our cherub's voice was heard at its best in it.

After service on Saturday morning we rehearsed this anthem in the practice-room, but I found myself quite incapable of singing my recitative, and begged the Doctor to excuse me. I should be all right next day. Archie's solo was also omitted, with a similar hope on his account.

"Tom, old boy," said Gimson to me then, "if Captain Graham doesn't turn up soon, that loving little wife and son of his will go to heaven to look for him, and you'll be going after them."

The cathedral next morning was crowded ; the sun shone through the beautiful old coloured windows, and the sparrows, who made themselves quite at home up in the clerestory, twittered their little welcome to spring—all nature seemed to be "keeping the feast." I had been round to Mrs. Graham's early in the morning, and had persuaded her to come to service. Archie was more excited than on the previous day, and I understood, from the appearance of them both, the force of Gimson's remark.



The service proceeded. Archie was singing with more than his usual brilliancy; his face, though, was pale and thin, and his expression careworn. I looked round at the Madonna once or twice, and saw a similar expression of mingled hope and fear as she looked in her boy's gleaming eyes.

At last the anthem commenced, and while the prelude was being played, old Crump put people in all the unoccupied seats.

"The Lord is my strength and my song, and is become my salvation."

The Doctor's music was partly lifting the gloom from my spirits.

"The voice of joy and health is in the dwellings of the righteous."

Here Archie was nervous, not with the sympathetic nervousness usually engendered in him by the words he was singing, but because he found *no* "voice of joy."

"The right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass,"

sang the men, and as I was commencing my recitative, "I shall not die, but live," I saw out of the corner of my eye—for I dare not look fully at her—Mrs. Graham's face irradiated as with a halo of glory.

I shook like an aspen, for I felt that some sudden emotion had cured or killed her.

"The Lord hath chastened and corrected me; but He hath not given me over unto death."

Then there were a few bars of introduction on the organ, during which I looked at Archie, and as his eyes met mine one glance sufficed to tell me he had "sung him home," and "Open me the gates of righteousness, that I may go into them, and give thanks unto the Lord," was his thrill of grateful praise.

I dare not look for some minutes, fearing my hopes might not be realised, but when I did look round there was the captain by the side of his wife.

The sudden revulsion of feeling was almost too much for me, but I forced an outward calmness while I looked at Archie, who I feared might break down under this unexpected tableau.

"*Unexpected?*" not to him, for when I looked him my desire that he should keep calm, his eyes responded, "I knew he'd come to-day."

I would fain linger over a description of the happy reunion of this devoted little family, but something should always be left to readers' imagination.

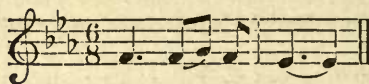
The captain had suffered terribly; his own ship destroyed, he had been rescued by a Swedish barque after eleven days' privation in an open boat; then the barque had been wrecked, and for five weeks he, with but five of his own crew (the black cook among them) and three of the barque's, had fought against fever and starvation on a desert island. "Fate seemed bent on making my last voyage unpleasant for me," he said; "but, save for a week or two when I was off my head with the fever, I never lost hope, and I never ceased to hear the 'little cherub up aloft.'"

"The Triad" stayed harmoniously at Southminster for two years, until the cherub's voice "gave out;" then they removed to Aberdeen, where Archie went to college, and took all the honours Aberdeen could give him.

As his father had said, the "uncanny gift of second sight" lapsed when their harmony was complete, and the only trace of it as regards the cherub—who is now a "Mus. Doc." as well as M.A. and Ph.D.—is to be found in his compositions, which have an eerie spiritual flavour distinguishing them from all contemporary music. As for me, I have been almost as great a "globe-trotter" as my father, but two or three times a year I find myself constrained to visit a certain old University city, from whence I receive cherubic invitations to "come and hear the sestet" (for a little Millais-maiden matron

and two *smaller* cherubs have been added to the original triad).

One of these invitations is now before me, and it bears this postscript—



"Then sing him home."

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ALFRED H. MILES.

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